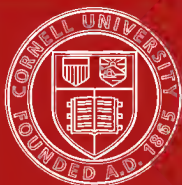


TABLE
PROUVE
RELIQUE





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THE RELIQUES OF

FATHER PROUT.



First planting of the Potatoe in Ireland.

LONDON:

HENRY C. BORN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

EDINBURGH.

The Reliques

OF

FATHER PROUT,

LATE

P. P. of Watergrasshill, in the County of Cork, Ireland.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

OLIVER YORKE, Esq.

(REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.)

ILLUSTRATED BY

ALFRED CROQUIS, Esq.

(D. MACLISE, R.A.)

NEW EDITION,

REVISED AND LARGELY AUGMENTED.

EXOBIARE aliquis nostris ex ossibus AUCTOR!—*Aeneid*, iv.

LONDON:

BELL & DALDY, 6 YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN,
AND 186 FLEET STREET.

1866.

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*White's piece
manuscript
26-11-31*

P R E F A C E

TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, in his green youth, aspired to be the rural pastor of some village Auburn ; and in after-life gave embodiment to his earlier fancies in a Vicar of Wakefield. But his Dr. Primrose had immense advantages over Dr. Prout. The olive branches that sprang from the vicar's roof-tree, if they divided, certainly enhanced the interest felt in his character ; while the lone incumbent of Watergrasshill was thrown on his own resources for any chance of enlisting sympathy. The "great defender of monogamy" could buy a wedding gown, send his boy Moses to the fair, set out in pursuit of his lost daughter, get into debt and jail ; exploits which the kindly author felt he could have himself achieved. Prout's misogamy debarred him from these stirring social incidents : he had nothing left for it but to talk and write, and occasionally "intone" a genial song.

From such utterances the mind and feelings of the man have to be distilled. It requires no great palæontological acumen to perceive that he belonged to a class of mortals, now quite gone out of Irish existence, like the elk and wolf-dog ; and it has been a main object in this book out of his 'relics' to 'restore' him for purposes of comparative anatomy.

It will be noticed that the Father's rambles are not limited by any barrick of caste, or coat, or coterie; his soul is multilateral, his talk multifarious, yet free, it is hoped, from garrulity, and decidedly exempt from credulity. He seems to have had a shrewd eye for scanning Humbug, and it is well for him (and for others) that he has vacated his parish in due course of nature. He would have stoutly resisted in Ireland the late attempted process of Italian Culenization. For though he patronized the effort of Lord Kingston to naturalize in Munster the silkworm from that peninsula (see his version of good Bishop Vida's *Bombices*, page 523), mere caterpillars, snails, and slimy crawlers, he would have put his foot on.

From Florence the poet Browning has sent for this edition some lines lately found in the Euganean hills, traced on a marble slab that covered the bones of Pietro di Abano, neld in his old age to be an astrologer.

“Studiando le mie cifre con compasso
 Rilevo che sarò presto sotto terra;
 Perchè del mio saper si fa gran chiasso,
 E gli ignoranti mi hanno mosso guerra.”

Of which epitaph the poet has supplied this vernacular, rendering *verbatim*.

“Studying my cyphers with the compass,
 I find I shall be soon under the daisy;
 Because of my lore folks make such a rumpus,
 That every dull dog is thereat *unaisy*.”

Browning's attempt suggests a word or two on Prout's own theory of translation, as largely exemplified in this vo-

lume. The only perfect reproduction of a couplet in a different idiom occurred in A.D. 1170, when the Archbishop of York sent a salmon to the chronicler of Malmesbury, with request for a receipt in verse, which was handed to bearer in duplicate—

“Mittitur in disco mihi piscis ab archiepisco-
-Po non ponetur nisi potus. Pol! mihi detur.”

“I'm sent a fyshe, in a dyshe, by the archbish-
-Hop, is not put here. Egad! he sent noe beere.”

Sense, rhythm, point, and even pun are here miraculously reproduced. Prout did his best to rival him of Malmesbury, but he held that in the clear failure of one language to elicit from its repertory an exact equivalent, it becomes not only proper but imperative (on the law principle of *Cestui apres* in case of trusts) to fall back on an approximate word or idea of kindred import, the interchange in vocabulary showing at times even a balance in favour of the substitute, as happens in the ordinary course of barter on the markets of the world. He quite abhorred the clumsy servility of adhering to the letter while allowing the spirit to evaporate; a mere verbal echo distorted by natural anfractuosités, gives back neither the tone nor quality of the original voice; while the ease and curious felicity of the primitive utterance is marred by awkwardness and effort; spontaneity of song being the quintessence.

Modest distrust of his own power to please deterred Prout from obtruding much of his personal musings; he preferred chewing the cud of classic fancies, or otherwise approved and substantial stuff; delighting to invest with new and varied forms what had long gained universal recognition.

He had strict notions as to what really constitute the *Belles lettres*. Brilliancy of thought, depth of remark, pathos of sentiment, sprightliness of wit, vigour and aptitude of style, with *some* scholarship, were requisites for his notice, or claim to be held in his esteem a literary man. It is useless to add how much of recent growth, and how many pretenders to that title, he would have eschewed.

A word as to the Etchings of D. Maclise, R.A. This great artist in his boyhood knew Prout, and has fixed his true features in enduring copper. The only reliable outline of Sir Walter Scott, as he appeared in plain clothes, and without ideal halo, may be seen at page 54, where he "kisses the Blarney Stone" on his visit to Prout in the summer of 1825. Tom Moore, equally *en deshabelle*, can be recognized by all who knew him, perpetrating one of his "rogueries" at page 150. The painter's own slim and then youthful figure is doing homage to L.E.L. on a moonlit bank at page 229, while the "garret" of Béranger, page 299, the "night before Larry's execution," page 267, and "Mandarins robing Venus in silk," page 533, are specimens of French, Irish, and Chinese humanity.

But it is his great cartoon of writers in Fraser, anno 1835 (*front.*), that will most interest coming generations. The banquet he has depicted was no fiction, but a frequent fact in Regent Street, 212. Dr. Maginn in the chair, addressing the staff contributors, has on his right, Barry Cornwall (Procter), Robert Southey, Percival Bankes, Thackeray, Churchill, Serjeant Murphy, Macnish, Ainsworth, Coleridge, Hogg, Galt, Dunlop, and Jerdan. Fraser is croupier, having on his right Crofton Croker, Lockhart,

Theodore Hook, Sir David Brewster, Dr. Moir (Delta), Tom Carlyle, Count D'Orsay (talking to Allan Cunningham), Sir Egerton Brydges; Rev. G. R. Gleig, chaplain of Chelsea hospital; Rev. F. Mahony, Rev. Edward Irving (of the unknown tongues), a frequent writer in Fraser, and frequenter of his sanctum, where "oft of a stilly night" he quaffed glenlivat with the learned Editor.

Of these twenty-seven, only eight are now living: Mr. Procter, lunacy commissioner; Serjeant Murphy, insolvency ditto; the Author of *Vanity Fair*; the vigorous word-wielder, who then was supplying Fraser with Sartor Resartus; Ainsworth; Gleig, the worthy and efficient chaplain-general of Her Majesty's Forces; Sir David, and

FRANK MAHONY.

PARIS, *Nov.* 20, 1859.



PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

It is much to be regretted that our Author should be no longer in the land of the living, to furnish a general Preamble, explanatory of the scope and tendency of his multifarious writings. By us, on whom, with the contents of his coffer, hath devolved the guardianship of his glory, such deficiency is keenly felt; having learnt from Epictetus that every sublunary thing has two handles, (*παν πραγμα δυας χει λαβας*), and from experience that mankind are prone to take hold of the wrong one. King Ptolemy, to whom we owe the first translation of the Bible into a then vulgar tongue (and consequently a long array of "centenary celebrations"), proclaimed, in the pithy inscription placed by his order over the entrance of the Alexandrian Library, that books were a sort of physic. The analogy is just, and pursuing it, we would remark that, like other patent medicines, they should invariably be accompanied with "directions for use." Such *προλεγόμενα* would we in the present case be delighted ourselves to supply, but that we have profitably studied the fable of La Fontaine entitled "*L'dne qui portait les Reliques.*" (liv. v. fab. 14.)

In giving utterance to regret, we do not insinuate that the present production of the lamented writer is unfinished or abortive: on the contrary, our interest prompts us to pronounce it complete, as far as it goes. Prout, as an author, will be found what he was in the flesh—"totus teres atque rotundus." Still a suitable introduction, furnished by a kindred genius, would in our idea be ornamental. The Pantheon of republican Rome, perfect in its simplicity, yet derived a supplementary grace from the portico superadded by Agrippa.

Much meditating on the materials that fill "the chest," and daily more impressed with the merit of our author, we thought it a pity that his wisdom should be suffered to evaporate in magazine squibs. What impression could, in

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS

BY D. MACLISE, R.A.

I. THE FRASERIANs (CONTRIBUTORS IN 1835 TO FRASER'S MAGAZINE)	<i>Frontispiece</i>	✓
II. FIRST PLANTING OF THE POTATO IN IRELAND	<i>Vignette Title</i>	✓
III. AN APOLOGY FOR LENT	<i>Page 9</i>	✓
IV. PACE IMPLORA	28	✓
V. SIR WALTER SCOTT AT THE BLARNEY STONE	54	✓
VI. THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT	95	✓
VII. A TALE OF A CHURN	129	✓
VIII. PORTRAIT OF L. E. L.	133	✓
IX. THE ROGUERIES OF TOM MOORE	150	✓
X. HENRY O'BRIEN	162	✓
XI. TOUTES PENSENT ÊTRE À LA FIN DU MONDE	198	✓
XII. FIRST PLANTING OF THE VINE IN GAUL	210	✓
XIII. MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT ALONE	229	✓
XIV. J'AI GARDÉ SON VERRE	250	✓
XV. THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED	267	✓
XVI. DANS UN GRENIER QU'ON EST BIEN A VINGT ANS	299	✓
XVII. PORTRAIT OF BERANGER	313	✓
XVIII. THE WINE-CUP BESPOKEN	329	✓
XIX. HE DIETH AND IS CHESTED	347	✓
XX. THE GIFT OF VENUS	365	✓
XXI. THE MANDARINS ROBINING VENUS IN SILK	533	✓

missing
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den" recollect that in by-gone days these "deep solitudes and awful cells" were the abode of fasting and austerity, they will not grudge the once-hallowed premises to commemorate in sober stillness the Wednesdays and Fridays of Lent. But let that rest. An infringement on the freedom of theatricals, though in itself a grievance, will not, in all likelihood, be the immediate cause of a convulsion in these realms; and it will probably require some more palpable deprivation to arouse the sleeping energies of John Bull, and to awake his dormant anger.

It was characteristic of the degeneracy of the Romans, that while they crouched in prostrate servility to each imperial monster that swayed their destinies in succession, they never would allow their amusements to be invaded, nor tolerate a cessation of the sports of the amphitheatre; so that even the despot, while he rivetted their chains, would pause and shudder at the well-known ferocious cry of "*Panem et Circenses!*" Now, food and the drama stand relatively to each other in very different degrees of importance in England; and while provisions are plentiful, other matters have but a minor influence on the popular sensibilities. The time may come, when, by the bungling measures of a Whig administration, brought to their full maturity of mischief by the studied neglect of the agricultural and shipping interests, the general disorganisation of the state-machinery at home, and the natural results of their intermeddling abroad, a dearth of the primary articles of domestic consumption may bring to the Englishman's fireside the broad conviction of a misrule and mismanagement too long and too sluggishly endured. It may then be too late to apply remedial measures with efficacy; and the only resource left, may be, like Caleb Balderstone at Wolf's Crag, to proclaim "a general fast." When that emergency shall arise, the quaint and original, nay, sometimes luminous and philosophic, views of Father Prout on the fast of Lent, may afford much matter for speculation to the British public; or, as Childe Harold says,

"Much that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly."

Before we bring forward Father Prout's lucubrations on

this grave subject, it may be allowable, by way of preliminary observation, to remark, that, as far as Lent is concerned, as well indeed as in all other matters, "they manage these things differently abroad." In foreign countries a carnival is the appropriate prelude to abstemiousness; and folks get such a surfeit of amusement during the saturnalian days which precede its observance, that they find a grateful repose in the sedate quietude that ensues. The custom is a point of national taste, which I leave to its own merits; but whoever has resided on the Continent must have observed that all this bacchanalian riot suddenly terminates on Shrove Tuesday; the fun and frolic expire with the "bœuf-gras;" and the shouts of the revellers, so boisterous and incessant during the preceding week, on Ash Wednesday are heard no more. A singular ceremony in all the churches—that of sprinkling over the congregation on that Wednesday the pulverised embers of the boughs of an evergreen (meant, I suppose, as an emblem and record of man's mortality)—appears to have the instantaneous effect of turning their thoughts into a different channel: the busy hum subsides at once; and learned commentators have found, in the fourth book of Virgil's *Georgics*, a prophetic allusion to this magic operation:

"Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt."

The non-consumption of butchers' meat, and the substitution of fish diet, is also a prominent feature in the continental form of observing Lent; and on this topic Father Prout has been remarkably discursive, as will be seen on perusal of the following pages. To explain how I became the depository of the reverend man's notions, and why he did not publish them in his lifetime (for, alas! he is no more—peace be to his ashes!) is a duty which I owe the reader, and from which I am far from shrinking. I admit that some apology is required for conveying the lucid and clarified ideas of a great and good divine through the opaque and profane medium that is now employed to bring them under the public eye; I account for it accordingly.

I am a younger son. I belong to an ancient, but poor and dilapidated house, of which the patrimonial estate was

barely enough for my elder ; hence, as my share resembled what is scientifically called an evanescent quantity, I was directed to apply to that noble refuge of unprovided genius—the bar ! To the bar, with a heavy heart and aching head, I devoted year after year, and was about to become a tolerable proficient in the black letter, when an epistle from Ireland reached me in Furnival's Inn, and altered my prospects materially. This despatch was from an old Catholic aunt whom I had in that country, and whose house I had been sent to, when a child, on the speculation that this visit to my venerable relative, who, to her other good qualities, added that of being a resolute spinster, might determine her, as she was both rich and capricious, to make me her inheritor. The letter urged my immediate presence in the dying chamber of the Lady Cresswell ; and, as no time was to be lost, I contrived to reach in two days the lonely and desolate mansion on Watergrasshill, in the vicinity of Cork. As I entered the apartment, by the scanty light of the lamp that glimmered dimly, I recognised, with some difficulty, the emaciated form of my gaunt and withered kinswoman, over whose features, originally thin and wan, the pallid hue of approaching death cast additional ghastliness. By the bedside stood the rueful and unearthly form of Father Prout ; and, while the sort of chiaroscuro in which his figure appeared, half shrouded, half revealed, served to impress me with a proper awe for his solemn functions, the scene itself, and the probable consequences to me of this last interview with my aunt, affected me exceedingly. I involuntarily knelt ; and while I felt my hands grasped by the long, cold, and bony fingers of the dying, my whole frame thrilled ; and her words, the last she spoke in this world, fell on my ears with all the effect of a potent witchery, never to be forgotten ! “ Frank,” said the Lady Cresswell, “ my lands and perishable riches I have bequeathed to you, though you hold not the creed of which this is a minister, and I die a worthless but steadfast votary : only promise me and this holy man that, in memory of one to whom your welfare is dear, you will keep the fast of Lent while you live ; and, as I cannot control your inward belief, be at least in this respect a Roman Catholic : I ask no more.” How could I have refused so simple an injunction ? and

what junior member of the bar would not hold a good rental by so easy a tenure? In brief, I was pledged in that solemn hour to Father Prout, and to my kind and simple-hearted aunt, whose grave is in Rathcooney, and whose soul is in heaven.

During my short stay at Watergrasshill, (a wild and romantic district, of which every brake and fell, every bog and quagmire, is well known to Crofton Croker—for it is the very *Arcadia* of his fictions), I formed an intimacy with this Father Andrew Prout, the pastor of the upland, and a man celebrated in the south of Ireland. He was one of that race of priests now unfortunately extinct, or very nearly so, like the old breed of wolf-dogs, in the island: I allude to those of his order who were educated abroad, before the French revolution, and had imbibed, from associating with the polished and high-born clergy of the old Gallican church, a loftier range of thought, and a superior delicacy of sentiment. Hence, in his evidence before the House of Lords, “the glorious Dan” has not concealed the grudge he feels towards those clergymen, educated on the continent, who, having witnessed the doings of the *sansculottes* in France, have no fancy to a rehearsal of the same in Ireland. Of this class was Prout, P.P. of Watergrasshill; but his real value was very faintly appreciated by his rude flock: he was not understood by his contemporaries; his thoughts were not their thoughts, neither could he commune with kindred souls on that wild mountain. Of his genealogy nothing was ever known with certainty; but in this he resembled Melchizedek: like Eugene Aram, he had excited the most intense interest in the highest quarters, still did he studiously court retirement. He was thought by some to be deep in alchemy, like Friar Bacon; but the gaugers never even suspected him of distilling “potheen.” He was known to have brought from France a spirit of the most chivalrous gallantry; still, like Fénelon retired from the court of Louis XIV., he shunned the attractions of the sex, for the sake of his pastoral charge: but in the rigour of his abstinence, and the frugality of his diet, he resembled no one, and none kept Lent so strictly.

Of his gallantry one anecdote will be sufficient. The fashionable Mrs. Pepper, with two female companions,

travelling through the county of Cork, stopped for Divine service at the chapel of Watergrasshill (which is on the high road on the Dublin line), and entered its rude gate while Prout was addressing his congregation. His quick eye soon detected his fair visitants standing behind the motley crowd, by whom they were totally unnoticed, so intent were all on the discourse; when, interrupting the thread of his homily, to procure suitable accommodation for the strangers, "Boys!" cried the old man, "why don't ye give three chairs for the ladies?" "Three cheers for the ladies!" re-echoed at once the parish-clerk. It was what might be termed a clerical, but certainly a very natural, error; and so acceptable a proposal was suitably responded to by the frieze-coated multitude, whose triple shout shook the very cobwebs on the roof of the chapel!—after which slight incident, service was quietly resumed.

He was extremely fond of angling; a recreation which, while it ministered to his necessary relaxation from the toils of the mission, enabled him to observe cheaply the fish diet imperative on fast days. For this, he had established his residence at the mountain-source of a considerable brook, which, after winding through the parish, joins the Blackwater at Fermoy; and on its banks would he be found, armed with his rod, and wrapt in his strange cassock, fit to personate the river-god or presiding genius of the stream.

His modest parlour would not ill become the hut of one of the fishermen of Galilee. A huge net in festoons curtailed his casement; a salmon-spear, sundry rods, and fishing-tackle, hung round the walls and over his bookcase, which latter object was to him the perennial spring of refined enjoyment. Still he would sigh for the vast libraries of France, and her well-appointed scientific halls, where he had spent his youth, in converse with the first literary characters and most learned divines; and once he directed my attention to what appeared to be a row of folio volumes at the bottom of his collection, but which I found on trial to be so many large stone-flags, with parchment backs, bearing the appropriate title of CORNELII A LAPIDE *Opera quæ extant omnia*; by which semblance of that old Jesuit's commentaries he consoled himself for the absence of the original.

His classic acquirements were considerable, as will appear by his essay on Lent; and while they made him a most instructive companion, his unobtrusive merit left the most favourable impression. The general character of a churchman is singularly improved by the tributary accomplishments of the scholar, and literature is like a pure grain of Araby's incense in the golden censer of religion. His taste for the fine arts was more genuine than might be conjectured from the scanty specimens that adorned his apartment, though perfectly in keeping with his favourite sport; for there hung over the mantelpiece a print of Raphael's cartoon the "Miraculous Draught;" here, "Tobith rescued by an Angel from the Fish;" and there, "St. Anthony preaching to the Fishes."

With this learned Theban I held long and serious converse on the nature of the antiquated observance I had pledged myself to keep up; and oft have we discussed the matter at his frugal table, aiding our conferences with a plate of water-cresses and a red herring. I have taken copious notes of Father Prout's leading topics; and while I can vouch them as his genuine arguments, I will not be answerable for the style; which may possibly be my own, and probably, like the subject, exceedingly jejune.

I publish them in pure self-defence. I have been so often called on to explain my peculiarities relative to Lent, that I must resort to the press for a riddance of my persecutors. The spring, which exhilarates all nature, is to me but the herald of tribulation; for it is accompanied in the Lent season with a recurrence of a host of annoyances consequent on the tenure by which I hold my aunt's property. I have at last resolved to state my case openly; and I trust that, taking up arms against a sea of troubles, I may by exposing end them. No blessing comes unalloyed here below: there is ever a cankerworm in the rose; a dactyl is sure to be mixed up with a spondee in the poetry of life; and, as Homer sings, there stand two urns, or crocks, beside the throne of Jove, from which he doles out alternate good and bad gifts to men, but mostly both together.

I grant, that to repine at one's share of the common allotment would indicate bad taste, and afford evidence of ill-humour: but still a passing insight into my case will prove

it one of peculiar hardship. As regularly as dinner is announced, so surely do I know that my hour is come to be stared at as a disciple of Pythagoras, or scrutinised as a follower of the Venetian Cornaro. I am "a lion" at "feeding-time." To tempt me from my allegiance by the proffer of a turkey's wing, to eulogise the sirloin, or dwell on the *haut goût* of the haunch, are among my friends' (?) practical sources of merriment. To reason with them at such unpropitious moments, and against such fearful odds, would be a hopeless experiment; and I have learned from Horace and from Father Prout, that there are certain *mollia tempora, fandi*, which should always be attended to: in such cases I chew the cud of my resentment, and eke out my repast on salt-fish in silence. None will be disposed to question my claim to the merit of fortitude. In vain have I been summoned by the prettiest lisp to partake of the most tempting delicacies. I have declined each lady-hostess's hospitable offer, as if, to speak in classic parlance, *Canidia tractavit dapes*; or, to use the vernacular phraseology of Moore, as if

"The trail of the serpent was over them all."

Hence, at the club I am looked on as a sort of *rara avis*; or, to speak more appropriately, as an odd fish. Some have spread a report that I have a large share in the Hungerford Market; others, that I am a Saint Simonian. A fellow of the Zoological Society has ascertained, forsooth, from certain maxillary appearances, that I am decidedly of the class of *χθουφαγοι*, with a mixture of the *herbivorous*. When the truth is known, as it will be on the publication of this paper, it will be seen that I am no phenomenon whatever.

My witty cousin, Harriet R., will no longer consider me a fit subject for the exercise of her ingenuity, nor present me a copy of Gray's poems, with the page turned down at "An Elegy on a Cat drowned in a tub of Gold Fishes." She will perhaps, when asked to sing, select some other aria besides that eternal barcarolle,

"O pescator dell' onda,
Vieni pescar in quà
Colla bella tua barca!"

and if I happen to approach the loo-table, she will not think





An apology for Lent

it again necessary to caution the old dowagers to take care of their *fish*.

Revenons à nos poissons. When last I supped with Father Prout, on the eve of my departure from Watergrasshill (and I can only compare my reminiscences of that classic banquet to Xenophon's account of the symposion of Plato), "Young man," said he, "you had a good aunt in the Lady Cresswell; and if you thought as we do, that the orisons of kindred and friends can benefit the dead, you should pray for her as long as you live. But you belong to a different creed—different, I mean, as to this particular point; for, as a whole, your church of England bears a close resemblance to ours of Rome. The daughter will ever inherit the leading features of the mother; and though in your eyes the fresh and unwithered fascinations of the new faith may fling into the shade the more matronly graces of the old, somewhat on the principle of Horace, *O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior!* still has our ancient worship many and potent charms. I could proudly dwell on the historic recollections that emblazon her escutcheon, the pomp and pageantry of her gorgeous liturgy——"

Pardon me, reverend friend, I interposed, lest he should diverge, as was his habit, into some long-winded argument, foreign to the topic on which I sought to be informed,—I do not undervalue the matronly graces of your venerable church; but (pointing to the remnant of what had been a red herring) let us talk of her fish-diet and fast days.

"Ay, you are right there, child," resumed Prout; "I perceive where my panegyric must end—

'Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne!'

You will get a famous badgering in town when you are found out to have forsworn the flesh-pots; and Lent will be a sad season for you among the Egyptians. But you need not be unprovided with plausible reasons for your abstinence, besides the sterling considerations of the rental. Notwithstanding that it has been said or sung by your Lord Byron, that

'Man is a carnivorous production,
And cannot live (as woodcocks do) on suction;'

still that noble poet (I speak from the record of his life and habits furnished us by Moore) habitually eschewed animal food, detested gross feeders, and in his own case lived most frugally, I might even say ascetically; and this abstemiousness he practised from a refinement of choice, for *he* had registered no vow to heaven, or to a maiden aunt. The observance will no doubt prove a trial of fortitude; but for your part at the festive board, were you so criminal as to transgress, would not the spectre of the Lady Cresswell, like the ghost of Banquo, rise to rebuke you?

“And besides, these days of fasting are of the most remote antiquity; they are referred to as being in vogue at the first general council that legislated for Christendom at Nice, in Bithynia, A.D. 325: and the subsequent assembly of bishops at Laodicea ratified the institution A.D. 364. Its discipline is fully developed in the classic pages of the accomplished Tertullian, in the second century (*Tract. de jejuniis*). I say no more. These are what Edmund Burke would call ‘grave and reverend authorities,’ and, in the silence of Holy Writ, may go as historic evidence of primitive Christianity; but if you press me, I can no more show cause under the proper hand and seal of an apostle for keeping the fast on these days, than I can for keeping the Sabbath on Sunday.

“I do not choose to notice that sort of criticism, in its dotage, that would trace the custom to the well-known avocation of the early disciples: though that they were fishermen is most true, and that even after they had been raised to the apostolic dignity, they relapsed occasionally into the innocent pursuit of their primeval calling, still haunted the shores of the accustomed lake, and loved to disturb with their nets the crystal surface of Genesareth.

“Lent is an institution which should have been long since rescued from the cobwebs of theology, and restored to the domain of the political economist, for there is no prospect of arguing the matter in a fair spirit among conflicting divines; and, of all things, polemics are the most stale and unprofitable. Loaves and fishes have, in all ages of the church, had charms for us of the cloth; yet how few would confine their frugal bill of fare to mere loaves and fishes! So far Lent may be considered a stumbling-block. But

here I dismiss theology: nor shall I further trespass on your patience by angling for arguments in the muddy stream of church history, as it rolls its troubled waters over the middle ages.

“Your black-letter acquirements, I doubt not, are considerable; but have you adverted to a clause in Queen Elizabeth’s enactment for the improvement of the shipping interests in the year 1564? You will, I believe, find it to run thus:

“*Anno 5o Eliz. cap. v. sect. 11*:—‘And for encrease of provision of fishe by the more usual eating thereof, bee it further enacted, that from the feast of St. Mighell th’archangell, ano. Dni. fiftene hundreth threescore foure, every Wednesdaye in every weeke through the whole yere shall be hereafter observed and kepte as the Saturdays in every weeke be or ought to be; and that no person shall eat any fleshe no more than on the common Saturdays.

Sect. 12.—‘And bee it further enacted by th’aucloritee aforesaid, for the commoditie and benifit of this realme, as well to growe the navie as in sparing and encrease of fleshe victual, that from and after the feast of Pentecost next coming, yt shall not be lawful for any p’son to eat any fleshe upon any days now usually observed as fish-days; and that any p’son offending herein shall forfeite three powndes for every tyme.’

“I do not attach so much importance to the act of her royal successor, James I., who in 1619 issued a proclamation, reminding his English subjects of the obligation of keeping Lent; because his Majesty’s object is clearly ascertained to have been to encourage the traffic of his countrymen the Scotch, who had just then embarked largely in the herring trade, and for whom the thrifty Stuart was anxious to secure a monopoly in the British markets.

“But when, in 1627, I find the chivalrous Charles I., your martyred king, sending forth from the banqueting-room of Whitehall his royal decree to the same effect, I am at a loss to trace his motives. It is known that Archbishop Laud’s advice went to the effect of reinstating many customs of Catholicity; but, from a more diligent consideration of the subject, I am more inclined to think that the king wished rather, by this display of austere practices, to soothe and

conciliate the Puritanical portion of his subjects, whose religious notions were supposed (I know not how justly) to have a tendency to self-denial and the mortification of the flesh. Certain it is, that the Calvinists and Roundheads were greater favourites at Billingsgate than the high-church party; from which we may conclude that they consumed more fish. A fact corroborated by the contemporary testimony of Samuel Butler, who says that, when the great struggle commenced,

‘Each fisherwoman locked her fish up,
And trudged abroad to cry, No Bishop!’

“I will only remark, in furtherance of my own views, that the king’s beef-eaters, and the gormandising Cavaliers of that period, could never stand in fair fight against the austere and fasting Cromwellians.

“It is a vulgar error of your countrymen to connect valour with roast beef, or courage with plum-pudding. There exists no such association; and I wonder this national mistake has not been duly noticed by Jeremy Bentham in his ‘Book of Fallacies.’ As soon might it be presumed that the pot-bellied Falstaff, faring on venison and sack, could overcome in prowess Owen Glendower, who, I suppose, fed on leeks; or that the lean and emaciated Cassius was not a better soldier than a well-known sleek and greasy rogue who fled from the battle of Philippi, and, as he himself unblushingly tells the world, left his buckler behind him: *‘Relictâ non bene parmula.’*

“I cannot contain my bile when I witness the mode in which the lower orders in your country abuse the French, for whom they have found nothing in their Anglo-Saxon vocabulary so expressive of contempt as the term ‘frog-eater.’ A Frenchman is not supposed to be of the same flesh and blood as themselves; but, like the water-snake described in the Georgics—

‘Piscibus atram,
Improbis ingluviem ranisque loquacibus implet.’

Hence it is carefully instilled into the infant mind (when the young idea is taught how to shoot), that you won the victories of Poitiers and Agincourt mainly by the superiority of your diet. In hewing down the ranks of the foeman,

much of the English army's success is of course attributed to the dexterous management of their cross-bills, but considerably more to their bill of fare. If I could reason with such simpletons, I would refer them to the records of the commissariat department of that day, and open to their vulgar gaze the folio vii. of Rymer's *Fœdera*, where, in the twelfth year of Edward III., A.D. 1338, at page 1021, they would find, that previous to the victory of Cressy there were shipped at Portsmouth, for the use of these gallant troops, fifty tons of *Yarmouth herrings*. Such were the supplies (rather unusual now in the contracts at Somerset House) which enabled Edward and his valiant son to drive the hosts of France before them, and roll on the tide of war till the towers of Paris yielded to the mighty torrent. After a hasty repast on such simple diet, might the Black Prince appropriately address his girded knights in Shakespearian phrase,

‘Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment.’

“The enemy sorely grudged them their supplies. For it appears by the chronicles of Enguerrand de Monstrellet, the continuator of Froissart, that in 1429, while the English were besieging Orleans, the Duke of Bedford sent from his head-quarters, Paris, on the Ash Wednesday of that year, five hundred carts laden with herrings, for the use of the camp during Lent, when a party of French noblemen, viz. Xaintraille, Lahire, De la Tour de Chavigny, and the Chevalier de Lafayette (ancestor of the revolutionary veteran), made a desperate effort to intercept the convoy. But the English detachment, under whose safeguard was this precious deposit, fought *pro aris et focis* in its defence, and the assailants were routed with the loss of six score knights and much plebeian slaughter. Read Rapin's account of the affray, which was thence called ‘*la journée des harengs*.’

“What schoolboy is ignorant of the fact, that at the eve of the battle of Hastings, which gave to your Norman ancestors the conquest of the island, the conduct of the Anglo-Britons was strongly contrasted with that of the invaders from France; for while in Harold's camp the besotted natives spent the night in revelling and gluttony, the Norman

chivalry gave their time to fasting and devotion.—(*Goldsmith*, A.D. 1066.)

“It has not escaped the penetrating mind of the sagacious Buffon, in his views of man and man’s propensities (which, after all, are the proper study of mankind), that a predilection for light food and spare diet has always been the characteristic of the Celtic and Eastern races; while the Teutonic, the Slavonian, and Tartar branches of the human family betray an aboriginal craving for heavy meat, and are gross feeders. In many countries of Europe there has been a slight amalgamation of blood, and the international pedigree in parts of the Continent has become perplexed and doubtful: but the most obtuse observer can see that the phlegmatic habits of the Prussians and Dutch argue a different genealogical origin from that which produced the lively disposition of the tribes of southern Europe. The best specimens extant of the genuine Celt are the Greeks, the Arabians, and the Irish, all of whom are temperate in their food. Among European denominations, in proportion as the Celtic infusion predominates, so in a corresponding ratio is the national character for abstemiousness. Nor would I thus dwell on an otherwise uninteresting speculation, were I not about to draw a corollary, and shew how these secret influences became apparent at what is called the great epoch of the Reformation. The latent tendency to escape from fasting observances became then revealed, and what had lain dormant for ages was at once developed. The Tartar and Slavonic breed of men flung off the yoke of Rome; while the Celtic races remained faithful to the successor of the ‘Fisherman,’ and kept Lent.

“The Hollanders, the Swedes, the Saxons, the Prussians, and in Germany those circles in which the Gothic blood ran heaviest and most stagnant, hailed Luther as a deliverer from salt fish. The fatted calf was killed, bumpers of ale went round, and Popery went to the dogs. Half Europe followed the impetus given to free opinions, and the congenial impulse of the gastric juice; joining in reform, not because they loved Rome less, but because they loved substantial fare more. Meantime neighbours differed. The Dutch, dull and opaque as their own *Zuidersec*, growled defiance at the Vatican when their food was to be controlled;

the Belgians, being a shade nearer to the Celtic family, submitted to the fast. While Hamburg clung to its *beef*, and Westphalia preserved her *hams*, Munich and Bavaria adhered to the Pope and to sour-cROUT with desperate fidelity. As to the Cossacks, and all that set of northern marauders, they never kept Lent at any time; and it would be arrant folly to expect that the horsemen of the river Don, and the Esquimaux of the polar latitudes, would think of restricting their ravenous propensities in a Christian fashion; the very system of cookery adopted by these terrible hordes would, I fear, have given Dr. Kitchiner a fit of cholera. The apparatus is graphically described by Samuel Butler: I will indulge you with part of the quotation:

‘For like their countrymen the Huns,
They stew their meat under †

* * * *

All day on horses’ backs they straddle,
Then every man eats up his saddle!’

A strange process, no doubt: but not without some sort of precedent in classic records; for the Latin poet introduces young Iulus at a picnic, in the *Æneid*, exclaiming—

‘Heus! etiam mensas consumimus.’

“In England, as the inhabitants are of a mixed descent, and as there has ever been a disrelish for any alteration in the habits and fireside traditions of the country, the fish-days were remembered long after every Popish observance had become obsolete; and it was not until 1668 that butchers’ meat finally established its ascendancy in Lent, at the arrival of the Dutchman. We have seen the exertions of the Tudor dynasty under Elizabeth, and of the house of Stuart under James I. and Charles I., to keep up these fasts, which had flourished in the days of the Plantagenets, which the Heptarchy had revered, which Alfred and Canute had scrupulously observed, and which had come down positively recommended by the Venerable Bede. William III. gave a death-blow to Lent. Until then it had lingered among the threadbare curates of the country, *extrema per*

† Hudibras, Canto ii. l. 275.

illos excedens terris vestigia fecit, having been long before exiled from the gastronomic hall of both Universities. But its extinction was complete. Its ghost might still remain, flitting through the land, without corporeal or ostensible form; and it vanished totally with the fated star of the Pretender. It was William who conferred the honour of knighthood on the loin of beef; and such was the progress of disaffection under Queen Anne, that the folks, to manifest their disregard for the Pope, agreed that a certain extremity of the goose should be denominated his nose!

"The indomitable spirit of the Celtic Irish preserved Lent in this country unimpaired; an event of such importance to England, that I shall dwell on it by and by more fully. The Spaniards and Portuguese, although Gothic and Saracen blood has commingled in the pure current of their Phœnician pedigree, clung to Lent with characteristic tenacity. The Gallic race, even in the days of Cæsar, were remarkably temperate, and are so to the present day. The French very justly abhor the gross, carcass-eating propensities of John Bull. But as to the keeping of Lent, in an ecclesiastical point of view, I cannot take on myself to vouch, since the ruffianly revolution, for their orthodoxy in that or any other religious matters. They are sadly deficient therein, though still delicate and refined in their cookery, like one of their own *artistes*, whose epitaph is in Père la Chaise—

' Ci gît qui dès l'âge le plus tendre
 Inventa la sauce Robert ;
 Mais jamais il ne put apprendre
 Ni son *credo* ni son *pater*.'

"It was not so of old, when the pious monarchs of France dined publicly in Passion week on fasting fare, in order to recommend by their example the use of fish—when the heir-apparent to the crown delighted to be called *a dolphin*—and when one of your own kings, being on a visit to France, got so fond of their *lamprey patties*, that he died of indigestion on his return.

"Antiquity has left us no document to prove that the early Spartans kept certain days of abstinence; but their *black broth*, of which the ingredients have puzzled the

learned, must have been a fitting substitute for the *soupe maigre* of our Lent, since it required a hard run on the banks of the Eurotas to make it somewhat palatable. At all events, their great lawgiver was an eminent ascetic, and applied himself much to restrict the diet of his hardy countrymen; and if it is certain that there existed a mystic bond of union among the 300 Lacedemonians who stood in the gap of Thermopylæ, it assuredly was not a beef-steak club of which Leonidas was president.

“The Athenians were too cultivated a people not to appreciate the value of periodical days of self-denial and abstemiousness. Accordingly, on the eve of certain festivals, they fed exclusively on figs and the honey of Mount Hymettus. Plutarch expressly tells us that a solemn fast preceded the celebration of the Thermophoria; thence termed *νηστεια*. In looking over the works of the great geographer Strabo (lib. xiv.), I find sufficient evidence of the respect paid to *fish* by the inhabitants of a distinguished Greek city, in which that erudite author says the arrival of the fishing-smacks in the harbour was announced joyfully by sounding the “tocsin;” and that the musicians in the public piazza were left abruptly by the crowd, whenever the bell tolled for the sale of the herrings: *κιδαρωδου επιδεικνυμένου τews μεν ακροασθαι παντας· ως δε ο κωδων ο κατα την οψοπωλιαν εψορησε καταλιποντες απελθειν επι το οψον*. A custom to which Plutarch also refers in his Symposium of Plato, lib. iv. cap. 4. *τους περι ιχθυοπωλιαν αναδιδοντας και του κωδωνος οξewς ακουοντας*.

“That practices similar to our Lent existed among the Romans, may be gathered from various sources. In Ovid’s *Fasti* (notwithstanding the title) I find nothing; but from the reliques of old sacerdotal memorials collected by Stephano Morcelli, it appears that Numa fitted himself by fasting for an interview with the mysterious inmate of Egeria’s grotto. Livy tells us that the decemvirs, on the occurrence of certain prodigies, were instructed by a vote of the senate to consult the Sibylline books; and the result was the establishment of a fast in honour of Ceres, to be observed perpetually every five years. It is hard to tell whether Horace is in joke or in earnest

¹ See Translation in Bohn’s Strabo, Vol. iii. p. 37.

when he introduces a vow relative to these days of penance—

‘Frigida si puerum quartana reliquerit illo
 Manè die quo tu indicis jejunia nudus
 In Tyberi stabit!’ *Serm. lib. ii. sat. 3. v. 290.*

But we are left in the dark as to whether they observed their fasts by restricting themselves to lentils and vegetable diet, or whether fish was allowed. On this interesting point we find nothing in the *laws of the twelve tables*. However, a marked predilection for herbs, and such frugal fare, was distinctive of the old Romans, as the very names of the principal families sufficiently indicate. The Fabii, for instance, were so called from *faba*, a bean, on which simple aliment that indefatigable race of heroes subsisted for many generations. The noble line of the Lentuli derive their patronymic from a favourite kind of lentil, to which they were partial, and from which Lent itself is so called. The aristocratic Pisos were similarly circumstanced; for their family appellation will be found to signify a kind of vetches. Scipio was titled from *cepe*, an onion; and we may trace the surname and hereditary honours of the great Roman orator to the same horticultural source, for *cicer* in Latin means a sort of pea; and so on through the whole nomenclature.

“Hence the Roman satirist, ever alive to the follies of his age, can find nothing more ludicrous than the notion of the Egyptians, who entertained a religious repugnance to vegetable fare:

‘Porrùm et cepe nefas violare et frangere morsu,
 O sanctas gentes!’ *Juv. Sat. 15.*

And as to fish, the fondness of the people of his day for such food can be demonstrated from his fourth satire, where he dwells triumphantly on the capture of a splendid tunny in the waters of the Adriatic, and describes the assembling of a cabinet council in the “Downing Street” of Rome to determine how it should be properly cooked. It must be admitted that, since the Whigs came to office, although they

¹ Here Prout is in error. *Scipio* means a “walking-stick,” and commemorates the filial piety of one of the *gens Cornelia*, who went about constantly supporting his tottering aged father.—O. Y.

have had many a pretty kettle of fish to deliberate upon, they have shown nothing half so dignified or rational in their decisions as the imperial privy council of Domitian.

“The magnificence displayed by the masters of the world in getting up fish-ponds is a fact which every schoolboy has learnt, as well as that occasionally the *muræna* were treated to the luxury of a slave or two, flung in alive for their nutriment. The celebrity which the maritime villas of Baiæ obtained for that fashionable watering-place, is a further argument in point; and we know that when the reprobate Verres was driven into exile by the brilliant declamation of Cicero, he consoled himself at Marseilles over a local dish of *Anguilles à la Marseillaise*.

“Simplicity and good taste in diet gradually declining in the Roman empire, the gigantic frame of the colossus itself soon hastened to decay. It burst of its own plethora. The example of the degenerate court had pervaded the provinces; and soon the whole body politic reeled, as after a surfeit of debauchery. Vitellius had gormandised with vulgar gluttony; the Emperor Maximinus was a living sepulchre, where whole hecatombs of butchers’ meat were daily entombed;¹ and no modern keeper of a *table d’hôte* could stand a succession of such guests as Heliogabalus. Gibbon, whose penetrating eye nothing has escaped in the causes of the Decline and Fall, notices this vile propensity to overfeeding; and shows that, to reconstruct the mighty system of dominion established by the rugged republicans (the Fabii, the Lentuli, and the Pises), nothing but a *bonâ fide* return to simple fare and homely pottage could be effectual. The hint was duly acted on. The Popes, frugal and abstemious, ascended the vacant throne of the Cæsars, and ordered Lent to be observed throughout the eastern and western world.

“The theory of fasting, and its practical application, did wonders in that emergency. It renovated the rotten constitution of Europe—it tamed the hungry hordes of desperate savages that rushed down with a war-whoop on the prostrate ruins of the empire—it taught them self-control, and gave them a masterdom over their barbarous propensities;—it did more, it originated civilisation and commerce.

¹ It is said that in a single day he could devour forty pounds of meat and drink an amphora of wine.

“ A few straggling fishermen built huts on the flats of the Adriatic, for the convenience of resorting thither in Lent, to procure their annual supply of fish. The demand for that article became so brisk and so extensive through the vast dominions of the Lombards in northern Italy, that from a temporary establishment it became a permanent colony in the *lagunes*. Working like the coral insect under the seas, with the same unconsciousness of the mighty result of their labours, these industrious men for a century kept on enlarging their nest upon the waters, till their enterprize became fully developed, and

‘ Venice sat in state, throned on a hundred isles.’

“ The fasting necessities of France and Spain were ministered to by the rising republic of Genoa, whose origin I delight to trace from a small fishing town to a mighty emporium of commerce, fit cradle to rock (in the infant Columbus) the destinies of a new world. Few of us have turned our attention to the fact, that our favourite fish, the John Dory, derives its name from the Genoese admiral, Doria, whose seamanship best thrived on meagre diet. Of Anne Chovy, who has given her name to another fish found in the Sardinian waters, no record remains; but she was doubtless a heroine. Indeed, to revert to the humble herring before you, its etymology shews it to be well adapted for warlike stomachs, *heer* (its German root) signifying an army. In England, is not a soldier synonymous with a lobster?

“ In the progress of maritime industry along the shores of southern, and subsequently of northern Europe, we find a love for freedom to grow up with a fondness for fish. Enterprise and liberty flourished among the islands of the Archipelago. And when Naples was to be rescued from thralldom, it was the hardy race of watermen who plied in her beautiful bay, that rose at Freedom’s call to effect her deliverance, when she basked for one short hour in its full sunshine under the gallant Masaniello.

“ As to the commercial grandeur, of which a constant demand for fish was the creating principle, to illustrate its importance, I need only refer to a remarkable expression of

that deep politician, and exceedingly clever economist, Charles V., when, on a progress through *a part* of his dominions, on which the sun at that period never went down, he happened to pass through Amsterdam, in company with the Queen of Hungary: on that occasion, being complimented in the usual form by the burgomasters of his faithful city, he asked to see the mausoleum of John Bachalen, the famous herring-barreler; but when told that his grave, simple and unadorned, lay in his native island in the Zuyder-see, ‘What!’ cried the illustrious visitor, ‘is it thus that my people of the Netherlands shew their gratitude to so great a man? Know ye not that the foundations of Amsterdam are laid on herring-bones?’ Their majesties went on a pilgrimage to his tomb, as is related by Sir Hugh Willoughby in his ‘*Historie of Fishes.*’

“It would be of immense advantage to these countries were we to return unanimously to the ancient practice, and restore to the full extent of their wise policy the laws of Elizabeth. The revival of Lent is the sole remedy for the national complaints on the decline of the shipping interest, the sole way to meet the outcry about corn-laws. Instead of Mr. Attwood’s project for a change of currency, Mr. Wilmot Horton’s panacea of emigration, and Miss Martineau’s preventive check, re-enact Lent. But mark, I do not go so far as to say that by this means all and everything desirable can be accomplished, nor do I undertake by it to pay off the national debt—though the Lords of the Treasury might learn that, when the disciples were at a loss to meet the demand of tax-collectors in their day, they caught a fish, and found in its gills sufficient to satisfy the revenue. (*St. Matthew*, chap. xvii.)

“Of all the varied resources of this great empire, the most important, in a national point of view, has long been the portion of capital afloat in the merchantmen, and the strength invested in the navy of Great Britain. True, the British thunder has too long slept under a sailor-king, and under so many galling national insults; and it were full time to say that it shall no longer sleep on in the grave where Sir James Graham has laid it. But my concern is principally for the alarming depression of our merchants’ property in vessels, repeatedly proved in evidence

before your House of Commons. Poulett Thomson is right to call attention to the cries of the shipowners, and to that dismal howling from the harbours, described by the prophet as the forerunner of the fall of Babylon.

“The best remedial measure would be a resumption of fish-diet during a portion of the year. Talk not of a resumption of cash payments, of opening the trade to China, or of finding a north-west passage to national prosperity. Talk not of ‘calling spirits from the vasty deep,’ when you neglect to elicit food and employment for thousands from its exuberant bosom. Visionary projectors are never without some complex system of beneficial improvement; but I would say of them, in the words of an Irish gentleman who has lately travelled in search of religion,

‘They may talk of the nectar that sparkled for Helen—
Theirs is a fiction, but this is reality.’

Melodies.

Demand would create supply. Flotillas would issue from every sea-port in the spring, and ransack the treasures of the ocean for the periodical market: and the wooden walls of Old England, instead of crumbling into so much rotten timber, would be converted into so many huge wooden spoons to feed the population.

“It has been sweetly sung, as well as wisely said, by a genuine English writer, that

‘Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathom’d caves of ocean bear.’

To these undiscovered riches Lent would point the national eye, and direct the national energies. Very absurd would then appear the forebodings of the croakers, who with some plausibility now predict the approach of national bankruptcy and famine. Time enough to think of that remote contingency when the sea shall be exhausted of its live bullion, and the abyss shall cry ‘Hold, enough!’ Time enough to fear a general stoppage, when the run on the Dogger Bank shall have produced a failure—when the shoals of the teeming north shall have refused to meet their engagements in the sunny waters of the south, and the drafts of the net shall have been dishonoured.

“I admire Edmund Burke; who in his speech on Ameri-

can conciliation, has an *argumentum piscatorium* quite to my fancy. *Tolle! lege!*

“As to the wealth which these colonies have derived from the sea by their fisheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar. You surely thought these acquisitions of value; for they even seemed to excite your envy. And yet the spirit with which that enterprising employment has been exercised ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration. And pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it? Look at the manner in which the people of New England have carried on their fishery. While we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, penetrating into the deepest recesses of Hudson’s Bay; while we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold,—that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know, that while some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the shores of Brazil: no sea that is not vexed by their fisheries, no climate that is not witness to their toils!”

“Such glorious imaginings and beatific dreams would (I speak advisedly) be realised in these countries by Lent’s magic spell; and I have no doubt that our patriot King, the patron of so many very questionable reforms, will see the propriety of restoring the laws of Elizabeth in this matter. Stanislaus, the late pious king of Lorraine, so endeared himself to his subjects in general, and market-gardeners in particular, by his sumptuary regulations respecting vegetable diet in Lent, that in the *hortus siccus* of Nancy his statue has been placed, with an appropriate inscription:—

‘Vitales inter succos herbasque salubres,
Quàm benè stat populi vita salusque sui!’

“A similar compliment would await his present Majesty

William IV. from the shipowners and the 'worshipful Fishmongers' Company,' if he should adopt the suggestion thrown out here. He would figure colossally in Trafalgar Square, pointing with his trident to Hungerford Market. The three-pronged instrument in his hand would be a most appropriate emblem (much more so than on the pinnacle of Buckingham Palace), since it would signify equally well the fork with which he fed his people, and the sceptre with which he ruled the world.

'Le trident de Neptune est le sceptre du monde!'

"Then would be solved the grand problem of the Corn-law question. Hitherto my Lord Fitzwilliam has taken nothing by his motions. But were Lent proclaimed at Charing Cross and Temple Bar, and through the market towns of England, a speedy fall in the price of grazing stock, though it might afflict Lord Althorp, would eventually harmonise the jarring interests of agriculture and manufacturing industry. The superabundant population of the farming districts would crowd to the coast, and find employment in the fisheries; while Devonshire House would repudiate for a time the huge sirloin, and receiving as a substitute the ponderous turbot, Spitalfields would exhibit on her frugal board salt ling flanked with potatoes. A salutary taste for fish would be created in the inmost recesses of the island, an epoch most beneficial to the country would take date from that enactment.

'Omne quum Proteus pecus egit altos
Visere montes.'

Nor need the landlords take alarm. People would not plough the ground less because they might plough the deep more; and while smiling Ceres would still walk through our isle with her horn of plenty, Thetis would follow in her train with a rival cornucopia.

"Mark the effects of this observance in Ireland, where it continues in its primitive austerity, undiminished, unshorn of its beams. The Irish may be wrong, but the consequences to Protestant England are immense. To Lent you owe the connexion of the two islands; it is the golden link that binds the two kingdoms together. Abolish fasting,

and from that evil hour no beef or pork would be suffered by the wild natives to go over to your English markets; and the export of provisions would be discontinued by a people that had unlearned the lessons of starvation. Adieu to shipments of live stock and consignments of bacon! Were there not some potent mysterious spell over this country, think you we should allow the fat of the land to be everlastingly abstracted? Let us learn that there is no virtue in *Lent*, and *repeal* is triumphant to-morrow. We are in truth a most abstemious race. Hence our great superiority over our Protestant fellow-countrymen in the jury-box. It having been found that they could never hold out against hunger as we can, when locked up, and that the verdict was generally carried by popish obstinacy, former administrations discountenanced our admission to serve on juries at all. By an oversight of Sergeant Lefroy, all this has escaped the framers of the new jury bill for Ireland.

“To return to the Irish exports. The principal item is that of pigs. The hog is as essential an inmate of the Irish cabin as the Arab steed of the shepherd’s tent on the plains of Mesopotamia. Both are looked on as part of the household; and the affectionate manner in which these dumb friends of the family are treated, here as well as there, is a trait of national resemblance, denoting a common origin. We are quite oriental in most of our peculiarities. The learned Vallancey will have it, that our consanguinity is with the Jews. I might elucidate the colonel’s discovery, by shewing how the pig in Ireland plays the part of the scape-goat of the Israelites: he is a sacred thing, gets the run of the kitchen, is rarely molested, never killed, but alive and buoyant leaves the cabin when taken off by the landlord’s driver for arrears of rent, and is then shipped clean out of the country, to be heard of no more. Indeed, the pigs of Ireland bear this notable resemblance to their cousins of Judea, that nothing can keep them from the sea,—a tendency which strikes all travellers in the interior of the island whenever they meet our droves of swine precipitating themselves towards the outports for shipment.

“To ordinary observers this forbearance of the most ill-fed people on the face of the globe towards their pigs would appear inexplicable; and if you have read the legend of

Saint Anthony and *his* pig, you will understand the value of their resistance to temptation.

“They have a great resource in the potato. This capital esculent grows nowhere in such perfection, not even in America, where it is indigenous. But it has often struck me that a great national delinquency has occurred in the sad neglect of people in this country towards the memory of the great and good man who conferred on us so valuable a boon, on his return from the expedition to Virginia. To Sir Walter Raleigh no monument has yet been erected, and nothing has been done to repair the injustice of his contemporaries. His head has rolled from the scaffold on Tower Hill; and though he has fed with his discovery more families, and given a greater impulse to population, than any other benefactor of mankind, no testimonial exists to commemorate his benefaction. Nelson has a pillar in Dublin:— in the city of Limerick a whole column has been devoted to Spring Rice!! and the mighty genius of Raleigh is forgotten. I have seen some animals feed under the majestic oak on the acorns that fell from its spreading branches (*glände sues læti*), without once looking up to the parent tree that showered down blessings on their ungrateful heads.”

Here endeth the “Apology,” and so abruptly terminate my notes of Prout’s Lenten *vindicie*. But, alas! still more abrupt was the death of this respectable divine, which occurred last month, on Shrove Tuesday. There was a peculiar fitness in the manner of Anacreon’s exit from this life; but not so in the melancholy termination of Prout’s abstemious career, an account of which is conveyed to me in a long and pathetic letter from my agent in Ireland. It was well known that he disliked revelry on all occasions; but if there was a species of gormandising which he more especially abhorred, it was that practised in the parish on pancake-night, which he frequently endeavoured to discountenance and put down, but unsuccessfully. Oft did he tell his rude auditors (for he was a profound Hellenist) that such orgies had originated with the heathen Greeks, and had been even among them the source of many evils, as the very name shewed, *παν κακον*! So it would appear, by Prout’s etymology of the pancake, that in the English language there

are many terms which answer the description of Horace, and

‘Græco fonte cadunt parce detorta.’

Contrary to his own better taste and sounder judgment, he was, however, on last Shrove Tuesday, at a wedding-feast of some of my tenantry, induced, from complacency to the newly-married couple, to eat of the profane aliment; and never was the Attic derivation of the pancake more wofully accomplished than in the sad result—for his condescension cost him his life. The indigestible nature of the compost itself might not have been so destructive in an ordinary case; but it was quite a stranger and ill at ease in Father Prout’s stomach: it eventually proved fatal in its effects, and hurried him away from this vale of tears, leaving the parish a widow, and making orphans of all his parishioners. My agent writes that his funeral (or *berring*, as the Irish call it) was thronged by dense multitudes from the whole county, and was as well attended as if it were a monster meeting. The whole body of his brother clergy, with the bishop as usual in full pontificals, were mourners on the occasion; and a Latin elegy was composed by the most learned of the order, Father Magrath, one, like Prout, of the old school, who had studied at Florence, and is still a correspondent of many learned Societies abroad. That elegy I have subjoined, as a record of Prout’s genuine worth, and as a specimen of a kind of poetry called *Leonine verse*, little cultivated at the present day, but greatly in vogue at the revival of letters under Leo X.

IN MORTEM VENERABILIS ANDREÆ PROUT, CARMEN.

Quid juvat in *pulchro* Sanctos dormire *seputchro* !
 Optimus usque *bonos* nonne manebit *honos* ?
 Plebs tenui *fossâ* Pastoris condidit *ossa*,
 Splendida sed *miri* mens petit *astra viri*.
 Porta patens *esto* ! cœlum reseretur *honesto*,
 Neve sit à *Petro* jussus abire *retro*.
 Tota malam *sortem* sibi flet *vicinia mortem*,
 Ut pro patre *solent* undique rura *dolent* ;
 Sed fures *gaudent* ; securos hactenùs *audent*
 Disturbare *greges*, nec mage tua *seges*.
 Audio *singultus*, rixas, miserosque *tumultus*,
 Et pietas *luget*, sobrietasque *fugit*.

Namque furore *brevi* liquidâque ardentis *aquæ vi*
 Antiquus *Nicholas* perdidit *agricolas*.
 Jam patre *defuncto*, meliores flumine *cuncto*
 Lætantur *pisces* obtinuisse *vices*.
 Exultans *almo*, lætare sub æquore *salmo* !
 Carpe, o carpe *dies*, nam tibi parta *quies* !
 Gaudent *anguilla*, quia tandem est mortuus *ille*,
 Presbyter *Andreas*, qui capiebat *eas*.
 Petro *piscator* placuit pius artis *amator*,
 Cui, propter *mores*, pandit utrosque *fores*.
 Cur lachrymâ *funus* justî comitabitur *unus* ?
 Flendum est non *tali*, sed bene morte *mali* :
 Munera nunc *Floræ* spargo. Sic flebile *rore*
 Florescat *gramen*. Pace quiescat. *Amen*.

Sweet upland ! where, like hermit old, in peace sojourn'd
 This priest devout ;
 Mark where beneath thy verdant sod lie deep inurn'd
 The bones of Prout !
 Nor deck with monumental shrine or tapering column
 His place of rest,
 Whose soul, above earth's homage, meek yet solemn,
 Sits mid the blest.
 Much was he prized, much loved ; his stern reuke
 O'eraw'd sheep-stealers ;
 And rogues fear'd more the good man's single look
 Than forty Peelers.
 He's gone ; and discord soon I ween will visit
 The land with quarrels ;
 And the foul demon vex with stills illicit
 The village morals.
 No fatal chance could happen more to cross
 The public wishes ;
 And all the neighbourhood deplore his loss,
 Except the fishes ;
 For he kept Lent most strict, and pickled herring
 Preferred to gammon.
 Grim Death has broke his angling-rod ; his berring
 Delights the salmon.
 No more can he hook up carp, eel, or trout,
 For fasting pittance,—
 Arts which Saint Peter loved, whose gate to Prout
 Gave prompt admittance.
 Mourn not, but verdantly let shamrocks keep
 His sainted dust ;
 The bad man's death it well becomes to weep,—
 Not so the just.



PACE IMPLORA.

Page 28.

No. II.

A PLEA FOR PILGRIMAGES; SIR WALTER SCOTT'S VISIT
TO THE BLARNEY STONE.

“Beware, beware
Of the black friar,
Who sitteth by Norman stone:
For he mutters his prayer
In the midnight air,
And his mass of the days that are gone.”

BYRON.

SINCE the publication of this worthy man's "Apology for Lent," which, with some account of his lamented death and well-attended funeral, appeared in our last Number, we have written to his executors—(one of whom is Father Mat. Horrogan, P. P. of the neighbouring village of Blarney; and the other, our elegiac poet, Father Magrath)—in the hope of being able to negotiate for the valuable posthumous essays and fugitive pieces which we doubted not had been left behind in great abundance by the deceased. These two disinterested divines—fit associates and bosom-companions of Prout during his lifetime, and whom, from their joint letters, we should think eminently qualified to pick up the fallen mantle of the departed prophet—have, in the most handsome manner, promised us all the literary and philosophic treatises bequeathed to them by the late incumbent of Watergrasshill; expressing, in the very complimentary note which they have transmitted us, and which our modesty prevents us from inserting, their thanks and that of the whole parish, for our sympathy and condolence on this melancholy bereavement, and intimating at the same time their regret at not being able to send us also, for our private perusal, the collection of the good father's parochial sermons; the whole of which (a most valuable MS.) had been taken off for his own use by the bishop, whom he had made his residuary legatee. These "sermons" must be

doubtless good things in their way—a theological *μυρια θαυμα*—well adapted to swell the episcopal library; but as we confessedly are, and suspect our readers likewise to be, a very improper multitude amongst whom to scatter such pearls, we shall console ourselves for that sacrifice by plunging head and ears into the abundant sources of intellectual refreshment to which we shall soon have access, and from which Frank Creswell, lucky dog! has drawn such a draught of inspiration.

“*Sacros ausus recludere fontes!*”

for assuredly we may defy any one that has perused Prout's vindication of fish-diet (and *who*, we ask, has *not* read it *con amore*, conning it over with secret glee, and forthwith calling out for a red-herring?), not to prefer its simple unsophisticated eloquence to the oration of Tully *pro Domo sua*, or Barclay's “Apology for Quakers.” After all, it may have been but a sprat to catch a whale, and the whole affair may turn out to be a Popish contrivance; but if so, we have taken the bait ourselves: we have been, like Festus, “almost persuaded,” and Prout has wrought in us a sort of culinary conversion. Why should we be ashamed to avow that we have been edified by the good man's blunt and straightforward logic, and drawn from his theories on fish a higher and more moral impression than from the dreamy visions of an “English Opium-eater,” or any other “Confessions” of sensualism and gastronomy. If this “black friar” has got smuggled in among our contributors, like King Saul among the regular votaries of the sanctuary, it must be admitted that, like the royal intruder, he has caught the tone and chimed in with the general harmony of our political opinions—no Whigling among true Tories, no goose among swans. *Argutos inter strepere anser olores.*

How we long to get possession of “the Prout Papers!” that chest of learned lumber which haunts our nightly visions! Already, in imagination, it is within our grasp; our greedy hand hastily its lid

“Unlocks,

And all Arcadia breathes from yonder box!”

In this prolific age, when the most unlettered dolt can find a mare's nest in the domain of philosophy, why should

not we also cry, *Ευρηκαμεν!* How much of novelty in his views! how much embryo discovery must not Prout unfold! It were indeed a pity to consign the writings of so eminent a scholar to oblivion: nor ought it be said, in scriptural phrase, of him, what is, alas! applicable to so many other learned divines when they are dead, that "their works have followed them." Such was the case of that laborious French clergyman, the Abbé Trublet, of whom Voltaire profanely sings:

" L'Abbé Trublet écrit, le Léthé sur ses rives
Reçoit avec plaisir ses feuilles fugitives!"

Which epigram hath a recondite meaning, not obvious to the reader on a first perusal; and being interpreted into plain English, for the use of the London University, it may run thus:

" Lardner compiles—kind Lethe on her banks
Receives the doctor's useful page with thanks."

Such may be the fate of Lardner and of Trublet, such the ultimate destiny that awaits their literary labours; but neither men, nor gods, nor our columns (those graceful pillars that support the Muses' temple), shall suffer this old priest to remain in the unmerited obscurity from which Frank Cresswell first essayed to draw him. To that young barrister we have written, with a request that he would furnish us with further details concerning Prout, and, if possible, a few additional specimens of his colloquial wisdom; reminding him that modern taste has a decided tendency towards illustrious private gossip, and recommending to him, as a sublime model of the dramatico-biographic style, my Lady Blessington's "Conversations of Lord Byron." How far he has succeeded in following the *ignis fatuus* of her ladyship's lantern, and how many bogs he has got immersed in because of the dangerous hint, which we gave him in an evil hour, the judicious reader will soon find out. Here is the communication.

OLIVER YORKE.

May 1, 1834.

Furnival's Inn, April 14.

ACKNOWLEDGING the receipt of your gracious mandate, O Queen of Periodicals! and kissing the top of your ivory sceptre, may I be allowed to express unblamed my utter devotion to your orders, in the language of Æolus, quondam ruler of the winds :

‘ Tuus, O REGINA, quid optes
· Explorare labor, mihi jussa capessere fas est !’

without concealing, at the same time, my wonderment, and that of many other sober individuals, at your patronising the advocacy of doctrines and usages belonging exclusively to another and far less reputable Queen (quean?) whom I shall have sufficiently designated when I mention that *she sits upon seven hills!*—in stating which singular phenomenon concerning her, I need not add that her fundamental maxims must be totally different from yours. Many orthodox people cannot understand how you could have reconciled it to your conscience to publish, in its crude state, that Apology for Lent, without adding note or comment in refutation of such dangerous doctrines; and are still more amazed that a Popish parish priest, from the wild Irish hills, could have got among your contributors—

“ Claimed kindred there, and have that claim allowed.”

It will, however, no doubt, give you pleasure to learn, that you have established a lasting popularity among that learned set of men the fishmongers, who are never scaly of their support when deserved; for, by a unanimous vote of the “ worshipful company ” last meeting-day, the marble bust of Father Prout, crowned with sea-weeds like a Triton, is to be placed in a conspicuous part of their new hall at London Bridge. But as it is the hardest thing imaginable to please all parties, your triumph is rendered incomplete by the grumbling of another not less respectable portion of the community. By your proposal for the non-consumption of butchers’ meat, you have given mortal offence to the dealers in horned cattle, and stirred up a nest of hornets in Smithfield. In your perambulations of the metropolis, go not into the bucolic purlieus of that dangerous district; beware of the enemy’s camp; tempt not the ire of men armed with

cold steel, else the long-dormant fires of that land celebrated in every age as a *tierra del fuego* may be yet rekindled, and made "red with uncommon wrath," for your especial roasting. Lord Althorp is no warm friend of yours; and by your making what he calls "a most unprovoked attack on the graziers," you have not propitiated the winner of the prize ox.

"Fœnum habet in cornu,—hunc tu, Romane, caveto!"

In vain would you seek to cajole the worthy chancellor of his Majesty's unfortunate exchequer, by the desirable prospect of a *net* revenue from the ocean: you will make no impression. His mind is not accessible to any reasoning on that subject; and, like the shield of Telamon, it is wrapt in the impenetrable folds of seven tough bull-hides.

But eliminating at once these insignificant topics, and setting aside all minor things, let me address myself to the grand subject of my adoption. Verily, since the days of that ornament of the priesthood and pride of Venice, Father Paul, no divine has shed such lustre on the Church of Rome as Father Prout. His brain was a storehouse of inexhaustible knowledge, and his memory a bazaar, in which the intellectual riches of past ages were classified and arranged in marvellous and brilliant assortment. When, by the liberality of his executor, you shall have been put in possession of his writings and posthumous papers, you will find I do not exaggerate; for though his mere conversation was always instructive, still, the pen in his hand, more potent than the wand of Prospero, embellished every subject with an ærial charm; and whatever department of literature it touched on, it was sure to illuminate and adorn, from the lightest and most ephemeral matters of the day, to the deepest and most abstruse problems of metaphysical inquiry; vigorous and philosophical, at the same time that it is minute and playful; having no parallel unless we liken it to the proboscis of an elephant, that can with equal ease shift an obelisk and crack a nut.

Nor did he confine himself to prose. He was a chosen favourite of the nine sisters, and flirted openly with them all, his vow of celibacy preventing his forming a permanent alliance with one alone. Hence pastoral poetry, elegy, son-

nets, and still grander effusions in the best style of Bob Montgomery, flowed from his muse in abundance; but, I must confess, his peculiar *forte* lay in the Pindaric. Besides, he indulged copiously in Greek and Latin versification, as well as in French, Italian, and High Dutch; of which accomplishments I happen to possess some fine specimens from his pen; and before I terminate this paper, I mean to introduce them to the benevolent notice of the candid reader. By these you will find, that the Doric reed of Theocritus was to him but an ordinary sylvan pipe—that the lyre of Anacreon was as familiar to him as the German flute—and that he played as well on the classic chords of the bard of Mantua as on the Cremona fiddle; at all events, he will prove far superior as a poet to the covey of unfledged rhymers who nestle in annuals and magazines. Sad abortions! on which even you, O Queen, sometimes take compassion, infusing into them a life

“Which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.”

To return to his conversational powers: he did not waste them on the generality of folks, for he despised the vulgar herd of Corkonians with whom it was his lot to mingle; but when he was sure of a friendly circle, he broke out in resplendent style, often humorous, at times critical, occasionally profound, and always interesting. Inexhaustible in his means of illustration, his fancy was an unwasted mine, into which you had but to sink a shaft, and you were sure of eliciting the finest ore, which came forth stamped with the impress of genius, and fit to circulate among the most cultivated auditory: for though the mint of his brain now and then would issue a strange and fantastic coinage, sterling sense was sure to give it value, and ready wit to promote its currency. The rubbish and dust of the schools with which his notions were sometimes incrustated did not alter their intrinsic worth; people only wondered how the diaphanous mind of Prout could be obscured by such common stuff: its brightness was still undiminished by the admixture; and like straws in amber, without deteriorating the substance, these matters only made manifest its transparency. Whenever he undertook to illustrate any subject

worthy of him, he was always felicitous. I shall give you an instance.

There stands on the borders of his parish, near the village of Blarney, an old castle of the M³Carthy family, rising abruptly from a bold cliff, at the foot of which rolls a not inconsiderable stream—the fond and frequent witness of Prout's angling propensities. The well-wooded demesne, comprising an extensive lake, a romantic cavern, and an artificial wilderness of rocks, belongs to the family of Jeffereys, which boasts in the Dowager Countess Glengall a most distinguished scion; her ladyship's mother having been immortalised under the title of "Lady Jeffers," with the other natural curiosities produced by this celebrated spot, in that never-sufficiently-to-be-encored song, the *Groves of Blarney*. But neither the stream, nor the lake, nor the castle, nor the village (a sad ruin! which, but for the recent establishment of a spinning-factory by some patriotic Corkonian, would be swept away altogether, or possessed by the owls as a grant from Sultan Mahmoud);—none of these picturesque objects has earned such notoriety for "the Groves" as a certain stone, of a basaltic kind, rather unusual in the district, placed on the pinnacle of the main tower, and endowed with the property of communicating to the happy tongue that comes in contact with its polished surface the gift of gentle insinuating speech, with soft talk in all its ramifications, whether employed in vows and promises light as air, *επεια πτεροειντα*, such as lead captive the female heart; or elaborate mystification of a grosser grain, such as may do for the House of Commons; all summed up and characterised by the mysterious term Blarney.*

Prout's theory on this subject might have remained dor-

* To Crofton Croker belongs the merit of elucidating this obscure tradition. It appears that in 1602, when the Spaniards were exciting our chieftains to harass the English authorities, Cormac M'Dermot Carthy held, among other dependencies, the castle of Blarney, and had concluded an armistice with the lord-president, on condition of surrendering this fort to an English garrison. Day after day did his lordship look for the fulfilment of the compact; while the Irish Pozzo di Borgo, as loath to part with his stronghold as Russia to relinquish the Dardanelles, kept protocolising with soft promises and delusive delays, until at last Carew became the laughing-stock of Elizabeth's ministers, and "*Blarney talk*" proverbial.

mant for ages, and perhaps been ultimately lost to the world at large, were it not for an event which occurred in the summer of 1825, while I (a younker then) happened to be on that visit to my aunt at Watergrasshill which eventually secured me her inheritance. The occurrence I am about to commemorate was, in truth, one of the first magnitude, and well calculated, from its importance, to form an epoch in the Annals of the Parish. It was the arrival of SIR WALTER SCOTT at Blarney, towards the end of the month of July.

Years have now rolled away, and the "Ariosto of the North" is dead, and our ancient constitution has since fallen under the hoofs of the Whigs; quenched is many a beacon-light in church and state—Prout himself is no more; and plentiful indications tell us we are come upon evil days: but still may I be allowed to feel a pleasurable, though somewhat saddened emotion, while I revert to that intellectual meeting, and bid memory go back in "dream sublime" to the glorious exhibition of Prout's mental powers. It was, in sooth, a great day for old Ireland; a greater still for Blarney; but, greatest of all, it dawned, Prout, on thee! Then it was that thy light was taken from under its sacerdotal bushel, and placed conspicuously before a man fit to appreciate the effulgence of so brilliant a luminary—a light which I, who pen these words in sorrow, alas! shall never gaze on more! a light

"That ne'er shall shine again
On, Blarney's stream!"

That day it illumined the "cave," the "shady walks," and the "sweet rock-close," and sent its gladdening beam into the gloomiest vaults of the ancient fort; for all the recondite recesses of the castle were explored in succession by the distinguished poet and the learned priest, and Prout held a candle to Scott.

We read with interest, in the historian Polybius, the account of Hannibal's interview with Scipio on the plains of Zama; and often have we, in our school-boy days of unsophisticated feeling, sympathised with Ovid, when he told us that he only got a glimpse of Virgil; but Scott basked for a whole summer's day in the blaze of Prout's

wit, and witnessed the coruscations of his learning. The great Marius is said never to have appeared to such advantage as when seated on the ruins of Carthage: with equal dignity Prout sat on the Blarney stone, amid ruins of kindred glory. Zeno taught in the "porch;" Plato loved to muse alone on the bold jutting promontory of Cape Sunium; Socrates, bent on finding Truth, "*in sylvis Academi quærere verum*," sought her among the bowers of Academus; Prout courted the same coy nymph, and wooed her in the "groves of Blarney."

I said that it was in the summer of 1825 that Sir Walter Scott, in the progress of his tour through Ireland, reached Cork, and forthwith intimated his wish to proceed at once on a visit to Blarney Castle. *For him the noble river, the magnificent estuary, and unrivalled harbour of a city that proudly bears on her civic escutcheon the well-applied motto, "*Statio bene fida carinis*," had but little attraction when placed in competition with a spot sacred to the Muses, and wedded to immortal verse. Such was the interest which its connexion with the popular literature and traditionary stories of the country had excited in that master-mind—such the predominance of its local reminiscences—such the transcendent influence of song! For this did the then "Great Unknown" wend his way through the purlieus of "Golden Spur," traversing the great manufacturing faux-bourg of "Black Pool," and emerging by the "Red Forge;" so intent on the classic object of his pursuit, as to disregard the unpromising aspect of the vestibule by which alone it is approachable. Many are the splendid mansions and hospitable halls that stud the suburbs of the "beautiful city," each boasting its grassy lawn and placid lake, each decked with park and woodland, and each well furnished with that paramount appendage, a *batterie de cuisine*; but all these *castles* were passed unheeded by, *carent quia vate sacro*. Gorgeous residences, picturesque seats, magnificent villas, they be, no doubt; but unknown to literature, in vain do they plume themselves on their architectural beauty; in vain do they spread wide their well-proportioned *wings*—they cannot soar aloft to the regions of celebrity.

On the eve of that memorable day I was sitting on a stool in the priest's parlour, poking the turf fire, while

Prout, who had been angling all day, sat nodding over his "*breviary*," and, according to my calculation, ought to be at the last psalm of vespers, when a loud official knock, not usual on that bleak hill, bespoke the presence of no ordinary personage. Accordingly, the "wicket, opening with a latch," ushered in a messenger clad in the livery of the ancient and loyal corporation of Cork, who announced himself as the bearer of a despatch from the mansion-house to his reverence; and, handing it with that deferential awe which even his masters felt for the incumbent of Watergrasshill, immediately withdrew. The letter ran thus:—

Council Chamber, July 24, 1825.

VERY REVEREND DOCTOR PROUT,

Cork harbours within its walls the illustrious author of *Waverley*. On receiving the freedom of our ancient city, which we presented to him (as usual towards distinguished strangers) in a box carved out of a chip of the Blarney stone, he expressed his determination to visit the old block itself. As he will, therefore, be in your neighbourhood tomorrow, and as no one is better able to do the honours than you (our burgesses being sadly deficient in learning, as you and I well know), your attendance on the celebrated poet is requested by your old friend and foster-brother,

GEORGE KNAPP,* *Mayor*.

* The republic of letters has great reason to complain of Dr. Maginn, for his non-fulfilment of a positive pledge to publish "a great historical work" on the mayors of Cork. Owing to this desideratum in the annals of the empire, I am compelled to bring into notice thus abruptly the most respectable civic worthy that has worn the cocked hat and chain since the days of John Walters, who holdly proclaimed Perkin Warbeck, in the reign of Henry VII., in the market-place of that beautiful city. Knapp's virtues and talents did not, like those of Donna Ines, deserve to be called

"Classic all,
Nor lay they chiefly in the mathematical,"

for his favourite pursuit during the canicule of 1825, was the extermination of mad dogs; and so vigorously did he urge the carnage during the summer of his mayoralty, that some thought he wished to eclipse the exploit of St. Patrick in destroying the breed altogether, as the saint did that of toads. A Cork poet, the laureate of the mansion-

Never shall I forget the beam of triumph that lit up the old man's features on the perusal of Knapp's pithy summons; and right warmly did he respond to my congratulations on the prospect of thus coming in contact with so distinguished an author. "You are right, child!" said he; and as I perceived by his manner that he was about to enter on one of those rambling trains of thought—half-homily, half-soliloquy—in which he was wont to indulge, I settled myself by the fire-place, and prepared to go through my accustomed part of an attentive listener.

"A great man, Frank! A truly great man! No token of ancient days escapes his eagle glance, no venerable memorial of former times his observant scrutiny; and still, even he, versed as he is in the monumentary remains of bygone ages, may yet learn something more, and have no cause to regret his visit to Blarney. Yes! since our 'groves' are to be honoured by the presence of the learned baronet,

'Sylvæ sint consule dignæ!'

let us make them deserving of his attention. He shall fix his antiquarian eye and rivet his wondering gaze on the rude basaltic mass that crowns the battlements of the main tower; for though he may have seen the "chair at Scone," where the Caledonian kings were crowned; though he may have examined that Scotch pebble in Westminster Abbey, which the Cockneys, in the exercise of a delightful credulity, believe to be "Jacob's pillow;" though he may have visited the mishapen pillars on Salisbury plain, and the Rock of Cashel, and the "Hag's Bed," and St. Kevin's petrified matelas at Glendalough, and many a cromlech of Druidical celebrity,—there is a stone yet unexplored, which he shall contemplate to-morrow, and place on record among his most profitable days that on which he shall have paid it homage:

'Hunc, Macrine, diem numera meliore lapillo!'

"I am old, Frank. In my wild youth I have seen many

house, has celebrated Knapp's prowess in a didactic composition, entitled *Dog-Killing, a Poem*; in which the mayor is likened to Apollo in the Grecian camp before Troy, in the opening of the *Iliad*:—

Αυταρ βους πρωτον εφ' ωκετο και κυνας Αργους.

of the celebrated writers that adorned the decline of the last century, and shed a lustre over France, too soon eclipsed in blood at its sanguinary close. I have conversed with Buffon and with Fontenelle, and held intercourse with Nature's simplest child, Bernardin de St. Pierre, author of 'Paul and Virginia;' Gresset and Marmontel were my college-friends; and to me, though a frequenter of the halls of Sorbonne, the octogenaire of Ferney was not unknown: nor was I unacquainted with the recluse of Ermenonville. But what are the souvenirs of a single period, however brilliant and interesting, to the recollections of full seven centuries of historic glory, all condensed and concentrated in Scott? What a host of personages does his name conjure up! what mighty shades mingle in the throng of attendant heroes that wait his bidding, and form his appropriate retinue! Cromwell, Claverhouse, and Montrose; Saladin, Front de Bœuf, and Cœur de Lion; Rob Roy, Robin Hood, and Marmion; those who fell at Culloden and Flodden-Field, and those who won the day at Bannockburn,—all start up at the presence of the Enchanter. I speak not of his female forms of surpassing loveliness—his Flora M'Ivor, his Rebecca, his Amy Robsart: these you, Frank, can best admire. But I know not how I shall divest myself of a secret awe when the wizard, with all his spells, shall rise before me. The presence of my old foster-brother, George Knapp, will doubtless tend to dissipate the illusion; but if so it will be by personifying the Baillie Nicol Jarvie of Glasgow, his worthy prototype. Nor are Scott's merits those simply of a pleasing novelist or a spirit-stirring poet; his 'Life of Dryden,' his valuable commentaries on Swift, his researches in the dark domain of demonology, his biography of Napoleon, and the sterling views of European policy developed in 'Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk,' all contribute to enhance his literary pre-eminence. Rightly has Silius Italicus depicted the Carthaginian hero, surrounded even in solitude by a thousand recollections of well-earned renown—

'Nec credis inermem
 Quem mihi tot cinxere duces: si admoveris ora,
 Cannas et Trebiam ante oculos, Romanaque busta,
 Et Pauli stare ingentem miraberis umbram!'

Yet, greatly and deservedly as he is prized by his contemporaries, future ages will value him even more; and his laurel, ever extending its branches, and growing in secret like the 'fame of Marcellus,' will overshadow the earth. Posterity will canonise his every relic; and his footsteps, even in this remote district, will be one day traced and sought for by the admirers of genius. For, notwithstanding the breadth and brilliancy of effect with which he waved the torch of mind while living, far purer and more serene will be the lamp that shall glimmer in his tomb and keep vigil over his hallowed ashes: to that fount of inspiration other and minor spirits, eager to career through the same orbit of glory, will recur, and

'In their golden urns draw light.'

Nor do I merely look on him as a writer who, by the blandishment of his narrative and the witchery of his style, has calmed more sorrow, and caused more happy hours to flow, than any save a higher and a holier page,—a writer who, like the autumnal meteor of his own North, has illumined the dull horizon of these latter days with a fancy ever varied and radiant with joyfulness,—one who, for useful purposes, has interwoven the plain warp of history with the many-coloured web of his own romantic loom;—but further do I hail in him the genius who has rendered good and true service to the cause of mankind, by driving forth from the temple of Religion, with sarcasm's knotted lash, that canting puritanic tribe who would obliterate from the book of life every earthly enjoyment, and change all its paths of peace into walks of bitterness. I honour him for his efforts to demolish the pestilent influence of a sour and sulky system that would interpose itself between the gospel sun and the world—that retains no heat, imbibes no light, and transmits none; but flings its broad, cold, and disastrous shadow over the land that is cursed with its visitation.

"The excrescences and superfoetations of my own church most freely do I yield up to his censure; for while in his Abbot Boniface, his Friar Tuck, and his intriguing Rashleigh, he has justly stigmatised monastic laziness, and denounced ultramontane duplicity, he has not forgotten to exhibit the bright reverse of the Roman medal, but has done full measure of justice to the nobler inspirations of our

creed, bodied forth in Mary Stuart, Hugo de Lacy, Catherine Seaton, Die Vernon, and Rose de Béranger. Nay, even in his fictions of cloistered life, among the drones of that ignoble crowd, he has drawn minds of another sphere, and spirits whose ingenuous nature and piety unfeigned were not worthy of this world's deceitful intercourse, but fitted them to commune in solitude with Heaven.

“Such are the impressions, and such the mood of mind in which I shall accost the illustrious visitor; and you, Frank, shall accompany me on this occasion.”

Accordingly, the next morning found Prout, punctual to Knapp's summons, at his appointed post on the top of the castle, keeping a keen look-out for the arrival of Sir Walter. He came, at length, up the “laurel avenue,” so called from the gigantic laurels that overhang the path,

“Which bowed,

As if each brought a new classic wreath to his head;”

and alighting at the castle-gate, supported by Knapp, he toiled up the winding stairs as well as his lameness would permit, and stood at last, with all his fame around him, in the presence of Prout. The form of mutual introduction was managed by Knapp with his usual tact and urbanity; and the first interchange of thoughts soon convinced Scott that he had lit on no “clod of the valley” in the priest. The confabulation which ensued may remind you of the “*Tusculanæ Quæstiones*” of Tully, or the dialogues “*De Oratore*,” or of Horne Tooke's “*Diversions of Purley*,” or of all three together. *La voici.*

SCOTT.

I congratulate myself, reverend father, on the prospect of having so experienced a guide in exploring the wonders of this celebrated spot. Indeed, I am so far a member of your communion, that I take delight in pilgrimages; and you behold in me a pilgrim to the Blarney stone.

PROUT.

I accept the guidance of so sincere a devotee; nor has a more accomplished palmer ever worn scrip, or staff, or scollop-shell, in my recollection; nay, more—right honoured shall the pastor of the neighbouring upland feel in affording

shelter and hospitality, such as every pilgrim has claim to, if the penitent will deign visit my humble dwelling.

SCOTT.

My vow forbids! I must not think of bodily refreshment, or any such profane solitudes, until I go through the solemn rounds of my devotional career—until I kiss “the stone,” and explore the “cave where no daylight enters,” the “fracture in the battlement,” the “lake well stored with fishes,” and, finally, “the sweet rock-close.”

PROUT.

All these shall you duly contemplate when you shall have rested from the fatigue of climbing to this lofty eminence, whence, seated on these battlements, you can command a landscape fit to repay the toil of the most laborious peregrination; in truth, if the ancient observance were not sufficiently vindicated by your example to-day, I should have thought it my duty to take up the gauntlet for that much-abused set of men, the pilgrims of olden time.

SCOTT.

In all cases of initiation to any solemn rites, such as I am about to enter on, it is customary to give an introductory lecture to the neophyte; and as you seem disposed to enlighten us with a preamble, you have got, reverend father, in me a most docile auditor.

PROUT.

There is a work, Sir Walter, with which I presume you are not unacquainted, which forcibly and beautifully portrays the honest fervour of our forefathers in their untutored views of Christianity: but if the “Tales of the Crusaders” count among their *dramatis personæ* the mitred prelate, the cowed hermit, the croziered abbot, and the gallant templar, strange mixture of daring and devotion,—far do I prefer the sketch of that peculiar creation of Catholicity and romance, the penitent under solemn vow, who comes down from Thabor or from Lebanon to embark for Europe: and who in rude garb and with unshodden feet will return to his native plains of Languedoc or Lombardy,

displaying with pride the emblem of Palestine, and realising what Virgil only dreamt of—

“*Primus Idumæas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas!*”

But I am wrong in saying that pilgrimages belong exclusively to our most ancient form of Christianity, or that the patent for this practice appertains to religion at all. It is the simplest dictate of our nature, though piety has consecrated the practice, and marked it for her own. Patriotism, poetry, philanthropy, all the arts, and all the finer feelings, have their pilgrimages, their hallowed spots of intense interest, their haunts of fancy and of inspiration. It is the first impulse of every genuine affection, the tendency of the heart in its fervent youthhood; and nothing but the cold scepticism of an age which Edmund Burke so truly designated as that of calculators and economists, could scoff at the enthusiasm that feeds on ruins such as these, that visits with emotion the battle-field and the ivied abbey, or Shakespeare's grave, or Galileo's cell, or Runnymede, or Marathon.

Filial affection has had its pilgrim in Telemachus; generous and devoted loyalty in Blondel, the best of troubadours; Bruce, Belzoni, and Humboldt, were pilgrims of science; and John Howard was the sublime pilgrim of philanthropy.

Actuated by a sacred feeling, the son of Ulysses visited every isle and inhospitable shore of the boisterous Ægean, until a father clasped him in his arms;—propelled by an equally absorbing attachment, the faithful minstrel of Cœur de Lion sang before every feudal castle in Germany, until at last a dungeon-keep gave back the responsive echo of “*O Richard! O mon roy!*” If Belzoni died toilworn and dissatisfied—if Baron Humboldt is still plodding his course through the South American peninsula, or wafted on the bosom of the Pacific—it is because the domain of science is infinite, and her votaries must never rest:

“For there are wanderers o'er eternity,
Whose bark goes on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be!”

But when Howard explored the secrets of every prison-house in Europe, performing that which Burke classically described as “a circumnavigation of charity;” nay, when,

on a still holier errand, three eastern sages came from the boundaries of the earth to do homage to a cradle; think ye not that in theirs, as in every pilgrim's progress, a light unseen to others shone on the path before them? derived they not untiring vigour from the exalted nature of their pursuit, felt they not "a pinion lifting every limb?" Such are the feelings which Tasso beautifully describes when he brings his heroes within view of Sion:

"Al grand piacer che quella prima vista
Dolcemente spirò, nell' altrui petto,
Alta contrizion successe, mista
Di timoroso e riverente affetto.
Osano appena d' innalzar la vista
Ver la città, di Cristo albergo eletto,
Dove morì, dove sepolto fue,
Dove poi rivestì le membra sue!"

Canto III.

I need not tell you, Sir Walter, that the father of history, previous to taking up the pen of Clio, explored every monument of Upper Egypt; or that Herodotus had been preceded by Homer, and followed by Pythagoras, in this philosophic pilgrimage; that Athens and Corinth were the favourite resorts of the Roman literati, Sylla, Lucullus, and Mæcenas, when no longer the seats of empire; and that Rome itself is, in its turn, become as well the haunt of the antiquarian as the poet, and the painter, and the Christian pilgrim; for dull indeed would that man be, duller than the stagnant weed that vegetates on Lethe's shore, who again would put the exploded interrogatory, once fallen, not inaptly, from the mouth of a clown—

"Quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?"

I mean not to deny that there exist vulgar minds and souls without refinement, whose perceptions are of that stunted nature that they can see nothing in the "pass of Thermopylæ" but a gap for cattle; in the "Forum" but a cow-yard; and for whom St. Helena itself is but a barren rock: but, thank Heaven! we are not all yet come to that unenviable stage of utilitarian philosophy; and there is still some hope left for the Muses' haunts, when he of Abbotsford blushes not to visit the castle, the stone, and the groves of Blarney.

Nor is he unsupported in the indulgence of this classic fancy; for there exists another pilgrim, despite of modern cavils, who keeps up the credit of the profession—a wayward childe, whose restless spirit has long since spurned the solemn dulness of conventional life, preferring to hold intercourse with the mountain-top and the ocean-brink: Ida and Salamis “are to him companionship;” and every broken shaft, prostrate capital, and marble fragment of that sunny land, tells its tale of other days to a fitting listener in Harold: for him Etruria is a teeming soil, and the spirit of song haunts Ravenna and Parthenope: for him

“There is a tomb in Arquà,”

which to the stolid peasant that wends his way along the Euganean hills is mute, indeed as the grave, nor breathes the name of its indweller; but a voice breaks forth from the mausoleum at the passage of Byron, the ashes of Petrarch grow warm in their marble bed, and the last wish of the poet in his “Legacy” is accomplished:

“Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Shall touch on thy cords in passing along,
O may one thought of its master waken
The sweetest smile for the *Childe of Song!*”

SCOTT.

Proud and flattered as I must feel, O most learned divine! to be classified with Herodotus, Pythagoras, Belzoni, Bruce, and Byron, I fear much that I am but a sorry sort of pilgrim, after all. Indeed, an eminent writer of your church has laid it down as a maxim, which I suspect applies to my case, “Qui multum peregrinantur raro sanctificantur.” Does not Thomas à Kempis say so?

PROUT.

The doctrine may be sound; but the book from which you quote is one of those splendid productions of uncertain authorship which we must ascribe to some “great unknown” of the dark ages.

SCOTT.

Be that as it may, I can give you a parallel sentiment from one of your French poets; for I understand you are

partial to the literature of that merry nation. The pilgrim's wanderings are compared by this gallic satirist to the meandering course of a river in Germany, which, after watering the plains of Protestant Wirtemberg and Catholic Austria, enters, by way of finale, on the domains of the Grand Turk :

“J'ai vu le Danube inconstant,
 Qui, tantôt Catholique et tantôt Protestant,
 Sert Rome et Luther de son onde ;
 Mais, comptant après pour rien
 Romain et Luthérien,
 Finit sa course vagabonde
 Par n'être pas même Chrétien.
 Rarement en courant le monde
 On devient homme de bien !”

By the way, have you seen Stothard's capital print, “The Pilgrimage to Canterbury ?”

PROUT.

Such orgies on pious pretences I cannot but deplore, with Chaucer, Erasmus, Dryden, and Pope, who were all of my creed, and pointedly condemned them. The Papal hierarchy in this country have repeatedly discountenanced such unholy doings. Witness their efforts to demolish the cavern of Loughderg, called St. Patrick's Purgatory, that has no better claim to antiquity than our Blarney cave, in which “bats and badgers are for ever bred.” And still, concerning this truly Irish curiosity, there is a document of a droll description in Rymer's “Fœdera,” in the 32d year of Edward III., A.D. 1358. It is no less than a certificate, duly made out by that good-natured monarch, shewing to all men as how a foreign nobleman did really visit the Cave of St. Patrick,* and passed a night in its mysterious recesses.

* This is, we believe, what Prout alludes to ; and we confess it is a precious relic of olden simplicity, and ought to see the light :—

“A.D. 1358, an. 32 Edw. III.

“Litteræ testimoniales super morâ in S^{ca} Patricii Purgatorio. Rex universis et singulis ad quos præsentibus litteræ pervenerint, salutem !

“Nobilis vir Malatesta Ungarus de Arimefio, miles, ad præsentiam nostram veniens, maturè nobis exposuit quod ipse nuper à terræ suæ discedens laribus, Purgatorium Sancti Patricii, infra terram nostram Hybernæ constitutum, in multis corporis sui laboribus peregrè visitârat,

SCOTT.

I was aware of the existence of that document, as also of the remark made by one Erasmus of Rotterdam concerning the said cave: "Non desunt hodiè qui descendunt, sed priùs triduanò enecti jejuniò ne sano capite ingrediantur." * Erasmus, reverend friend, was an honour to your cloth; but as to Edward III., I am not surprised he should have encouraged such excursions, as he belonged to a family whose patronymic is traceable to a pilgrim's vow. My reverend friend is surely in possession of the historic fact,

ac per integræ diei ac noctis continuatum spatium, ut est moris, clausus manserat in eodem, nobis cum instantiâ supplicando, ut in præmissorum veracius fulcimentum regales nostras litteras inde sibi concedere dignareremur.

"Nos autem ipsius peregrinationis considerantes periculosa discrimina, licet tanti nobilis in hæc parte nobis assertio sit accepta, quia tamen dilecti ac fidelis nostri Almarici de S^{to} Amando, militis, justiciarii nostri Hybernæ, simul ac Prioris et Conventûs loci dicti Purgatorii, et etiam aliorum auctoritatis multæ virorum litteris, aliisque claris evidentiis informamur quod dictus nobilis hanc peregrinationem ritè perfecerat et etiam animosè.

"Dignum duximus super his testimonium nostrum favorabiliter adhibere, ut sublato cujusvis dubitationis involuero, præmissorum veritas singulis lucidius patefiat, has litteras nostras sigillo regio consignatas illi duximus concedendas.

"Dat' in palatio nostro West', xxiv die Octobris, 1358."

Rymer's Fœdera, by Caley. London, 1825.

Vol. iii. pt. i. p. 408.

* Erasmus in Adagia, artic. de antro Trophonii. See also Camden's account of this cave in his *Hybernæ Descriptio*, edition of 1594, p. 671. It is a singular fact, though little known, that from the visions said to occur in this cavern, and bruited abroad by the fraternity of monks, whose connexion with Italy was constant and intimate, Dante took the first hint of his Divina Commedia, *Il Purgatorio*. Such was the celebrity this cave had obtained in Spain, that the great dramatist Calderon made it the subject of one of his best pieces: and it was so well known at the court of Ferrara, that Ariosto introduced it into his *Orlando Furioso*, canto x. stanza 92.

"Quindi Ruggier, poichè di banda in banda
Vide gl' Inglesi, andò verso l' Irlanda
E vide Ibernia fabulosa, dove
Il santo vecchiarèl fece la cava
In che tanta mercè par che si trove,
Che l' uom vi purga ogni sua colpa prava!"

that the name of Plantagenet is derived from *plante de genest*, a sprig of heath, which the first Duke of Anjou wore in his helmet as a sign of penitential humiliation, when about to depart for the holy land: though why a broom-sprig should indicate lowliness is not satisfactorily explained.

PROUT.

The monks of that day, who are reputed to have been very ignorant, were perhaps acquainted with the "Georgics" of Virgil, and recollected the verse—

"Quid majora sequar? Salices humilesque Genistæ."

II. 434.

SCOTT.

I suppose there is some similar recondite allusion in that unaccountable decoration of every holy traveller's accoutrement, the scollop-shell? or was it merely used to quaff the waters of the brook?

PROUT.

It was first assumed by the penitents who resorted to the shrine of St. Jago di Compostella, on the western coast of Spain, to betoken that they had extended their penitential excursion so far as that sainted shore; just as the palm-branch was sufficient evidence of a visit to Palestine. Did not the soldiers of a Roman general fill their helmets with cockles on the brink of the German Ocean? By the by, when my laborious and learned friend the renowned Abbé Trublet, in vindicating the deluge against Voltaire, instanced the heaps of marine remains and conchylia on the ridge of the Pyrenees, the witty reprobate of Ferney had the unblushing effrontery to assert that those were shells left behind by the pilgrims of St. Jacques on re-crossing the mountains.

SCOTT.

I must not, meantime, forget the objects of my devotion; and with your benison, reverend father, shall proceed to examine the "stone."

PROUT.

You behold, Sir Walter, in this block the most valuable

remnant of Ireland's ancient glory, and the most precious lot of her Phœnician inheritance! Possessed of this treasure, she may well be designated

“First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea;”

for neither the musical stone of Memnon, that “so sweetly played in tune,” nor the oracular stone at Delphi, nor the lapidary talisman of the Lydian Gyges, nor the colossal granite shaped into a sphinx in Upper Egypt, nor Stonehenge, nor the Pelasgic walls of Italy's Palæstrina, offer so many attractions. The long-sought *lapis philosophorum*, compared with this jewel, dwindles into insignificance; nay, the savoury fragment which was substituted for the infant Jupiter, when Saturn had the mania of devouring his children; the Luxor obelisk; the treaty-stone of Limerick, with all its historic endearments; the zodiacal monument of Denderach, with all its astronomic importance; the Elgin marbles with all their sculptured, the Arundelian with all their lettered riches,—cannot for a moment stand in competition with the Blarney block. What stone in the world, save this alone, can communicate to the tongue that suavity of speech, and that splendid effrontery, so necessary to get through life? Without this resource, how could Brougham have managed to delude the English public, or Dan O'Connell to gull even his own countrymen? How could St. John Long thrive? or Dicky Sheil prosper? What else could have transmuted my old friend Pat Lardner into a man of letters—LL.D., F.R.S.L. and E., M.R.I.A., F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.Z.S., F.C.P.S., &c. &c.? What would have become of Spring Rice? and who would have heard of Charley Phillips? When the good fortune of the above-mentioned individuals can be traced to any other source, save and except the Blarney stone, I am ready to renounce my belief in it altogether.

This palladium of our country was brought hither originally by the Phœnician colony that peopled Ireland, and is the best proof of our eastern parentage. The inhabitants of Tyre and Carthage, who for many years had the Blarney stone in their custody, made great use of the privilege, as the proverbs *fides Punica*, *Tyriosque bilingues*, testify. Hence

the origin of this wondrous talisman is of the remotest antiquity.

Strabo, Diodorus, and Pliny, mention the arrival of the Tyrians in Ireland about the year 883 before Christ, according to the chronology of Sir Isaac Newton, and the twenty-first year after the sack of Troy.

Now, to show that in all their migrations they carefully watched over this treasure of eloquence and source of diplomacy, I need only enter into a few etymological details. Carthage, where they settled for many centuries, but which turns out to have been only a stage and resting-place in the progress of their western wanderings, bears in its very name the trace of its having had in its possession and custody the Blarney Stone. This city is called in the Scripture *Tarsus*, or *Tarshish*, תַּרְשִׁישׁ, which in Hebrew means a *valuable stone, a stone of price*, rendered in your authorised (?) version, where it occurs in the 28th and 39th chapters of Exodus, by the specific term *beryl*, a sort of jewel. In his commentaries on this word, an eminent rabbi, Jacob Rodrigues Moreira, the Spanish Jew, says that Carthage is evidently the Tarsus of the Bible, and he reads the word thus—תַּרְשִׁינוּ, accounting for the termination in *ish*, by which *Carthago* becomes *Carshish*, in a very plausible way: "now," says he, "our peoplish have de very great knack of ending dere vords in *ish*; for if you go on the 'Change, you will hear the great man Nicholish Rotchild calling the English coin *monish*."—See *Lectures delivered in the Western Synagogue*, by J. R. M.

But, further, does it not stand to reason that there must be some other latent way of accounting for the *purchase of as much ground as an ox-hide would cover*, besides the generally received and most unsatisfactory explanation? The fact is, the Tyrians bought as much land as their Blarney stone would require to fix itself solidly,—

"Taurino quantum potuit circumdare tergo;"

and having got that much, by the talismanic stone they humbugged and deluded the simple natives, and finally became the masters of Africa.

SCOTT.

I confess you have thrown a new and unexpected light on

a most obscure passage in ancient history; but how the stone got at last to the county of Cork, appears to me a difficult transition. It must give you great trouble.

PROUT.

My dear sir, don't mention it! It went to Minorca with a chosen body of Carthaginian adventurers, who stole it away as their best safeguard on the expedition. They first settled at Port Mahon,—a spot so called from the clan of the O'Mahonys, a powerful and prolific race still flourishing in this county; just as the Nile had been previously so named from the tribe of the O'Neils, its aboriginal inhabitants. All these matters, and many *more curious points*, will be one day revealed to the world by my friend Henry O'Brien, in his work on the Round Towers of Ireland. Sir, we built the pyramids before we left Egypt; and all those obelisks, sphinxes, and Memnonic stones, were but emblems of the great relic before you.

George Knapp, who had looked up to Prout with dumb amazement from the commencement, here pulled out his spectacles, to examine more closely the old block, while Scott shook his head doubtingly.

"I can convince the most obstinate sceptic, Sir Walter," continued the learned doctor, "of the intimate connexion that subsisted between us and those islands which the Romans called *insulæ Baleares*, without knowing the signification of the words which they thus applied. That they were so called from the *Blarney* stone, will appear at once to any person accustomed to trace Celtic derivations: the Ulster king of arms, Sir William Betham, has shown it by the following scale."

Here Prout traced with his cane on the muddy floor of the castle the words

"BaLeARes iNsulÆ=Blarnæ!"

SCOTT.

Prodigious! My reverend friend, you have set the point at rest for ever—*rem acu tetigisti!* Have the goodness to proceed.

PROUT.

Setting sail from Minorca, the expedition, after encountering a desperate storm, cleared the Pillars of Hercules, and landing in the Cove of Cork, deposited their treasure in the greenest spot and the shadiest groves of this beautiful vicinity.

SCOTT.

How do you account for their being left by the Carthaginians in quiet possession of this invaluable deposit?

PROUT.

They had sufficient tact (derived from their connexion with the stone) to give out, that in the storm it had been thrown overboard to relieve the ship, in latitude $36^{\circ} 14''$, longitude 24° . A search was ordered by the senate of Carthage, and the Mediterranean was dragged without effect; but the mariners of that sea, according to Virgil, retained a superstitious reverence for every submarine appearance of a stone :

“Saxa vocant Itali mediis quæ in fluctibus aras!”

And Aristotle distinctly says, in his treatise “De Mirandis,” quoted by the erudite Justus Lipsius, that a law was enacted against any further intercourse with Ireland. His words are; “In mari, extra Herculis Columnas, insulam desertam inventam fuisse *sylvâ nemorosam*, in quam crebrò Carthaginenses commearint, et sedes etiam fixerint: sed veriti ne nimis cresceret, et Carthago laberetur, edicto cavisse ne quis pœnâ capitis eò deinceps navigaret.”

The fact is, Sir Walter, Ireland was always considered a lucky spot, and constantly excited the jealousy of Greeks, Romans, and people of every country. The Athenians thought that the ghosts of departed heroes were transferred to our fortunate island, which they call, in the war-song of Harmodius and Aristogiton, the land of O’s and Macs :

Φιλταθ’ Ἀρμοδι, ουτε που τεθνηκας,
Νησις δ’ εν ΜΑΚ αρ’ ΩΝ σε φασιν ειναι.

And the “Groves of Blarney” have been commemorated by the Greek poets many centuries before the Christian era.

SCOTT.

There is certainly somewhat of Grecian simplicity in the old song itself; and if Pindar had been an Irishman, I think he would have celebrated this favourite haunt in a style not very different from Millikin's classic rhapsody.

PROUT.

Millikin, the reputed author of that song, was but a simple translator from the Greek original. Indeed, I have discovered, when abroad, in the library of Cardinal Mazarin, an old Greek manuscript, which, after diligent examination, I am convinced must be the oldest and "princeps editio" of the song. I begged to be allowed to copy it, in order that I might compare it with the ancient Latin or Vulgate translation which is preserved in the Brera at Milan; and from a strict and minute comparison with that, and with the Norman-French copy which is appended to Doomsday-book, and the Celtic-Irish fragment preserved by Crofton Croker, (rejecting as spurious the Arabic, Armenian, and Chaldaic stanzas on the same subject, to be found in the collection of the Royal Asiatic Society,) I have come to the conclusion that the Greeks were the undoubted original contrivers of that splendid ode; though whether we ascribe it to Tyrtæus or Callimachus will depend on future evidence; and perhaps, Sir Walter, *you* would give me your opinion, as I have copies of all the versions I allude to at my dwelling on the hill.

SCOTT.

I cannot boast, learned father, of much *vous* in Hellenistic matters; but should find myself quite at home in the Gaelic and Norman-French, to inspect which I shall with pleasure accompany you: so here I kiss the stone!

The wonders of "the castle," and "cave," and "lake," were speedily gone over; and now, according to the usage of the dramatist, *modo Romæ, modò ponit Athenis*, we shift the scene to the tabernacle of Father Prout on Watergrass-hill, where, round a small table, sat Scott, Knapp, and Prout—a triumvirate of critics never equalled. The papers



"So here I kiss the Stone"

fell into my hands when the table was cleared for the subsequent repast; and thus I am able to submit to the world's decision what these three could not decide, viz. *which* is the *original* version of the "Groves of Blarney."

P.S. At the moment of going to press with the Doric, the Vulgate, and Gallic texts in juxtaposition with the supposed original, (Corcagian) a fifth candidate for priority starts up, the Italic, said to be sung by Garibaldi in bivouac amid the woods over Lake Como, May 25, 1859.

I Boschi di Blarnea.

DI Blarne' i boschi
Bei, benchè foschi,
In versi Toschi
Vorrei cantar—
Là dove meschi
Son fiori freschi
Ben pittoreschi
Pel passeggiar.
Vi sono gigli
Bianch' e vermigli
Ch' ognun ne pigli
In libertà—
Auch' odorose
Si coglian' rose
Da giovin' spose
Fior di beltà!

Miladi Gifra
Si gode quì frà
Immensa cifra
Di ricchi ben,
E tutti sanno
Se Carlomanno
E Cesare hanno
Più cor nel sen.
Il fier' Cromwello
Si sa, fu quello
Ch' a suo castello
Assalto diè,
Si dice però
Ch' Oliviero
Al quartiere
La breccia fè!

Quei luoghi dunque
Veggio; chiunque
Brama spelunche
Non cerch' in van,
Dentr' una grotta
Vi'è fiera lotta
Mai interrotta
Fra gatti stran'.
Ma fuor si serba
Di musco ed erba
Sedia superba
Per quì pescar
Nel lago anguille;
Poi faggi mille
L'acque tranquille
Stan per ombrar.

Con cheto passo
Si va a spasso
Quì, fin che lasso
Si vuol seder;
Il triste amante
Pnò legger Dante
Od ascoltar canti
Dello pivier.
Poi se la gonna
Di gentil donna,
Non mica nonna,
Vien quà passar,
Il corteggiano
Non preghi' in vano
Sarebbe strano
Di non amar!

Intorno, parmi,
Scolpiti marmi
Vi son, per farmi
Stupir ancor';
Quei sembran' essere
Plutarch' e Cesare
Con Nebuchnezzere,
Venere ed Amor!
Stan, cosa unica,
Quì senza tunica!
Mentre comunica
Con altro mar'
Leggiadra barca;—
Ma ci vuol' Petrarca
Per la gran carica
Di quel narrar.

Sarò ben hasso
Se oltre passo
Un certo sasso
D' alto valor;
In su la faccia
Di chi lo baccia
Perenue traccia
Riman talor:
Quel si distingue
Con ussr lingue
Pien di lusinghe
Per ingannar:
Famosa Pietra!
Mia umil' cetra
Or quì dipongo
Su quest' altar'!

The Groves of Blarney.

I.

The groves of Blarney,
 They look so charming,
 Down by the purlings
 Of sweet silent brooks,
 All decked by posies
 That spontaneous grow there,
 Planted in order
 In the rocky nooks.
 'Tis there the daisy,
 And the sweet carnation,
 The blooming pink,
 And the rose so fair ;
 Likewise the lily,
 And the daffodilly—
 All flowers that scent
 The sweet open air.

II.

'Tis Lady Jeffers
 Owns this plantation ;
 Like Alexander,
 Or like Helen fair,
 There's no commander
 In all the nation,
 For regulation
 Can with her compare.
 Such walls surround her,
 That no nine-pounder
 Could ever plunder
 Her place of strength ;
 But Oliver Cromwell,
 Her he did pommel,
 And made a breach
 In her battlement.

LE BOIS DE BLAENAYE.

I.

*Charmans bocages !
 Vous me ravissez,
 Que d'avantages
 Vous réunissez !
 Rochers sauvages,
 Paisibles ruisseaux,
 Tendres ramages
 De gentils oiseaux :
 Dans ce doux parage
 Aimable Nature
 A fait étalage
 D'éternelle verdure ;
 Et les fleurs, à mesure
 Qu'elles croissent, à raison
 De la belle saison
 Font briller leur parure.*

II.

*C'est Madame de Jefferts,
 Femme pleine d'adresse,
 Qui sur ces beaux déserts
 Règne en fière princesse.
 Elle exerce ses droits
 Comme dame maîtresse,
 Dans cette forteresse
 Que là haut je vois.
 Plus sage mille fois
 Qu' Héléne ou Cléopâtre,
 Cromwel seul put l'abbâtre,
 La mettant aux abois,
 Quand, allumant sa mèche,
 Point ne tira au hasard,
 Mais bien dans son rempart
 Fit irréparable brèche.*

'Η Ὑλη Βλαρνεϊκῆ.

α.

Τῆς Βλαρνεϊας αἱ ὕλαι
 Φερισται, καλλιφυλλαι,
 Ὅπου αἰγῶν ρεουσαι
 Πηγαὶ ψιθυρίζουσαι·
 Ἐκοντα γεννηθεντα
 Ὅμως τε φυτευθεντα
 Μεσσοῖς ἐν ἀγκονεσσιν
 Ἐστ' αὐθε' πετρῶδεσσιν.
 Ἐκεῖ ἐστ' ἀγλαιημα
 Γλυκυ καὶ ἐρυθθημα,
 Ἴον τ' ἐκεῖ θαλον τε
 Βασιλικον ροδον τε.
 Καὶ λειριον τε φνει,
 Ἀσφοδελος τε βρνει,
 Παντ' αὐθεμ' ἅ καλησιν
 Ἐν ευδαιας ἁσιαν.

β.

Ταυτῆς ἸΕΦΕΡΕΣΣΑ
 Καλῆ καὶ χαριεσσα
 Ὡς Ἐλενη, ὡς τ' υἱος
 Του Ἀμμωνος ὁ διος,
 Φυτειας ἐστ' ἀνασση.
 Ἰερνῆ τ' ἐν ἀπασῆ
 Ουτις βροτων γενοιτο
 Ὅς αὐτῆ συμφεροιτο,
 Οἰκονομεῖν γὰρ οἶδε.
 Τοιχοὶ τοσοὶ τοιοὶ δε
 Αὐτῆν ἀμφιστεφονται,
 Πολεμικῆ ὡς βροντῆ
 Ματῆν νιν βαλλ' ὡς ἥρωος
 Κρομυελλος Ολιφηρος
 Ἐπερσε, δι' ἀπασας
 Ἀκροπολεως περασας.

Blarneum Nemus.

I.

Quisquis hīc in lætis
 Gaudes errare viretis,
 Turrigeras rupes
 Blarnea saxa stupes !
 Murmure dum cæco
 Lympharum perstrepat echo,
 Quas veluti mutas
 Ire per arva putas.
 Multus in hoc luco
 Rubet undique flos sine fucco,
 Ac ibi formosam
 Cernis ubique rosam ;
 Suaviter hi flores
 Miscent ut amabis odores ;
 Nec requiem demus,
 Nam placet omne nemus !

II.

Fœmina dux horum
 Regnat Jeferessa locorum,
 Pace, virago gravis,
 Marteque pejor avis !
 Africa non atram
 Componeret ei Cleopatram,
 Nec Dido constares !
 Non habet illa pares.
 Turre manens istâ
 Nullâ est violanda balistâ :
 Turris erat diris
 Non penetranda viris ;
 Cromwellus latum
 Tamen illic fecit hiatus,
 Et ludos heros
 Lucit in arce feros !

III.

There is a cave where
 No daylight enters,
 But cats and badgers
 Are for ever bred ;
 And mossed by nature
 Makes it completer
 Than a coach-and-six,
 Or a downy-bed.
 'Tis there the lake is
 Well stored with fishes,
 And comely eels in
 The verdant mud ;
 Besides the lecches,
 And groves of beeches,
 Standing in order
 To guard the flood.

III.

*Il est aans ces vallons
 Une sombre caverne,
 Où jamais nous n'allons
 Qu'armés d'une lanterne.
 La mousse en cette grotte
 Tapissant chaque motte
 Vous offre des sofas ;
 Et là se trouve unie
 La douce symphonie
 Des hiboux et des chats.
 Tout près on voit un lac,
 Où les poissons affluent,
 Avec assez de sangsues
 Pour en remplir un sac ;
 Et sur ces bords champêtres
 On a planté des hêtres.*

IV.

There gravel walks are
 For recreation,
 And meditation
 In sweet solitude.
 'Tis there the lover
 May hear the dove, or
 The gentle plover,
 In the afternoon ;
 And if a lady
 Would be so engaging
 As for to walk in
 Those shady groves,
 'Tis there the courtier
 Might soon transport her
 Into some fort, or
 The "sweet rock-close."

IV.

*Ici l'homme atrabilaire
 Un sentier peut choisir
 Pour y suivre à loisir
 Son rêve solitaire,
 Quand une nymphe cruelle
 L'a mis au désespoir,
 Sans qu'il puisse émouvoir
 L'inevitable belle.
 Quel doux repos js goûte,
 Assis sur ce gazon !
 Du rossignol j'écoute
 Le tendre diapason.
 Ah ! dans cet antre noir
 Puisse ma Léonore,
 Celle que mon cœur adore,
 Venir furtive au soir !*

γ.

Και αντρον εστ' εκει δε
 'Ογ' ἡμερ' ουποτ' ειδε,
 Μελεις δε και γαλαι εν
 Αυτω τρεφονται αιεν'
 Ευτελειστερον φυον τε
 Αμφις ποιει βρνον γε
 'Εξιππου η διφροιο
 Η κοιτης ιουλοιο'
 Ιχθυεων τε μεστη
 Λιμνη εκει παρεστι,
 Κ'εγγελεες φυουσι
 Εν ιλυι θαλονσθ'
 Βδελλαι τε εισιν' αλλα
 Φηγων τε αλση καλ' ἄ
 Στιχεσο' εκει τετακται,
 Αἰς ροη πεφυλακται.

δ.

Λιθινας γ' εχει πορειας
 'Ενεκα περιπαταιας,
 Ευννοιαν τε θειαν
 Κατ' ερημιαν γλυκειαν'
 Εξεστι και εραστη
 Μεθ' ἑσπεραν αλαστη
 Ακουειν η τρηρων' η
 Σε, μικρε λιγυφωνε !
 Ει τις τε και δεσποινα
 Εκει καλη μενοινα
 Αλᾶσθαι τεμενεσει
 Ἴσως εν σκιοεσσι,
 Τις ευγενης γενοιτο
 Αυτην ὡς απαγοιτο
 Εις πυργον τι η προς σε,
 Ω λιθινον σπεος γε !

III.

Hic tenebrosa caverna
 Est, gattorumque taberna,
 Talpâ habitata pigro,
 Non sine fele nigro ;
 Muscus iners olli
 Stravit loca tegmine molli
 Lecticæ, ut plumis
 Mollior esset humus :
 Inque lacu anguillæ
 Luteo nant gurgite mille ;
 Quo nat, amica lutî,
 Hostis hirudo cuti :
 Grande decus pagi,
 Fluvii stant margine fagi ;
 Quodque tegunt ramo
 Labile flumen amo !

IV.

Cernis in has valles
 Quò ducunt tramite calles,
 Hanc mente in sedem
 Fer meditante pedem,
 Quisquis ades, bellæ
 Transfixus amore puellæ
 Aut patriæ caræ
 Tempus inane dare !
 Dumque jaces herbâ,
 Turtur flet voce superbâ,
 Arboreoque throno
 Flet philomela sono :
 Spelunca apparet
 Quam dux Trojanus amaret,
 In simili nido
 Nam fuit ieta Dido.

V.

There are statues gracing
 This noble place in—
 All heathen gods,
 And nymphs so fair;
 Bold Neptune, Cæsar,
 And Nebuchadnezzar,
 All standing naked
 In the open air!
 There is a boat on
 The lake to float on,
 And lots of beauties
 Which I can't entwine:
 But were I a preacher,
 Or a classic teacher,
 In every feature
 I'd make 'em shine!

VI.

There is a stone there,
 That whoever kisses,
 Oh! he never misses
 To grow eloquent.
 'Tis he may clamber
 To a lady's chamber,
 Or become a member
 Of parliament:
 A clever spouter
 He'll sure turn out, or
 An out-and-outer,
 "To be let alone,"
 Don't hope to hinder him,
 Or to bewilder him;
 Sure he's a pilgrim
 From the Blarney stone!*

* End of Millikin's Translation of
 the Groves of Blarney.

V.

*Dans ces classiques lieux
 Plus d'une statue brille,
 Et se présente aux yeux
 En parfait déshabillé!
 Là Neptune on discerne,
 Et Jules César en plomb,
 Et Venus, et le tronc
 Du Général Holoferne.
 Veut-on voguer au large
 Sur ce lac? un esquif
 Offre à l'amateur craintif
 Les chances d'un naufrage.
 Que ne sais-je un Hugo,
 Ou quelqu'auteur en vogue,
 En ce genre d'éplogue.
 Je n'aurais pas d'égaux.*

VI.

*Une pierre s'y rencontre,
 Estimable trésor,
 Qui vaut son poids en or
 Au guide qui la montre.
 Qui baise ce monument,
 Acquiert la parole
 Qui doucement cajole;
 Il devient éloquent.
 Au boudoir d'une dame
 Il sera bien reçu,
 Et même à son insçu
 Fera naître une flamme.
 Homme à bonnes fortunes,
 A lui on peut se fier
 Pour mystifier
 La Chambre des Communes †*

† Ici finit le Poème dit le Bois de Blarney, copié du Livre de Doomsdaye, A. D. 1069

ε.

Ειδὼλ' ἀγλαίζοντα
 Ἔστι διον τοπον τε.
 Των εθνικων θεων τε,
 Των Δρυαδων καλων τε·
 Ποσειδων ηδε Καισαρ
 Τ' ἰδον Ναβεχυδναισαρ·
 Ἐν αιθριᾳ ἀπαντας
 Ἔστ' ἰδειν γυμνοὺς σταντας.
 Ἐν λιμνῇ ἐστι πλοιον,
 Εἰ τις πλεειν θελοι αν·
 Καὶ καλα οσσ' ἐγὼ σοι
 Ου δυναμ' ἐκτυπωσαι·
 Ἀλλ' εἰ γ' εἰην λογιστης,
 Ἡ διδασκαλος σοφιστης,
 Τοτ' ἐξοχωτατ' αν σοι
 Δειξαίμι το ἀπαν σοι.

ζ.

Ἐκεῖ λιθον τ' εὐρησεις,
 Ἄυτον μὲν εἰ φιλησεις
 Εὐδαιμον το φίλημα·
 Ρητωρ γὰρ παραχρημα
 Γενησεται συ δεινος,
 Γυναιξὶ τ' ἐρατεινος.
 Σεμνοτατα τε λαλῶν
 Ἐν βουλῇ των μετ' ἄλλων
 Καὶ ἐν ταις ἀγοραισι
 “Καθολικαῖς” βουαισι
 Δημος σοι ἐκολουθησει,
 Καὶ χειρας σοι κροτησει
 Ὅς ἀνδρὶ τῷ μεγιστῷ
 Δημογορων τ' ἀριστῷ·
 Ω ὁδος οὐρανουδε
 Δια Βλαρνικον λιθον γ' ἦ.*

* Τελος της Ὑλης Βλαρνικης. Ex Codice Vatic. vetustissima, incert. ævi circa an. Sal. CM.

V.

Plumbea signa Deûm
 Nemus ornant, grande trophæum!
 Stes ibi, Bacche teres!
 Nec sine fruge Ceres,
 Neptunique vago
 De flumine surgit imago;
 Julius hîc Cæsar
 Stat, Nabechud que Nezar!
 Navicula insonti
 Dat cuique pericula ponti,
 Si quis cymbâ hâc cum
 Vult super ire lacum.
 Carmini huic ter sum
 Conatus hîc addere versum:
 Pauper at ingenio,
 Plus nihil invenio!

VI.

Fortunatam autem
 Premuerunt oscula cautem
 (Fingere dùm conor
 Debitus huic sic honor):
 Quam bene tu fingis
 Qui saxi oracula lingis,
 Eloquioque sapis
 Quod dedit ille lapis!
 Gratus homo bellis
 Fit unctis melle labellis,
 Gratus erit populo
 Oscula dans scopulo;
 Fit subitò orator,
 Caudâque sequente senator.
 Scandere vis æthram?
 Hanc venerare petram!†

† Explicit hic Carmen de Nemore Blar-nensi. Ex Codice No. 464 in Bibliothecâ Breræ apud Mediolanum.

Leir an be leirí beannair an aic reo
 Mair treun-Mairnam no helen Čaofu
 Níl ceadhfeadhna air fudha cínne
 Cormhíle leirí cum amláccair d' r-áđair.
 Ta cairleab' na cioncúill, haledóric pleurta.
 U ballad ceadh d' anđvna na rđvior;
 Ucc Oiberr Cionmíle; d' f'vđđ đo fadh í,
 Uf ríh bearrha mđor iona falca ríh.*

No. III.

FATHER PROUT'S CAROUSAL.

"He spread his vegetable store,
 And gaily pressed and smiled;
 And, skilled in legendary lore,
 The lingering hours beguiled."

GOLDSMITH.

BEFORE we resume the thread (or yarn) of Frank Cresswell's narrative concerning the memorable occurrences which took place at Blarney, on the remarkable occasion of Sir Walter Scott's visit to "the groves," we feel it imperative on us to set ourselves right with an illustrious correspondent, relative to a most important particular. We have received, through that useful medium of the interchange of human thought, "the twopenny post," a letter which we think of the utmost consequence, inasmuch as it goes to impeach the veracity, not of Father Prout (*patrem quis dicere falsum audeat?*), but of the young and somewhat facetious barrister who has been the volunteer chronicler of his life and conversations.

For the better understanding of the thing, as it is likely to become a *questio vexata* in other quarters, we may be allowed to bring to recollection that, in enumerating the

* Fragment of a Celtic MS., from the King's Library, Copenhagen.

many eminent men who had kissed the Blarney stone during Prout's residence in the parish—an experience extending itself over a period of nearly half a century—Doctor D. Lardner was triumphantly mentioned by the benevolent and simple-minded incumbent of Watergrasshill, as a proud and incontestable instance of the virtue and efficacy of the talisman, applied to the most ordinary materials with the most miraculous result. Instead of feeling a lingering remnant of gratitude towards the old parent-block for such supernatural interposition on his behalf, and looking back to that “kiss” with fond and filial recollection—instead of allowing “the stone” to occupy the greenest spot in the wilderness of his memory—“the stone” that first sharpened his intellect, and on which ought to be inscribed the line of Horace,

“Fungor vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ valeat ferrum, exsors ipsa secandi”—

instead of this praiseworthy expression of tributary acknowledgment, the Doctor writes to us denying all obligation in the quarter alluded to, and contradicting most flatly the “soft impeachment” of having kissed the stone at all. His note is couched in such peevish terms, and conceived in such fretful mood, that we protest we do not recognise the tame and usually unexcited tracings of his gentle pen; but rather suspect he has been induced, by some medical wag, to use a quill plucked from the membranous integument of that celebrated “man-porcupine” who has of late exhibited his hirsuteness at the Middlesex hospital.

“*London University, May 8th.*”

“SIR,

“I owe it to the great cause of ‘Useful Knowledge,’ to which I have dedicated my past labours, to rebut temperately, yet firmly, the assertion *reported* to have been made by the late Rev. Mr. Prout (for whom I had a high regard), in conversing with the late Sir Walter Scott on the occasion alluded to in your ephemeral work; particularly as I find the statement re-asserted by that widely-circulated journal the *Morning Herald* of yesterday's date. Were either the reverend clergyman or the distinguished baronet now living, I would appeal to their candour, and so shame-

the inventor of that tale. But as both are withdrawn by death from the literary world, I call on you, sir, to insert in your next Number this positive denial on my part of having ever kissed that stone; the supposed properties of which, I am ready to prove, do not bear the test of chymical analysis. I do recollect having been solicited by the present Lord Chancellor of England (and also of the London University), whom I am proud to call my friend (though you have given him the *sobriquet* of Bridle-goose, with your accustomed want of deference for great names), to join him, when, many years ago, he privately embarked on board a Westmoreland collier to perform his devotions at Blarney. That circumstance is of old date: it was about the year that Paris was taken by the allies, and certainly previous to the Queen's trial. But I did not accompany the then simple *Harry Brougham*, content with what nature had done for me in that particular department.

“ You will please insert this disavowal from,

“ SIR,

“ Your occasional reader,

“ DIONYSIUS LARDNER, D.D.

“ P.S.—If you neglect me, I shall take care to state my own case in the Cyclopædia. I'll prove that the block at Blarney is an 'Aerolithe,' and that your statement as to its Phœnician origin is unsupported by historical evidence. Recollect, you have thrown the first stone.”

Now, after considering these things, and much pondering on the Doctor's letter, it seemed advisable to refer the matter to our reporter, Frank Cresswell aforesaid, who has given us perfect satisfaction. By him our attention was called, first, to the singular bashfulness of the learned man, in curtailing from his signature the usual appendages that shed such lustre o'er his name. He lies before us in this epistle a simple D.D., whereas he certainly is entitled to write himself F.R.S., M.R.I.A., F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.Z.S., F.C.P.S., &c. Thus, in his letter, “ we saw him,” to borrow an illustration from the beautiful episode of James Thomson,

“ We saw him charming; but we saw not half—
The rest his downcast modesty concealed.”

Next as to dates: how redolent of my Uncle Toby—"about the year Dendermonde was taken by the allies." The reminiscence was probably one of which he was unconscious, and we therefore shall not call him a plagiarist; but how slyly, how diabolically does he seek to shift the onus and gravamen of the whole business on the rickety shoulders of his learned friend Bridlegoose! This will not do, O sage *Thaumaturgus*! By implicating "Bridgison," you shall not extricate yourself—"et vitulá tu dignus, et hic;" and Frank Cresswell has let us into a secret. Know then, all men, that among these never-too-anxiously-to-be-looked-out-for "Prout Papers," there is a positive record of the initiation both of Henry Brougham and Patrick Lardner to the freemasonry of the Blarney stone; and, more important still—(O, most rare document!)—there is to be found amid the posthumous treasures of Father Prout the original project of a *University at Blarney*, to be then and there founded by the united efforts of Lardner, Dan O'Connell, and Tom Steele; and of which the Doctor's "AEROLITHE" was to have been the corner-stone.*

We therefore rely on the forthcoming Prout Papers for a confirmation of all we have said; and here do we cast down the glove of defiance to the champion of Stinkomalee, even though he come forth armed to the teeth in a panoply, not, of course, forged on the classic anvil of the Cyclops, however laboriously hammered in the clumsy arsenal of his own "Cyclopædia."

* This projected university has since assumed another shape, and a house in Steven's Green, Dublin, once the residence of "*Buck Whalley*," or "*Jerusalem Whalley*," (he having walked there and back for a wager), has been bought by Dr. Cullen, to whom Mr. Disraeli will grant a charter to put down the "Queen's colleges." The Blarney university would have cultivated fun and the genial development of national acuteness, but the Cullen affair can have naught in common with Blarney, save being

"A cave where no daylight enters,
But cats and hadgers are for ever bred!"

a foul nest of discord, rancour, hopeless gloom, and Dens' theology, or as the Italian version, page 55, has it,

"In questa grotta
Mai interrotta
Vi e fiera lotta, fra gatti stran!"

We know there is another world, where every man will get his due according to his deserts; but if there be a *limbus patrum*, or literary purgatory, where the effrontery and ingratitude of folks ostensibly belonging to the republic of letters are to be visited with condign retribution, we think we behold in that future middle state of purification (which, from our friend's real name, we shall call *Patrick's Purgatory*), Pat Lardner rolling the Blarney stone, *à la Sisypheus*, up the hill of Science.

Και μὴν Σίσυφον εἰσεῖδον κρατερ' ἀλγε' ἔχοντα
 Λᾶαν βασταζόντα πελωρίον ἀμφοτερῆσιν,
 Αὐτίς ἐπειτα πέδονδε κυλινδετο ΛΑΑΣ ΑΝΑΙΔΗΣ!

And now we return to the progress of events on Watergrasshill, and to matters more congenial to the taste of our REGINA.

OLIVER YORKE.

Regent Street, 1st June, 1835.

Furnival's Inn, May 14.

ACCEPT, O Queen! my compliments congratulatory on the unanimous and most rapturous welcome with which the whole literary world hath met, on its first entrance into life, that wonderful and more than *Siamese* bantling your "Polyglot edition" of the "Groves of Blarney." Of course, various are the conjectures of the gossips in Paternoster Row as to the real paternity of that "most delicate monster;" and some have the unwarrantable hardihood to hint that, like the poetry of Sternhold and Hopkins, your incomparable lyric must be referred to a joint-stock sort of parentage: but, *entre nous*, how stupid and malignant are all such insinuations! How little do such simpletons suspect or know of the real source from which hath emanated that rare combination of the Teian lyre and the Tipperary bagpipe—of the Ionian dialect blending harmoniously with the Cork brogue; an Irish potatoe seasoned with Attic salt, and the humours of Donnybrook wed to the glories of Marathon! Verily, since the days of the great Complutensian Polyglot (by the compilation of which the illustrious Cardinal Ximenes so endeared himself to the bibliomaniacal world), since the appearance of that still grander effort of the "Clarendon" at Oxford, the "Tetrapla," originally compiled by the

most laborious and eccentric father of the Church, Origen of Alexandria, nothing has issued from the press in a completer form than your improved quadruple version of the "Groves of Blarney." The celebrated proverb, *lucus à non lucendo*, so often quoted with malicious meaning and for invidious purposes, is no longer applicable to *your* "Groves:" this quaint conceit has lost its sting, and, to speak in Gully's phraseology, you have taken *the shine* out of it. What a halo of glory, what a flood of lustre, will henceforth spread itself over that romantic "plantation!" How oft shall its echoes resound with the voice of song, Greek, French, or Latin, according to the taste or birthplace of its European visitors; all charmed with its shady bowers, and enraptured with its dulcet melody! From the dusty purlieus of High Holborn, where I pine in a fœtid atmosphere, my spirit soars afar to that enchanting scenery, wafted on the wings of poesy, and transported with the ecstasy of Elysium—

"Videor pios

Errare per lucos, amœnæ

Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ!"

Mine may be an illusion, a hallucination, an "*amabilis insania*," if you will; but meantime, to find some solace in my exile from the spot itself, I cannot avoid poring, with more than antiquarian relish, over the different texts placed by you in such tasteful juxtaposition, anon comparing and collating each particular version with alternate gusto—

"Amant alternæ Camœnæ."

How pure and pellucid the flow of harmony! how resplendent the well-grouped images, shining, as it were, in a sort of milky way, or poetic galaxy, through your glorious columns; to which I cannot do better than apply a line of St. Gregory (the accomplished Greek father) of Nazianzene—

'Η σοφίας πηγή εν βιβλοισι ρεει!

A great minister is said to have envied his foreign secretary the ineffable pleasure of reading "Don Quixote" in the original Spanish, and it would, no doubt, be a rare sight to get a peep at Lord Palmerston's French notes to Talleyrand;

but how I pity the sorry wight who hasn't learnt Greek? What can he know of the recondite meaning of certain passages in the "Groves?" He is incapacitated from enjoying the full drift of the ode, and must only take it diluted, or *Velluti-ed*, in the common *English* version. *Nórunn fideles*, as Tom Moore says.

For my part, I would as soon see such a periwig-pated fellow reading your last Number, and fancying himself capable of understanding the full scope of the poet, as to behold a Greenwich pensioner with a wooden leg trying to run a race with Atalanta for her golden apple, or a fellow with a *modicum quid* of legal knowledge affecting to sit and look big under a chancellor's peruke, like Bridlegoose on the woosack. In verity, gentlemen of the lower house ought to supplicate Sir Daniel Sandford, of Glasgow, to give them a few lectures on *Greek*, for the better intelligence of the real Blarney style; and I doubt not that every member will join in the request, except, perhaps, Joe Hume, who would naturally oppose any attempt to throw light on Greek matters, for reasons too tedious to mention. *Verb. sap.*

To have collected in his youthful rambles on the continent, and to have diligently copied in the several libraries abroad, these imperishable versions of an immortal song was the pride and consolation of Father Prout's old age, and still, by one of those singular aberrations of mind incident to all great men, he could never be prevailed on to give further publicity to the result of his labours; thus sitting down to the banquet of literature with the egotistic feeling of a churl. He would never listen to the many offers from interested publishers, who sought for the prize with eager competition; but kept the song in manuscript on detached leaves, despite of the positive injunction of the sibyl in the *Æneid*—

"Non foliis tu carmina manda,
Ne correpta volent rapidis ludibria ventis!"

I know full well to what serious imputations I make myself liable, when I candidly admit that I did not come by the treasure lawfully myself; having, as I boldly stated in the last Number of *REGINA*, filched the precious papers, *disjecti*

membra poetæ, when the table was being cleared by Prout's servant maid for the subsequent repast. But there are certain "pious frauds" of which none need be ashamed in the interests of science: and when a great medal-collector, (of whom "*Tom England*" will tell you the particulars), being, on his homeward voyage from Egypt, hotly pursued by the Algerines, swallowed the golden series of the Ptolemies, who ever thought of blaming Mr. Dufour, as he had purchased in their human envelope these recondite coins, for having applied purgatives and emetics, and every possible stratagem, to come at the deposit of glory?

But to describe "the repast" has now become my solemn duty—a task imposed on me by you, O Queen! to whom nothing relating to Sir Walter Scott, or to Father Prout appears to be uninteresting. In that I agree with you, for nothing to my mind comes recommended so powerfully as what hath appertained to these two great ornaments of "humanity;" which term I must be understood to use in its double sense, as relating to mankind in general, and in particular to the *literæ humaniores*, of which you and I are rapturously fond, as Terence was before we were born, according to the hackneyed line—

"Homo sum : humani nihil à me alienum puto!"

That banquet was in sooth no ordinary jollification, no mere bout of sensuality, but a philosophic and rational comingling of mind, with a pleasant and succulent addition of matter—a blending of soul and substance, typified by the union of Cupid and Psyche—a compound of strange ingredients, in which a large infusion of what are called (in a very Irish-looking phrase) "animal spirits" coalesced with an abundance of distilled ambrosia; not without much erudite observation, and the interlude of jovial song; wit contending for supremacy with learning, and folly asserting her occasional predominance like the tints of the rainbow in their *tout ensemble*, or like the smile and the tear in Erin's left eye, when that fascinating creature has taken "a drop" of her own mountain dew. But though there were lots of fun at Prout's table at all times, which the lack of provisions never could interfere with one way or another, I have special reason for recording in full the particulars of THIS

carousal, having learned with indignation that, since the appearance of the Father's "Apology for Lent," calumny has been busy with his character, and attributed his taste for meagre diet, to a sordid principle of economy. No! Prout was not a penurious wretch! And since it has been industriously circulated in the club-houses at the west-end, that he never gave a dinner in his life, by the statement of *one* stubborn fact I must silence for ever that "whisper of a faction."

From the first moment of delight, when the perusal of George Knapp's letter, (dated July 25, 1825) had apprised Prout of the visit intended by Sir Walter Scott to the Blarney stone, he had predetermined that the Great Unknown should partake of sacerdotal hospitality. I recollect well on that evening (for you are aware I was then on a visit to my aunt at Watergrasshill, and, as luck would have it, happened to be in the priest's parlour when the news came by express) how often he was heard to mutter to himself, as if resolving the mighty project of a "let out," in that beautiful exclamation borrowed from his favourite Milton—

"What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste with wine?"

I then foresaw that there really would be "a dinner" and sure enough there was no mistake, for an entertainment ensued, such as the refinement of a scholar and the tact of a well-informed and observant traveller naturally and unaffectedly produced, with the simple but not less acceptable materials which circumstances allowed of and a style as far removed from the selfishness of the anchorite as the extravagance of the glutton.

Prout had seen much of mankind; and in his deportment through life shewed that he was well versed in all those varied arts of easy, but still gradual acquirement, which singularly embellish the intercourse of society: these were the results of his excellent continental education—

Πολλων δ' ανθρωπων ιδον αστεα, και νρον εγνων.

But at the head of his own festive board he particularly shone; for though in his ministerial functions, he was ex-

emplary and admirable, ever meek and unaffected at the altar of his rustic chapel, where

“His looks adorned the venerable place,”

still, surrounded by a few choice friends, the calibre of whose genius was in unison with his own, with a bottle of his choice old claret before him, he was truly a paragon. I say *claret*; for when, in his youthful career of early travel, he had sojourned at Bourdeaux in 1776, he had formed an acquaintanceship with the then representatives of the still flourishing house of Maccarthy and Co.; and if the prayers of the old priest are of any avail, that firm will long prosper in the splendid capital of Gascony. This long-remembered acquaintanceship was periodically refreshed by many a quarter cask of excellent *medoc*, which found its way (no matter how) up the rugged by-roads of Watergrasshill to the sacerdotal cellar.

Nor was the barren upland, of which he was the pastor (and which will one day be as celebrated for having been his residence as it is now for *water-cresses*), so totally estranged from the wickedness of the world, and so exalted above the common level of Irish highlands, that no *whisky* was to be found there; for though Prout never openly countenanced, he still tolerated Davy Draddy's public-house at the sign of the “Mallow Cavalry.” But there is a spirit, (an evil one), which pays no duty to the King, under pretence of having paid it to her majesty the Queen (God bless her!)—a spirit which would even tempt you, O REGINA! to forsake the even tenour of your ways—a spirit which Father Prout could never effectually chain down in the Red Sea, where every foul demon ought to lie in durance until the vials of wrath are finally poured out on this sinful world—*that* spirit, endowed with a smoky fragrance, as if to indicate its caliginous origin—not a drop of it would he give Sir Walter. He would have wished, such was his anxiety to protect the morals of his parishioners from the baneful effects of private distillation, that what is called technically “mountain-dew” were never heard of in the district; and that in this respect Watergrasshill had resembled the mountain of Gilboa, in the country of the Philistines.

But of legitimate and excellent malt whisky he kept a

constant supply, through the friendship of Joe Hayes, a capital fellow, who presides, with great credit to himself, and to his native city, over the spiritual concerns of the Glin Distillery. Through his intelligent superintendence, he can boast of maintaining an unextinguishable furnace and a *worm* that never dies; and O! may he in the next life, through Prout's good prayers, escape both one and the other. This whisky, the pious offering of Joe Hayes to his confessor, Father Prout, was carefully removed out of harm's way; and even I myself was considerably puzzled to find out where the good divine had the habit of concealing it, until I got the secret out of Margaret, his servant-maid, who, being a 'cute girl, had suggested the hiding-place herself. I don't know whether you recollect my description, in your April Number, of the learned Father's bookcase and the folio volumes of stone-flag inscribed "*CORNELII A LAPIDE Opera quæ ext. omn. :*" well, behind them lay hidden the whisky in a pair of jars—

For buxom Maggy, careful soul,
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that Prout loved,
And kept it safe and sound.

Orders had been given to this same Margaret to kill a turkey, in the first impulse of the good old man's mind, "on hospitable thoughts intent:" but, alas! when the fowl had been slain, in accordance with his hasty injunctions, he bethought himself of the melancholy fact, that, the morrow being Friday, fish diet was imperative, and that the death-warrant of the turkey had been a most premature and ill-considered act of precipitancy. The *corpus delicti* was therefore hung up in the kitchen, to furnish forth the Sunday's dinner next ensuing, and his thoughts of necessity ran into a piscatory channel. He had been angling all day, and happily with considerable success; so that, what with a large eel he had hooked out of the lake at Blarney, and two or three dozen of capital trout from the stream, he might emulate the exploit of that old Calabrian farmer, who entertained Virgil on the produce of his hives:

"Serâque revertens
Nocte domum, dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis."

But when Prout did the thing, he did it respectably : this was no ordinary occasion—"pot luck" would not do here. And though he bitterly deplored the untoward coincidence of the fast-day on the arrival of Sir Walter, and was heard to mutter something from Horace very like an imprecation, viz. "*Ille et nefasto te posuit die, quicumque,*" &c. &c. ; still it would ill become the author of an "Apology for Lent" to despair of getting up a good fish dinner.

In this emergency he summoned Terry Callaghan, a genius infinitely superior even to the man-of-all-work at Ravensworth Castle, the never-to-be-forgotten Caleb Balderstone. Terry Callaghan (of whom we suspect we shall have, on many a future occasion, much to recount, ere the star of Father Prout shall eclipse itself in the firmament of REGINA), Terry Callaghan is a character well known in the Arcadian neighbourhood of Watergrasshill, the life and soul of the village itself, where he officiates to this day as "pound-keeper," "grave-digger," "notary public," and "parish piper." In addition to these situations of trust and emolument, he occasionally stands as deputy at the turnpike on the mail-coach road, where he was last seen with a short pipe in his mouth, and a huge black crape round his "cau-been," being in mourning for the subject of these memoirs. He also is employed on Sundays at the chapel-door to collect the coppers of the faithful, and, like the dragon of the Hesperides, keeps watch over the "box" with untameable fierceness, never having allowed a *rap* to be subtracted for the O'Connell tribute, or any other humbug, to the great pecuniary detriment of the Derrynane dynasty. In the palace at Iveragh, where a geographical chart is displayed on the wall, shewing at a glance the topography of the "rint," and exhibiting all those districts, from Dan to Beer-sheba, where the copper-mines are most productive, the parish of Watergrasshill is marked "all barren;" Terry very properly considering that, if there was any surplus in the poor-box, it could be better placed, without going out of the precincts of that wild and impoverished tract, in the palm of squalid misery, than in the all-absorbing Charybdis, the breeches-pocket of our glorious Dan.

Such was the "Mercury new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill," to whom Prout delivered his *provisional* orders for the

market of Cork ; and early, with a hamper on his back, at the dawn of that important day which settled into so glorious an evening of fun and conviviality, Terry set off to lay the foundation of the whole affair at the fish-stall kept by that celebrated *dame de la halle*, the widow Desmond. Pursuant to directions, he bought a turbot, two lobsters, a salmon, and a hake, with a hundred of Cork-harbour oysters ; and considering, prudently, that a *corps de reserve* might be wanted in the course of the repast, he added to the aforesaid matters, which Prout had himself specified, a *hors d'œuvre* of his own selection, viz. a keg of cod-sounds ; he having observed that on all state occasions, when Prout entertained his bishop, he had always, to suit his lordship's taste, a *plat obligé* of cod-sounds, "by particular desire."

At the same time he was commissioned to deliver sundry notes of invitation to certain choice spirits, who try to keep in wholesome agitation, by the buoyancy of their wit and hilarity, the otherwise stagnant pond of Corkonian society ; citizens of varied humour and diversified accomplishments, but of whom the highest praise and the most comprehensive eulogy cannot convey more to the British public than the simple intimation of their having been "the friends of Father Prout : " for while Job's Arabian "friends" will be remembered only as objects of abhorrence, Prout's associates will be cherished by the latest posterity. These were, Jack Bellew, Dan Corbet, Dick Dowden, Bob Olden, and Friar O'Meara.

Among these illustrious names, to be henceforth embalmed in the choicest perfume of classic recollection, you will find on inquiry, O Queen ! men of all parties and religious persuasions, men of every way of thinking in politics and polemics, but who merged all their individual feelings in the broad expanse of one common philanthropy ; for at Prout's table the serene horizon of the festive board was never clouded by the suffusion of controversy's gloomy vapours, or the mephitic feuds of party condition. And, O most peace-loving REGINA ! should it ever suit your fancy to go on a trip to Ireland, be on your guard against the foul and troublesome nuisance of speech-makers and political oracles, of whatever class, who infest that otherwise happy island : betake thyself to the hospitable home of Dan Corbet, or

some such good and rational circle of Irish society, where never will a single drop of acrimony be found to mingle in the disembosomings of feeling and the perennial flow of soul—

“ Sic tibi cùm fluotus præterlabere Sicanos,
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam !”

But, in describing Prout's guests, rank and precedence belong of right to that great modern ruler of mankind, “the Press;” and therefore do we first apply ourselves to the delineation of the merits of Jack Bellew, its significant representative—he being the wondrous editor of that most accomplished newspaper, the “Cork Chronicle.”

Jack Montesquieu Bellew¹ (*quem honoris causâ nomino*) was—I say *was*, for, alas! he too is no more: Prout's death was too much for him 'twas a blow from which he never recovered; and since then he was visibly so heart-broken at the loss of his friend, that he did nothing but droop, and soon died of what the doctor said was a decline;—Jack was the very image of his own “Chronicle,” and, *vice versâ*, the “Chronicle” was the faithful mirror (*ειδωλον*, or *alter ego*) of Jack: both one and the other were the qucerest concerns in the south of Ireland. The post of editor to a country newspaper is one, generally speaking, attended with sundry troubles and tribulations; for even the simple department of “deaths, births, and marriages,” would require a host of talent and a superhuman tact to satisfy the vanity of the subscribers, without making them ridiculous to their next neighbours. Now Bellew didn't care a jot who came into the world or who left it; and thus he made no enemies by a too niggardly panegyric of their kindred and deceased relations. There was an exception, however, in favour of an old subscriber to the “paper,” whose death was usually

¹ How the surname of the illustrious author of the *Esprit de Lois*, came to be used by the Bellews in Ireland has puzzled the Heralds' College. Indeed, many other Irish names offer a wide field for genealogical inquiry: *e. g.* Sir *Hercules* Langhrish, *Cæsar* Otway, *Eneas* Mac-Donnell, *Hannibal* Plunkett, *Ebenezer* Jacob, *Jonah* Barrington (this last looks very like a whale). That the Bellews dealt largely in *spirits*, appears to be capable of *proof*: at any rate, there was never any propensity for *l'esprit des lois*, whatever might be the *penchant* for *unlawful spirit*, at the family mansion *Knock an isqueiu*—*Angliodè* Mount Whisky, *Gallidè* Montesquieu.

commemorated by a rim of mourning at the edges of the "Chronicle:" and it was particularly when the subscription had not been paid (which, indeed, was generally the case) that the emblems of sorrow were conspicuous—so much so, that you could easily guess at the amount of the arrears actually due, from the proportionate breadth of the black border, which in some instances was prodigious. But Jack's attention was principally turned to the affairs of the Continent, and he kept an eye on Russia, an eye of vigilant observation, which considerably annoyed the czar. In vain did Pozzo di Borgo endeavour to silence, or purchase, or intimidate Bellew; he was to the last an uncompromising opponent of the "miscreant of the North." The opening of the trade to China was a favourite measure with our editor; for he often complained of the bad tea sold at the sign of the "Elephant," on the Parade. He took part with Don Pedro against the Serene Infanta Don Miguel; but that was attributed to a sort of Platonic he felt for the fascinating Donna Maria da Gloria. As to the great question of *repale*, he was too sharp not to see the full absurdity of that brazen imposture. He endeavoured, however, to suggest a "*juste milieu*," a "*medius terminus*," between the politicians of the Chamber of Commerce and the common-sense portion of the Cork community; and his plan was,—to hold an imperial parliament for the three kingdoms on the Isle of Man! But he failed in procuring the adoption of his conciliatory sentiments. Most Irish provincial papers keep a London "private correspondent"—some poor devil, who writes from a blind alley in St. Giles's, with the most graphic minuteness, and a truly laughable hatred of mystery, all about matters occurring at the cabinet meetings of Downing Street, or in the most impenetrable circles of diplomacy. Jack despised such fudge, became his own "London private correspondent," and addressed to himself long communications dated from Whitehall. The most useful intelligence was generally found in this epistolary form of soliloquy. But in the "fashionable world," and "News from the beau monde," the "Chronicle" was unrivalled. The latest and most *recherché* modes, the newest Parisian fashions, were carefully described; notwithstanding which, Jack himself, like Diogenes or Sir Charles Wetherell, went about in a most ragged habiliment.

To speak with Shakspeare, though not well dressed himself, he was the cause of dress in others. His finances, alas! were always miserably low; no fitting retribution was ever the result of his literary labours; and of him might be said what we read in a splendid fragment of Petronius Arbiter,—

“Sola pruinosis horret facundia pannis,
Atque inopi linguâ disertas invocat artes!”

Such was Bellew; and next to him of political importance in public estimation was the celebrated Dick Dowden, the great inventor of the “pyroligneous acid for curing bacon.” He was at one time the deservedly popular librarian of the Royal Cork Institution; but since then he has risen to eminence as the greatest soda-water manufacturer in the south of Ireland, and has been unanimously chosen by the sober and reflecting portion of his fellow-citizens to be the perpetual president of the “Cork Temperance Society.” He is a Presbyterian—but I believe I have already said he was concerned in vinegar.* He is a great admirer of Dr. Bowring, and of the Rajah Rammohun Roy; and some think him inclined to favour the new Utilitarian philosophy. But why do I spend my time in depicting a man so well known as Dick Dowden? Who has not heard of Dick Dowden? I pity the wretch to whom his name and merits are unknown; for *he* argues himself a dunce that knows not Dowden, and deserves the anathema pronounced by Goldsmith against his enemies,—

“To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor!”

Talking of *razors*, the transition to our third guest, Bob Olden is most smooth and natural—Olden, the great inventor of the wonderful shaving-lather, called by the Greeks EUKETROGENEION (Ευκειτρογενειον)!—Olden, the reproducer of an Athenian cosmetic, and the grand discoverer of the patent “Trotter-oil,” for the growth of the human hair; a citizen of infinite worth and practical usefulness; a high churchman eke was he, and a Tory; but his “conservative” excellence was chiefly applicable to the epidermis of the chin, which he effectually preserved by the incomparable lather of

* “A Quaker, sly; a Presbyterian, sour.”—POPE

his *Ευχειρογυθειον*; an invention that would, to use the words of a Cork poet,

“Bid even a Jew bid adieu to his beard.”

But Dan Corbet, the third guest, was a real trump, the very quintessence of fun and frolic, and of all Prout's friends the one of whom he was most particularly proud. He is the principal dentist of the Munster district—a province where a tooth-ache is much rarer, unfortunately for dentists, than a broken head or a black eye. In Corbet, the kindest of human beings, and sincerest of Corkonians, the buttermilk of human friendliness was ever found in plentiful exuberance; while the loud laugh and the jocund song bespoke the candour of his soul. Never was a professor of odontology less pedantic or less given to quackery. His ante-chamber was always full of patients, awaiting his presence with pleasurable anticipation and some were known to feign a tooth-ache, in order to have a pleasant interview with the dentist. When he made his appearance in his morning gown before the crowd of afflicted visitors, a general titter of cheerfulness enlivened the visages of the sufferers; and I can only compare the effect produced by his presence to the welcome of Scarron on the banks of the Styx, when that man of wondrous hilarity went down to the region of the ghosts as a dispeller of sorrow:

“Solvuntur risu mœstissima turba silentum,
Cùm venit ad Stygias Scarro facetus aquas.”

I have only one thing to say against Corbet. At his hospitable table, where, without extravagance, every good dish is to be found, a dessert generally follows remarkable for the quantity and iron-hardness of the walnuts, while not a nut-cracker can be had for love or money from any of the servants. Now this is too bad: for, you must know, that next morning most of the previous *guests* reappear in the character of *patients*; and the nuts (like the dragon-teeth sown in a field by Cadmus) produce a harvest of lucrative visitors to the cabinet of the professor. Ought not this system to be abolished, O Queen! and is it any justification or palliation of such an enormity to know that the bane and antidote are both before one? When I spoke of it to Corbet,

ne only smiled at my simplicity, and quoted the precedent in Horace, (for he is a good classic scholar),

“Et nux ornabat mensam, cum duplici ficu.”

Lib. ii. sat. 2.

But I immediately pointed out to him, that he reversed the practice of the Romans; for, instead of the figs being in *double ratio to the nuts*, it was the latter with him that predominated in quantity, besides being pre-eminently hard when submitted to the double action of that delicate lever the human jaw, which nature never (except in some instances, and these more apparent, perhaps, in the conformation of the nose and chin) intended for a nut-cracker.

Of Friar O'Meara there is little to be said. Prout did not think much of friars in general; indeed, at all times the working parochial clergy in Ireland have looked on them as a kind of undisciplined Cossacks in the service of the church militant, of whom it cannot conveniently get rid, but who are much better adepts in sharing the plunder than in labouring to earn it. The good father often explained to me how the matter stood, and how the bishop wanted to regulate these friars, and make them work for the instruction of the poor, instead of their present lazy life; but they were a match for him at Rome, where none dare whisper a word against one of the fraternity of the cowl. There are some papers in the Prout collection on this subject, which (when you get the chest) will explain all to you. O'Meara (who was not the “Voice from St. Helena,” though he sometimes passed for that gentleman on the Continent) was a pleasant sort of fellow, not very deep in divinity or black-lettered knowledge of any kind, but conversable and chatty, having frequently accompanied young 'squires, as travelling tutor to Italy, much in the style of those learned functionaries who lead a dancing-bear through the market-towns of England. There was no dinner within seven miles of Cork without O'Meara. Full soon would his keen nostril, ever upturned, (as Milton sayeth) into the murky air, have snuffed the scent of culinary preparation in the breeze that came from Watergrasshill: therefore it was that Prout sent him a note of invitation, knowing he *would* come, whether or no.

Such were the guests who, with George Knapp and myself, formed the number of the elect to dine with Sir Walter at the father's humble board; and when the covers were removed (grace having been said by Prout in a style that would have rejoiced the sentimental Sterne) a glorious vision of fish was unfolded to the raptured sight; and I confess I did not much regret the absence of the turkey, whose plump carcass I could get an occasional glimpse of, hanging from the roof of the kitchen. We ate, and confabulated as follows:—

"I don't approve," said Bob Olden, "of Homer's ideas as to a social entertainment: he does not let his heroes converse rationally until long after they have set down to table, or, as Pope vulgarly translates it,

"Soon as the rage of hunger is repressed."

Now I think that a very gross way of proceeding."

O'MEARA.

In our convent we certainly keep up the observance, such as Pope has it. The repast is divided into three distinct periods; and in the conventual refectory you can easily distinguish at what stage of the feeding time the brotherhood are engaged. The first is called, 1^o, *altum silentium*; then, 2^o, *clangor dentium*; then, 3^o *rumor gentium*.

CORBET.

I protest against the personal allusion contained in that second item. You are always making mischief, O'Meara.

BELLEW.

I hope that when the friars talk of the *news of the day*,—for such, I suppose, is the meaning of *rumor gentium*—they previously have read the private London correspondence of the "Cork Chronicle."

PROUT.

Sir Walter, perhaps you would wish to begin with a fresh egg, *ab ovo*, as Horace recommends; or perhaps you'd

prefer the order described by Pliny, in his letter to Septimius, 1°, a radish; 2°, three snails; and 3°, two eggs,* or oysters ad libitum, as laid down by Macrobius.†

SCOTT.

Thank you, I can manage with this slice of salmon-trout. I can relish the opinion of that great ornament of your church, Thomas à Kempis, to whose taste nothing was more delicious than a salmon, always excepting the *Psalms of David!* as he properly says, *Mihi Psalmi Davidici sapiunt salmones!* †

PROUT.

That was not a bad idea of Tom Kempis. But my favourite author, St. Chrysostom, surpasses him in wit. When talking of the sermon on the Lake of Tiberias, he marvels at the singular position of the auditory relative to the preacher: his words are, *Δεινον θαυμα, οι ιχθυες επι την γην, και ο αλιευς εν θαλαττη!* *Serm. de Nov. et Vet. Test.*

O'MEARA.

That is a capital turbot, O Prout! and, instead of talking Greek and quoting old Chrysostom (the saint with the golden mouth), you ought to be helping Jack Bellew and George Knapp.—What sauce is that?

PROUT.

The senate of Rome decided the sauce long ago, by order

* Vide Plin. Ep. ad Septim, where he acquaints us with the proper manner of commencing operations. His words are, "Lactucas singulas, cochleas tres, ova bina." Our cockle and the French word *cuiller*, a spoon, are derived from the Latin *cochleare*; of which *cochlea* (a snail or periwinkle) is the root. Thus we read in Martial—

"Sum cochleis habilis, sed nec magis utilis ovis;
Numquid scis potius cur cochleare vocer?"

† In the third book of his "Saturnalia," Macrobius, describing the feast given by the Flamen Lentulus to the Roman people on his installation to office, praises the host's generosity, inasmuch as he opened the banquet by providing as a whet "*ostreas crudas quantum quisque vellet.*"

‡ See the Elzevir edition of *Thom. à Kempis, in vita*, p. 246.

of Domitian, as Juvenal might tell you, or even the French translation—

“Le senat mit aux voix cette affaire importante,
Et le turbot fut mis à la sauce piquante.”

KNAPP.

Sir Walter! as it has been my distinguished lot—a circumstance that confers everlasting glory on my mayoralty—to have had the honour of presenting you yesterday with the freedom of the corporation of Cork, allow me to present you with our next best thing, a potato.

SCOTT.

I have received with pride the municipal franchise, and I now accept with equal gratitude the more substantial gift you have handed me, in this capital esculent of your happy country.

PROUT.

Our round towers, Sir Walter, came from the east, as will be one day proved; but our potatoes came from the west; Persia sent us the one, and Virginia the other. We are a glorious people! The two hemispheres minister to our historic recollections; and if we look back on our annals, we get drunk with glory;

“For when hist’ry begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, and be off to the west.”

May I have the pleasure of wine with you? Gentlemen, fill all round.

SCOTT.

I intend writing a somewhat in which Sir Walter Raleigh shall be a distinguished and prominent character; and I promise you the potato shall not be forgotten. The discovery of that root is alone sufficient to immortalize the hero who lost his head so unjustly on Tower Hill.

KNAPP.

Christopher Columbus was equally ill-treated: and nei-

ther he nor Raleigh have even given their name to the objects they discovered. Great men have never obtained justice from their contemporaries.—I'll trouble you for some of the fins of that turbot, Prout.

PROUT.

Nay, further, without going beyond the circle of this festive board, why has not Europe and the world united to confer some signal distinction on the useful inventor of "Pyroligneous Acid?" Why is not the discoverer of "Trotter oil" and "Eukeirogenion" fittingly rewarded by mankind? Because men have narrow views, and prefer erecting columns to Spring Rice, and to Bob Waithman who sold shawls in Fleet Street.—Let me recommend some lobster-sauce.

COBBET.

Minerva, who first extracted oil from the olive, was deified in Greece; and Olden is not yet even a member of the dullest scientific body; while Dr. Lardner belongs to them all, if I can understand the phalanx of letters that follows his name.

KNAPP.

I have read the utilitarian Doctor's learned treatise on the potato—a subject of which he seems to understand the chemical manipulation. He says, very justly, that as the root contains saccharine matter, *sugar* may be extracted therefrom; he is not sure whether it might not be distilled into *whisky*; but he is certain that it makes capital *starch*, and triumphantly shews that the *rind* can feed pigs, and the *stalk* thatch the pigsty. O most wonderful Doctor Lardner! Here's his health! $\Delta\iota\omicron\nu\nu\sigma\iota\omicron\varsigma!$ —not a bad introduction to a bumper of claret. [*Three times three.*]

PROUT.

I too have turned my thoughts into that channel, and among my papers there is a treatise on "*the root.*" I have prefixed to *my* dissertation this epigraph from Cicero's speech "pro Archiâ Poetâ," where the Roman orator talks of the *belles lettres*; but I apply the words much more literally—I hate metaphor in practical matters such as

these: "They are the food of our youth, the sustenance of our old age; they are delightful at home, and by no means in one's way abroad; they cause neither nightmare nor indigestion, but are capital things on a journey, or to fill the wallet of a pilgrim." "Adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur." So much for potatoes. But there are other excellent natural productions in our island, which are also duly celebrated in my papers, and possibly may be published; but not till I am gathered to the grave. I have never forgotten the interests of posterity.—Pass that decanter.

SCOTT.

Talking of the productions of the soil, I cannot reconcile the antiquity, the *incontestable* antiquity, of the lyric ode called the "Groves of Blarney," of which before dinner we have traced the remote origin, and examined so many varied editions with a book of more modern date, 'called "Cæsar's Commentaries." The *beech tree*, Cæsar says, does not grow in these islands, or did not in his time: All trees grow there, he asserts, the same as in Gaul, except the lime-tree and the beech—"Materia ferè eadem ac in Galliâ, præter *fagum* et abietem." (*Cæs. de Bello Gallico*, lib. v.) Now in the song, which is infinitely older than Cæsar, we have mention made, "besides the leeches," of certain "groves of beeches,"—the text is positive.

KNAPP.

That observation escaped me totally; and still the different versions all concur in the same assertion. The Latin or Vulgate codex says—

"Grande decus pagi
Fluvii stant margine FAGI."

The Greek or Septuagint version is equally stubborn in making out the case—

Ἰσταμενων και ὕλη
ΦΗΓΩΝ, ροης φυλακτης.

And the French copy, taken from Doomsday Book, is conclusive, and a complete poser—

“Sur ces bords champêtres
On a planté des HETRES.”

I am afraid Cæsar’s reputation for accuracy will be greatly shaken by this discovery: he is a passable authority in military tactics, but not in natural history: give me Pliny!—This trout is excellent!

OLDEN.

I think the two great authors at issue on this *beech-tree* business can be conciliated thus; let us say, that by the Greek *φηγων*, and the Latin *fagi*, nothing more is meant than the clan the O’FAGANS, who are very thickly planted hereabouts. They are still a hungry race, as their name Fagan indicates—*απο του φαγειν*.

PROUT.

It must have been one of that family who, in the reign of Aurelius, distinguished himself by his great appetite at the imperial court of Rome. Thus Berchoux sings, on the authority of Suetonius:

“Phagon fut en ce genre un homme extraordinaire;
Il avait l’estomac (grands Dieux!) d’un dromadaire;
Il faisait disparaître, en ses rares festins,
Un porc, un sanglier, un mouton, et cent pains!!”

O’MEARA.

That’s what we at Paris used to call *pain à discrétion*.—Margaret, open some oysters, and get the cayenne pepper.

BELLEW.

I protest I don’t like to see the O’Fagans run down—my aunt was an O’Fagan; and as to deriving the name from the Greek *απο του φαγειν*, I think it a most gratuitous assumption.

KNAPP.

I agree with my worthy friend Bellew as to the impropriety of harping upon names. One would think the mayor of Cork ought to obtain some respect, and be spared the infliction of the waggery of his fellow-townsmen. But no; because I clear the city of mad dogs, and keep hydrophobia

far from our walls, I am called the “*dog-* (I had almost said *kid-*) *Knapper!*” Now, my family is of German extraction, and my great-grandfather served under the gallant Dutchman in his wars with the “Grande Monarque,” before he came over with William to deliver this country from slavery and wooden shoes. It was my great-grandfather who invented that part of a soldier’s accoutrement, called, after him, a “Knapp’s sack.”

CORBET.

I hope, Sir Walter, you will not leave Cork without dining at the mansion-house with our worthy mayor. Falstaff himself could not find fault with the excellent flavour of Knapp’s sack.

SCOTT.

I fear I shall not be able to postpone my departure; but as we are on this subject of names, I have to observe, that it is an old habit of the vulgar to take liberty with the syllables of a great man’s patronymic. Melancthon* was forced to clothe his name in Greek to escape their allusions; Jules de l’Echelle changed his into Scaliger; Pat Lardner has become Dionysius; and the great author of those immortal letters, which he has taken care to tell us will be read when the commentaries of Cornelius à Lapide are forgotten, gave no name at all to the world—

“Stat nominis umbra!”

PROUT.

Poor Erasmus! how he used to be badgered about his cognomen—

“Quæritur unde tibi sit nomen, ERASMUS?—Eras Mus!”

for even so that arch wag, the Chancellor Sir Thomas More, addressed him. But his reply is on record, and his *pentameter* beats the Chancellor’s *hexameter*—

“Si sum Mus ego, te iudice Summus ero!”

* The real name of Melancthon was Philipp Schwartzerd (Schwarzerd), which means *black earth*, and is most happily rendered into Greek by the term Melancthon, Μελαίναρθων. Thus sought he to escape the vulgar conundrums which his name in the vernacular German could not fail to elicit. A Lapide’s name was *stein*

SCOTT.

Ay, and you will recollect how he splendidly retaliated on the punster by dedicating to Sir Thomas his *Μαρινας Εγκωμιον*. Erasmus was a capital fellow,

“The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!”

O'MEARA.

Pray, Sir Walter, are you any relation of our great irrefragable doctor, Duns Scotus? He was an ornament of the Franciscan order.

SCOTT.

No, I have not that honour; but I have read what Erasmus says of certain members of your fraternity, in a dialogue between himself and the Echo:

“(ERASMUS *loquitur*.)—Quid est sacerdotium?

(ECHO *respondit*.)—Otium!”

PROUT.

That reminds me of Lardner's idea of “otium cum dignitate,” which he proposes to read thus—*otium cum diggin'taties!*—The sugar and the materials here for Mr. Bellew.

CORBET.

There was a witty thing, and a severe thing, said of the Barberini family at Rome, when they took the stones of the Amphitheatrum Flavium to build them their palazzo: “Quod non fecerant Barbari, hoc fecerunt Barberini.” But I think Jack Bellew, in his “Chronicle,” made as pointed a remark on Sir Thomas Deane, knight and builder, who bought the old furniture and gutted the old castle of Blarney: “The *Danes*,” quoth Jack, “have always been pillaging old Ireland!”

SCOTT.

Whoever connived at or abetted the destruction of that old mansion, or took any part in the transaction, had the soul of a Goth; and the “Chronicle” could not say less.

CORBET.

Bellew has vented his indignation in a song, which, if

called on by so distinguished an antiquary, he will, no doubt, sing. And first let me propose the "Liberty of the Press" and the "Cork Chronicle,"—nine times nine, standing. Hurra!

Jack Bellew's Song.

AIR—"O weep for the hour!"

Oh! the muse shed a tear
 When the cruel auctioneer,
 With a hammer in his hand, to sweet Blarney came!
 Lady Jeffery's ghost
 Left the Stygian coast,
 And shriek'd the live-long night for her grandson's shame.
 The Vandal's hammer fell,
 And we know full well
 Who bought the castle furniture and fixtures, O!
 And took off in a cart
 ('Twas enough to break one's heart!)
 All the statues made of lead, and the pictures, O!
 You're the man I mean, hight
 Sir Thomas Deane, knight,
 Whom the people have no reason to thank at all;
 But for you those things so old
 Sure would never have been sold,
 Nor the fox be looking out from the banquet-hall.
 Oh, ye pull'd at such a rate
 At every wainscoting and grate,
 Determin'd the old house to sack and garble, O!
 That you didn't leave a splinter,
 To keep out the could winter,
 Except a limestone chimney-piece of marble, O!
 And there the place was left
 Where bold King Charles the Twelfth
 Hung, before his portrait went upon a journey, O!
 Och! the family's itch
 For going to law was sitch,
 That they bound him long before to an attorney, O!
 But still the magic stone
 (Blessings on it!) is not flown,
 To which a debt of gratitude Pat Lardner owes:
 Kiss that block, if you're a dunce,
 And you'll emulate at once
 The genius who to fame by dint of blarney rose.

SCOTT.

I thank you, Mr. Bellew, for your excellent ode on that most lamentable subject : it must have been an evil day for Blarney.

BELLEW.

A day to be blotted out of the annals of Innisfail—a day of calamity and downfall. The nightingale never sang so plaintively in “the groves,” the dove or the “gentle plover” were not heard “in the afternoon,” the fishes wept in the deepest recesses of the lake, and strange sounds were said to issue from “the cave where no daylight enters.”—Let me have a squeeze of lemon.

SCOTT.

But what became of the “statues gracing this noble mansion?”

BELLEW.

Sir Thomas Deane bought “Nebuchadnezzar,” and the town-clerk, one Besnard, bought “Julius Cæsar.” Sir Thomas of late years had taken to devotion, and consequently coveted the leaden effigy of that Assyrian king, of whom Daniel tells us such strange things ; but it turned out that the graven image was a likeness of Hercules, after all ! so that, having put up the statue in his lawn at Blackrock, the wags have since called his villa “Herculaneum.” Like that personage of whom Tommy Moore sings, in his pretty poem about a sculptor’s shop, who made a similar *qui pro quo*. What’s the verse, Corbet ?

CORBET.

“He came to buy *Jonah*, and took away *Jove*!”

O’MEARA.

There is nothing very wonderful in that. In St. Peter’s at Rome we have an old statue of Jupiter (a capital antique bronze it is), which, with the addition of “keys” and some other modern improvements, makes an excellent figure of the prince of the apostles.

PROUT.

Swift says that Jupiter was originally a mere corruption of "*Jew Peter*." You have given an edition of the Dean, Sir Walter?

SCOTT.

Yes; but to return to your Blarney statue: I wonder the peasantry did not rescue, *vi et armis*, the ornaments of their immortal groves from the grasp of the barbarians. I happened to be in Paris when the allies took away the sculptured treasures of the Louvre, and the Venetian horses of the Carrousel; and I well remember the indignation of the sons of France. Pray what was the connexion between Blarney Castle and Charles XII. of Sweden?

BELLEW.

One of the Jeffery family served with distinction under the gallant Swede, and had received the royal portrait on his return to his native country, after a successful campaign against the Czar Peter. The picture was swindled out of Blarney by an attorney, to satisfy the costs of a law-suit.

OLDEN.

The Czar Peter was a consummate politician; but when he chopped off the beards of the Russians, and *forced* his subjects by penal laws to shave their chins, he acted very unwisely; he should have procured a supply of *eukeiro-geneion*, and effected his object by smooth means.

CORBET.

Come, Olden, let us have one of your songs about that wonderful discovery.

OLDEN.

I'll willingly give you an ode in praise of the incomparable lather; but I think it fair to state that my song, like my *eukeirogeneion*, is a modern imitation of a Greek original; you shall hear it in both languages.

Olden's Song.

Ευκειρογενειον.

Come, list to my stave,
Ye who roam o'er the land or the wave,
Or in grot's subterranean,
Or up the blue Mediterranean,
Near Etna's big crater,
Or across the equator,
Where, within St. Helena, there lieth an
emperor's grave;
If, when you have got to the Cape of
Good Hope,
You begin to experience a sad want of
soap,
Bless your lot
On the spot,
If you chance to lay eye on
A flask of Eukeirogeneion;
For then you may safely rely on
A smooth and most comforting shave!

Της εμης ακροᾶσθε
Ωδης, ὅσοι πλανασθε
Ἐν γῆ, τ' ἐν κυματεσσι
Καταγαιois, τ' ἐν σπηεσσι
Κυανειῳ τε Μεσογαίῳ,
Παρα καμινῳ Αἰτναιῳ
Ἰσημερινου περαν τε
Κυκλου, ἐπ' Ἐλεναν τε
'Οδον πλεοντες μακραν,
'Αγαθελπιδος" προς ακραν,
Σπανις εἰ τις γενοιτο
Σαπῶνος, κῆρ χαιροίτο
Εἰ γ' ὄμμα το βλέπει σου
Το ΕΥΚΕΙΡΟΓΕΝΕΙΟΝ,
Κουρα γαρ ἡ μαλιστα
Παρεστι σοι τριλλιστα.

In this liquid there lies no deception;
For even old Neptune,
Whose bushy chin frightens
The green squad of Tritons—
And who turns up the deep
With the huge flowing sweep
Of his lengthy and ponderous beard,—
Should he rub but his throttle
With the foam of this bottle,
He'd find,
To his mind,
In a twinkling the mop would have all
disappear'd.

Ἐν κλυσματ' οὕτω τῷδε
Ἔστ' ἀπατη, γαρ ὁ δὴ
Ποσειδῶν, ὁ γεραιος
Μεγας Ἐννοσιγαιος,
Δασον εχων πῶγωνα,
'Ω φοβεεῖ Τριτωνα,
Και οιδανει θαλασσαν,
Οσακις ἐξεπετασεν
Πῶγωνος ἐκταθεντας
Πλοκαμους βοτρυοεντας,
Προσωπον εἰ γε λουεῖ,
Κυτους ἀφρῳ τουτουι
Ἐν ακαρει το θειον
Αειαινεταῖ γενειον.

King Nebuchadnezzar,
Who was turn'd for his sins to a grazier,
(For they stopp'd his allowance of praties,
And made him eat grass on the banks of
Euphrates),
Whose statue Sir Thomas
Took from us;
Along with the image of Cæsar:
(But Frank Cresswell will tell the whole
story to Fraser:)
Though they left him a capital razor,
Still went for seven years with his hair
like a lion,
For want of Eukeirogeneion.

Νεβυχαδναισαρ (συλης
Ου Βλαρνικης ἀφ' ὕλης
'Ο Θωμας το ειδῶλον
'Ο βαρβαρος μη Σολων,
Μεγαλην αφαιρων λειαν
Και δηιων φυτειαν,
Σοι τ' αυτο ρεξε Καισαρ,
'Ως γνωσεται ὁ ΦΡΑΣΑΡ)
Τα ξυρ' αριστ' αναξ' ἐν
Οικῳ εχων παραξεν,
'Ο πῶγων και χαιτηρσιν
Ἐσθημενος, πλανης ἡν
Θηρ ὡς, οὕτω γαρ διον
Εἰχ' ΕΥΚΕΙΡΟΓΕΝΕΙΟΝ.

PROUT.

I don't think it fair that Frank Cresswell should say nothing all the evening. Up, up, my boy! give us a speech or a stave of some kind or other. Have you never been at school? Come, let us have "Norval on the Grampian hills," or something or other.

Thus apostrophized, O Queen! I put my wits together; and, anxious to contribute my quota to the common fund of classic enjoyment, I selected the immortal ode of Campbell, and gave a Latin translation in rhyme as well as I could.

The Battle of Hohenlinden. *Prælium apud Hohenlinden.*

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless layth' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

Sol ruit cælo minuitque lumen,
Nix super terris jacet usque
munda,
Et tenebrôsâ fluit Iser undâ
Flebile flumen!

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drums beat at dead of
night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of the scenery.

Namque nocturnus simul arsit
ignis,
Tympanum rauco sonuit boatu,
Dum micant flammis, agitante
flatu,
Rura malignis.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful rivalry.

Jam dedit vocem tuba! fax ru-
bentes
Ordinat turmis equites, et ultrò
Fert equos ardor, rutilante
cultro,
Ire furentes.

Then shook the hills, by thunder
riven;
Then rush'd the steed, to battle
driven:
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery!

Tum sono colles tremuere belli,
Tum ruit campo sonipes, et
æther
Mugit, et rubrâ tonitru videtur
Arce revelli!

The combat thickens! on, ye brave!
Who rush to glory or the grave.
Wave, Munich! all thy banners
wave,

Ingruit strages! citò, ferte gres-
sum!
Quos triumphantem redimere
pulchro

And charge with all thy chivalry !	Tempori laurum juvat ! aut sepulchro Stare cupressum !
Few, few shall part where many meet !	Hic ubi campum premuere multi, Tecta quàm rari patriæ videbunt !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,	Heu sepulchrali nive quot manebunt,
And every sod beneath their feet Shall be a soldier's sepulchre !	Pol ! nec inulti !

Such, O Queen ! was my feeble effort : and to your fostering kindness I commit the luckless abortion, hoping to be forgiven by Tom Campbell for having upset into very inadequate Latin his spirit-stirring poetry. I made amends, however, to the justly enraged Muse, by eliciting the following dithyrambic from Dan Corbet, whom I challenged in my turn :

Dan Corbet's Song.

The Ivory Tooth.

Believe me, dear Prout,
Should a tooth e'er grow loose in your head,
Or fall out,
And perchance you'd wish one in its stead,
Soon you'd see what my Art could contrive for ye ;
When I'd forthwith produce,
For your reverence's use,
A most beautiful tooth carved from ivory !
Which, when dinner-time comes,
Would so well fit your gums,
That to make one superior
'Twould puzzle a fairy, or
Any cute Leprechawn
That trips o'er the lawn,
Or the spirit that dwells
In the lonely harebells,
Or a witch from the big lake Ontario !

'Twould fit in so tight,
So brilliant and bright,
And be made of such capital stuff,
That no food
Must needs be eschew'd
On account of its being too tough ;

'Twould enable a sibyl
 The hardest sea-biscuit to nibble ;
 Nay, with such a sharp tusk, and such polished enamel,
 Dear Prout, you could eat up a camel !

As I know you will judge
 With eye microscopic
 What I say on this delicate topic,
 And I wish to beware of all fudge,
 I tell hut the bare naked truth,
 And I hope I don't state what's irrelevant,
 When I say that this tooth,
 Brought from Africa, when
 In the depths of a palm-shaded glen
 It was captured by men,
 Then adorned in the full bloom of youth,
 The jaws of a blood-royal elephant.

We are told,
 That a surgeon of old—
 Oh, 'tis he was well skilled in the art of nosology !
 For such was his knowledge, he
 Could make you a nose bran new !
 I scarce can believe it, can you ?
 And still did a public most keen and discerning
 Acknowledge his learning ;
 Yea, such skill was his,
 That on any unfortunate phiz,
 By some luckless chance,
 In the wars of France,
 Deprived of its fleshy ridge,
 He'd raise up a nasal bridge.

Now my genius is not so precocious
 As that of Dr. Tagliacotius,
 For I only profess to be versed in the art of dontology ;
 To make you a nose
 " C'est toute autre chose ;"
 For at hest, my dear Prout,
 Instead of a human snout,
 You'd get but a sorry apology.
 But let me alone
 For stopping a gap, or correcting a flaw
 In a patient's jaw ;
 Or making a tooth that, like bone of your hone,
 Will outlive your own,
 And shine on in the grave when your spirit is flown.



THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT.

I know there's a blockhead
 That will put you a tooth up with wires,
 And then, when the clumsy thing tires,
 This most impudent fellow
 Will quietly tell you
 To take it out of its socket,
 And put it back into your waistcoat pocket!
 But 'tis not so with mine,
 O most learned divine!
 For without any spurious auxiliary,
 So firmly infixed in your dexter maxillary,
 To your last dying moment 'twill shine,
 Unless 'tis knock'd out,
 In some desperate rout,
 By a sudden discharge of artillery.

Thus the firmer 'twill grow as the wearer grows older,
 And then, when in death you shall moulder,
 Like that Greek who had gotten an ivory shoulder,
 The delight and amazement of ev'ry beholder,
 You'll be sung by the poets in your turn, O!
 "Dente Prout humeroque Pelops insignis eburno!"

VIG. Georg. II.

CORBET.

Come, old Prout, let's have a stave! And first, here's to
 your health, my old cock!

"Perpetual bloom
 To the Church of Rome!"

[*Drunk standing.*]

The excellent old man acknowledged the toast with be-
 coming dignity, and tunefully warbled the *Latin original* of
 one of "the Melodies."

*Father Prout's Song.**Prout cantat.*

Let Erin remember the days of	O! utinam sanos mea Ierna reco-
old,	gitet annos
Ere her faithless sons betray'd	Antea quam nati vincla dedere
her,	pati,
When Malachi wore the collar of	Cùm Malachus TORQUE ut patriæ
gold,	defensor honorque
Which he won from the proud	Ibat: erat verò pignus ab hoste
invader;	fero.

When Nial, with standard of green unfur'd, Led the red-branch knights to danger, Ere the emerald gem of the west- ern world Was set in the brow of a stran- ger.	Tempore vexillo viridante equita- bat in illo Nialus ante truces fervidus ire duces. Hi nec erant anni rsdiis in fronte tyranni Fulgeat ut claris, insula gemma maris.
On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays, When the cool, calm eve's de- clining, He sees the round towers of other days Beneath the waters shining. So shall memory oft, in dream sub- lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are over, And, sighing, look through the waves of time, For the long-faded glories they cover.	Quando tacet ventus, Neaghæ dùm margine lentus Piscator vadit, vesperæ ut umbra cadit, Contemplans undas, ibi turres stare rotundas Credidit, inque lacûs oppida cer- nit aquis. Sic memori in somnis res gesta reponitur omnis Historicosque dies rettulit alma quies, Gloria sublimis se effert è fluctibus imis, Atque apparet ibi patria cara tibi.

PROUT.

I now call on my worthy friend Dowden, whom I am sorry to see indulging in nothing but soda all the evening: come, President of the "Temperance," and ornament of "the Kirk," a song!

Dick Dowden's Song.

AIR—"I sing the Maid of Lodi."

I sing the fount of soda, *
That sweetly springs for me,
And I hope to make this ode a
Delightful melody;
For if "Castalian" water
Refreshed the tuneful nine,
Health to the Muse! I've brought her
A bubbling draught of mine.

Ἀριστον μὲν τὸ ὕδωρ—
So Pindar sang of old,
Though modern bards — *proh pu-
dor!*—
Deem water dull and cold;
But if at my suggestion
They'd try the crystal spring,
They'd find that, for digestion,
Pure element's the thing.

With soda's cheerful essence
 They'd fill the brimming glass,
 And feel the mild 'fervescence
 Of hydrogen and gas ;
 Nor quaff Geneva's liquor—
 Source of a thousand ills !
 Nor swill the poisonous ichor
 Cork (to her shame !) distils.

Gin is a lurking viper,
 That stings the maddened soul,
 And Reason pays the piper,
 While Folly drains the bowl ;
 And rum, made of molasses,
 Inclineth man to sin ;
 And far *potheen* surpasses
 The alcohol of gin.

But purest air in fixture
 Pervades the soda draught,
 And forms the sylph-like mixture
 Brewed by our gentle craft.

Nor is the beverage injured
 When flavoured with a lime ;
 Or if, when slightly gingered,
 'Tis swallowed off in time.

Far from the tents of toppers
 Blest be my lot to dwell,
 Secure from interlopers
 At peaceful "*Sunday's well*."
 Free o'er my lawn to wander,
 Amid sweet flowers and fruits ;
 And may I still grow fonder
 Of chemical pursuits.

Through life with step unerring
 To glide, nor wealth to hoard,
 Content if a red herring
 Adorn my frugal board ;
 While Martha, mild and placid,
 Assumes the household cares,
 And *pyroligneous acid*
 The juicy ham prepares.

SCOTT.

That is a capital defence of the Temperance Society, and of sodaic compounds, Mr. Dowden, and clearly refutes the rash assertion of Horace—

"Nec durare diù nec vivere carmina possunt
 Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus."

PROUT.

Dick, you have a decided claim for a song on any of our guests whose melodious pipe we have not as yet heard.

DOWDEN.

I call on O'Meara, whom I have detected watching, with a covetous eye, something in the distant landscape. A song, friar !

O'MEARA.

I am free to confess that yonder turkey, of which I can get a glimpse through the kitchen-door, has a most tempt-

ing aspect. Would it were spitted!—but, alas! this is Friday. However, there are substitutes even for a turkey, as I shall endeavour to demonstrate in the most elegant style of Franciscan Latinity; adding a free translation for the use of the ignorant.

Friar O'Hicara's Song.

Why then, sure it was made by a learn-
ed owl,
The "rule" by which I beg,
Forbidding to eat of the tender fowl
That hangs on yonder peg.
But, rot it! no matter:
For here on a platter,
Sweet Margaret brings
A food fit for kings;
And a meat
Clean and neat—
That's an egg!
Sweet maid,
She brings me an egg newly laid!
And to fast I need ne'er be afraid,
For 'tis Peg
That can find me an egg.

Cantilena Omearica.

I.

Nostrâ non est regulâ
Edenda gallina,
Altera sed edula
Splendent in culinâ:
Ova manus sedula
Affert mihi bina!
Est Margarita,
Quæ facit ita,
Puellarum regina!

II.

Three different ways there are of eat-
ing them;
First boil'd, then fried with salt,—
But there's a particular way of treating
them,
Where many a cook's at fault:
For with parsley and flour
'Tis in Margaret's power
To make up a dish,
Neither meat, fowl, nor fish;
But in Paris they call 't
A neat
Omelette.
Sweet girl!
In truth, as in Latin, her name is a
pearl,
When she gets
Me a platter of nice omelettes.

Triplex mos est edere:
Primò, genuina;
Dein, certo fœdere
Tosta, et salina;
Tum, nil herbæ lædere
Possunt aut farina;
Est Margarita,
Quæ facit ita,
Puellarum regina!

III.

(Lento e maestoso.)

Och! 'tis all in my eye, and a joke,
 To call fasting a sorrowful yoke;
 Sure, of Dublin-bay herrings a keg,
 And an egg,
 Is enough for all sensible folk!
 Success to the fragrant turf-smoke,
 That curls round the pan on the fire;
 While the sweet yellow yolk
 From the egg-shells is broke
 In that pan,
 Who can,
 If he have but the heart of a man,
 Not feel the soft flame of desire,
 When it burns to a clinker the heart of
 a friar?

Tempus stulta plebs abhorret
 Quadragesimale;
 Halec sed si in mensâ foret,
 Res irct non tam male!
 Ova dum hæc nympha torret
 In ollâ cum sale.
 Est Margarita,
 Quæ facit ita,
 Puellarum regina!

PROUT.

I coincide with all that has been said in praise of eggs; I have written a voluminous essay on the subject; and as to frying them in a pan, it is decidedly the best method. That ingenious man, Crofton Croker, was the first among all the writers on "useful knowledge" who adorn this utilitarian epoch to discover the striking resemblance that exists between those two delightful objects in natural history, *a daisy* and *a fried egg*. Eggs broken into a pan seem encircled with a whitish border; having a yellow nucleus in the centre; and the similar appearance of the field-daisy ought to have long since drawn the notice of Wordsworth. Meantime, in the matter of frying eggs, care should be taken not to overdo them, as an old philosopher has said—*μελετη το παν*. But let none imagine that in all I have said I intend to hint, in the remotest manner, any approval of that barbarous and unnatural combination—that horrid amalgam, yclept a *pancake*, than which nothing can be more detestable.

SCOTT.

Have you any objection, learned host, to our hearing a little instrumental music? Suppose we got a tune on the bagpipe? I understand your man, Terry Callaghan, can squeeze the bags to some purpose.

PROUT.

Terry! come in, and bring your pipes!

Terry, nothing loath, came, though with some difficulty, and rather unsteadily, from the kitchen; and having established himself on a three-legged stool (the usual seat of Pythonic inspiration), gave, after a short prelude, the following harmonious strain, with vocal accompaniment to suit the tuneful drone of the bags: in which arrangement he strictly adhered to the Homeric practice; for we find that the most approved and highly gifted minstrels of the "Odyssey," (especially that model among the bards of antiquity, Demodocus), owing to their contempt for wind-instruments, were enabled to play and sing at the same time; but neither the lyre, the plectrum, the *φορμυγξ*, the chelys, the testudo, or the barbiton, afford such facilities for the concomitance of voice and music as that wondrous engine of harmony, the Celtic bagpipe, called "*corne muse*" by the French, as if *par excellence* "*cornu musæ*." Terry, having exalted his horn, sang thus:

Terry Callaghan's Song;

Being a full and true Account of the Storming of Blarney Castle, by the united forces of Cromwell, Ireton, and Fairfax, in 1628.

AIR—"I'm akin to the Callaghans."

O Blarney Castle, my darlint!
 Sure you're nothing at all but a stone
 Wrapt in ivy—a nest for all varmint,
 Since the ould Lord Clancarty is gone.
 Och! 'tis you that was once strong and aincient,
 And ye kep all the Sassenachs down,
 While fighting them battles that aint yet
 Forgotten by martial renown.
 O Blarney Castle, &c.

Bad luck to that robber, ould Crommill!
 That plundered our beautiful fort;
 We'll never forgive him, though some will—
 Saxons! such as George Knapp and his sort.
 But they tell us the day 'il come, when Dannel
 Will purge the whole country, and drive
 All the Sassenachs into the channel,
 Nor leave a Cromwellian alive.
 O Blarney Castle, &c.

Curse the day clumsy Noll's ugly *corpus*,
 Clad in copper, was seen on our plain ;
 When he rowled over here like a porpoise,
 In two or three hookers from Spain !
 And bekase that he was a freemason
 He mounted a battering-ram,
 And into her mouth, full of treason,
 Twenty pound of gunpowder he'd cram.
 O Blarney Castle, &c.

So when the brave boys of Clancarty
 Looked over their battlement-wall,
 They saw wicked Oliver's party
 All a feeding on powder and ball ;
 And that giniral that married his daughter,
 Wid a heap of grape-shot in his jaw—
 That's bould Ireton, so famous for slaughter—
 And he was his brother-in-law.
 O Blarney Castle, &c.

They fired off their bullets like thunder,
 That whizzed through the air like a snake ;
 And they made the ould castle (no wonder !)
 With all its foundations to shake.
 While the Irish had nothing to shoot off
 But their bows and their arras, the sowls !
 Waypons fit for the wars of old Plutarch,
 And perhaps mighty good for wild fowls,
 O Blarney Castle, &c.

Och ! 'twas Crommill then gave the dark token—
 For in the black art he was deep ;
 And tho' the eyes of the Irish stood open,
 They found themselves all fast asleep !
 With his jack-boots he stepped on the water,
 And he walked clane right over the lake ;
 While his sodgers they all followed after,
 As dry as a duck or a drake.
 O Blarney Castle, &c.

Then the gates he burnt down to a cinder,
 And the roof he demolished likewise ;
 O ! the rafters they flamed out like tinder,
 And the buildin' *flared up* to the skies.
 And he gave the estate to the Jeffers,
 With the dairy, the cows, and the hay ;
 And they lived there in clover like heifers,
 As their ancestors do to this day.
 O Blarney Castle, &c.

Such was the song of Terry, in the chorus of which he was aided by the sympathetic baryton of Jack Bellew's

voice, never silent when his country's woes are the theme of eloquence or minstrelsy. An incipient somnolency began, however, to manifest itself in Corbet and Dick Dowden; and I confess I myself can recollect little else of the occurrences of the evening. Wherefore with this epilogue we conclude our account of the repast on Watergrasshill, observing that Sir Walter Scott was highly pleased with the sacerdotal banquet, and expressed himself so to Knapp; to whom, on their return in a post-chaise to Cork, he exclaimed,

"Prorsùs jucundè cœnam produximus illam."—HOR.

No. IV.

DEAN SWIFT'S MADNESS. A TALE OF A CHURN.

From the Prout Papers.

"O thou, whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver—
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy grieved country's *copper chains* unbind!"

POPE.

WE are perfectly prepared for the overwhelming burst of felicitation which we shall elicit from a sympathizing public, when we announce the glad tidings of the safe arrival in London of the Watergrasshill "chest," fraught with treasures such as no Spanish galleon ever wafted from Manilla or Peru into the waters of the Guadalquiver. From the remote Irish highland where Prout wasted so much Athenian suavity on the desert air, unnoticed and unappreciated by the rude tenants of the hamlet, his trunk of posthumous papers has been brought into our cabinet; and there it stands before us, like unto the Trojan horse, replete with the armed offspring of the great man's brain, right well packed with

classic stuffing—ay, pregnant with life and glory! Haply has Fate decreed that it should fall into proper hands and fitting custody; else to what vile uses might not this vile box of learned lumber have been unwittingly converted—we shudder in spirit at the probable destiny that would have awaited it. The Caliph Omar warmed the bath of Alexandria with Ptolemy's library; and the "Prout Papers" might ere now be lighting the pipes of "the boys" in Blarney Lane, while the chest itself might afford materials for a three-legged stool—"*Truncus ficulnus, inutile lignum!*"

In verity it ought to be allowable at times to indulge in that most pleasing opiate, self-applause; and having made so goodly an acquisition, why should not we chuckle inwardly while congratulated from without, ever and anon glancing an eye of satisfaction at the chest:

"Mihi plaudo ipse domi, simul ac contemplor in arcâ!"

Never did that learned ex-Jesuit, Angelo Mai, now librarian of the Vatican, rejoice more over a "palimpsest" MS. of some crazy old monk, in which his quick eye fondly had detected the long-lost decade of Livy—never did friend Pettigrew gloat over a newly uncoffined mummy—(warranted of the era of Sesostris)—never did (that living mummy) Maurice de Talleyrand exult over a fresh bundle of Palmerstonian protocols, with more internal complacency,—than did we, jubiling over this sacerdotal anthology, this miscellany "in boards," at last safely lodged in our possession.

Apropos. We should mention that we had previously the honour of receiving from his Excellency Prince Maurice (aforesaid) the following note, to which it grieved us to return a flat negative.

"Le Prince de Talleyrand prie Mr. OLIVIER YORKE d'agréer ses respectueux hommages. Ayant eu l'avantage de connaître personnellement feu l'Abbé de Prout lors de ses études à la Sorbonne en 1778, il serait charmé, sitôt qu'arriveront les papiers de ce respectable ecclésiastique, d'assister à l'ouverture du coffre. Cette faveur, qu'il se flatte d'obtenir de la politesse reconnue de Monsieur YORKE, il sçaura duement apprécier.

"Ambassade de France, Hanovre Sq.
"ce 3 Juin."

We suspected at once, and our surmise has proved correct, that many documents would be found referring to Marie Antoinette's betrayers, and the practices of those three prime intriguers, Mirabeau, Cagliostro, and Prince Maurice; so that we did well in eschewing the honour intended us in overhauling these papers—Non "Talley" auxilio!

We hate a flourish of trumpets; and though we could justly command all the clarions of renown to usher in these Prout writings, let their own intrinsic worth be the sole herald of their fame. We are not like the rest of men—that is, such as Lardner and Bob Montgomery—obliged to inflate our cheeks with incessant effort to blow our commodities into notoriety. No! we are not disciples in the school of Puffendorf: Prout's *fish* will be found fresh and substantial—not "blown," as happens too frequently in the literary market. We have more than once acknowledged the unsought and unpurchased plaudits of our contemporaries: but it is also to the imperishable verdict of posterity that we ultimately look for a ratification of modern applause; with Cicero we exclaim—'Memoriâ vestrâ, Quirites, nostræ res vivent, sermonibus crescent, litterarum monumentis veterascent et corroborabuntur!' Yes! while the ephemeral writers of the day, mere bubbles on the surface of the flood, will become extinct in succession,—while a few, more lucky than their comrade dunces, may continue for a space to swim with the aid of those vile bladders, newspaper puffs, Father Prout will be seen floating triumphantly down the stream of time, secure and buoyant in a genuine "Cork" jacket.

We owe it to the public to account for the delay experienced in the transmission of the "chest" from Watergrasshill to our hands. The fact is, that at a meeting of the parishioners held on the subject (Mat Horrogan, of Blarney, in the chair), it was *resolved*, "That Terry Callaghan, being a tall and trustworthy man, able to do credit to the village in London, and carry eleven stone weight (the precise tariff of the trunk), should be sent at the public expense, *viâ* Bristol, with the coffer strapped to his shoulders, and plenty of the wherewithal to procure 'refreshment' on the western road, until he should deliver the same at Mr. Fraser's, Regent Street, with the compliments of the parish." Terry, wisely

considering, like the Commissioners of the Deccan prize-money, that the occupation was too good a thing not to make it last as long as possible, kept refreshing himself, at the cost of the parochial committee, on the great western road, and only arrived last week in Regent Street. Having duly stopped to admire Lady Aldborough's "round tower," set up to honour the Duke of York, and elbowed his way through the "Squadrint," he at last made his appearance at our office; and when he had there discharged his load, went off to take pot-luck with Feargus O'Connor.

Here, then, we are enabled, no longer deferring the promised boon, to lay before the public the first of the "Prout Papers;" breaking bulk, to use a seaman's phrase, and producing at hazard a specimen of what is contained in the coffer brought hither on the shoulders of tall and trustworthy Terry Callaghan.

"Pandere res *altâ Terrâ et Caligine* mersas."

OLIVER YORKE.

Regent Street, 1st July, 1834.

Watergrasshill, March 1830.

YET a few years, and a full century shall have elapsed since the death of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. Yes, O my friends! if such I may presume to designate you into whose hands, when I am gathered to the silent tomb, these writings shall fall, and to whose kindly perusal I commend them, bequeathing, at the same time, the posthumous blessing of a feeble and toil-worn old man—yes, when a few winters more shall have added to the accumulated snow of age that weighs on the hoary head of the pastor of this upland, and a short period shall have rolled on in the dull monotony of these latter days, the centenary cycle will be fully completed, the secular anthem of dirge-like solemnity may be sung, since the grave closed for ever on *one* whom Britain justly reveres as the most upright, intuitive, and gifted of her sages; and whom Ireland, when the frenzied hour of strife shall have passed away, and the turbulence of parties shall have subsided into a national calm, will hail with the

rapture of returning reason, as the first, the best, the mightiest of her sons. The long arrears of gratitude to the only true disinterested champion of her people will then be paid—the long-deferred apotheosis of the patriot-divine will then take place—the shamefully-forgotten debt of glory which the lustre of his genius shed around his semi-barbarous countrymen will be deeply and feelingly remembered; the old landmark of genuine worth will be discovered in the ebbing of modern agitation, and due honour will be rendered by a more enlightened age to the keen and scrutinizing philosopher, the scanner of whate'er lies hidden in the folds of the human heart, the prophetic seer of coming things, the unsparing satirist of contemporary delinquency, the stern Rhadamanthus of the political and of the literary world, the star of a benighted land, the lance and the buckler of Israel—

“ We ne'er shall look upon his like again.”*

And still why must I recall (what I would fain obliterate) the ever-painful fact,—graven, alas! too indelibly on the stubborn tablets of his biographers, chronicled in the annals of the country, and, above all, firmly and fatally established by the monumental record of his own philanthropic munificence,—the disastrous fact, that ere this brilliant light of our island was quenched in death, towards the close of the year 1745—long before that sad consummation, the flame had wavered wild and flickered fitfully in its lamp of clay, casting around shadows of ghastly form, and soon assuming a strange and melancholy hue, that made every well-wisher hail as a blessing the event of its

* Note in Prout's handwriting: “ Doyle, of Carlow, faintly resembles him. Bold, honest, disinterested, an able writer, a scholar, a gentleman; a bishop, too, in our church, with none of the shallow pedantry, silly hauteur, arrant selfishness, and anile dotage, which may be sometimes covered, but not hidden, under a mitre. Swift demolished, in his day, Woods and his bad halfpence; Doyle denounced Daniel and his box of coppers. A provision for the starving Irish was called for by ‘ the Dean,’ and was sued for by ‘ J. K. L.’ Alas! when will the Government awaken to the voice of our island's best and most enlightened patriots? Truly, it hath ‘ Moses and the prophets’—doth the Legislature wait until one come from the dead?”

Doyle is since dead—but “ defunctus adhuc loquitur!”—O. Y.

final extinction in the cold and dismal vaults of St. Patrick's? In what mysterious struggle his gigantic intellect had been cloven down, none could tell. But the evil genius of insanity had clearly obtained a masterdom over faculties the most powerful, and endowments the highest, that have fallen to the lot of man.

We are told of occasional hours of respite from the fangs of his tormenting *δαίμων*,—we learn of moments when the "mens divinior" was suffered to go loose from its gaoler, and to roam back, as it were on "parole," into the dominions of reason, like the ghost of the murdered king, allowed to revisit, for a brief space, the glimpses of our glorious firmament,—but such gleams of mental enlightenment were but few, and short in their duration. They were like the flash that is seen to illumine the wreck when all hope is gone, and, fiercely bursting athwart the darkness, appears but to seal the doom of the cargo and the mariners—intervals of lugubrious transport, described by our native bard as

"That ecstasy which, from the depths of sadness,
Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness."

Alas! full rapidly would that once clear and sagacious spirit falter and relapse into the torpor of idiocy. His large, expressive eyes, rolling wildly, would at times exhibit, as it were, the inward working of his reason, essaying in vain to cast off the nightmare that sat triumphant there, impeding that current of thought, once so brisk and brilliant. Noble and classic in the very writhings of delirium, and often sublime, he would appear a living image of the sculptured Laocoon, battling with a serpent that had grasped, not the body, but the mind, in its entangling folds. Yet must we repeat the sad truth, and again record in sorrow, that the last two or three years of Jonathan Swift presented nothing but the shattered remnants of what had been a powerfully organized being, to whom it ought to have been allotted, according to our faint notions, to carry unimpaired and undiminished into the hands of *Him* who gave such varied gifts, and formed such a goodly intellect, the stores of hoarded wisdom and the overflowing measure of talents well employed: but such was not the counsel of an inscrutable

Providence, whose decree was to be fulfilled in the prostration of a mighty understanding—

Διος δ' ετελειετο βουλη.

And here let me pause—for a sadly pleasing reminiscence steals across my mind, a recollection of youthful days. I love to fix, in its flight, a transitory idea; and I freely plead the privilege of discursiveness conceded to the garrulity of old age. When my course of early travel led me to wander in search of science, and I sought abroad that scholastic knowledge which was denied to us at home in those evil days; when, by force of legislation, I became, like others of my clerical brethren, a “peripatetic” philosopher—like them compelled to perambulate some part of Europe in quest of professional education,—the sunny provinces of southern France were the regions of my choice; and my first gleanings of literature were gathered on the banks of that mighty stream so faithfully characterised by Burdigala’s native poet Ausonius, in his classic enumeration:

“*Lentus Arar, Rhodanusque celer, PLENUSQUE GARUMNA.*”

One day, a goatherd, who fed his shaggy flock along the river, was heard by me, as, seated on the lofty bank, he gazed on the shining flood, to sing a favourite carol of the country. ’Twas but a simple ballad; yet it struck me as a neat illustration of the ancient parallel between the flow of human life and the course of the running waters; and thus it began:

“Salut! O vieux fleuve, qui coulez par la plaine!
Hélas! un même cours ici bas nous entraîne—
Egal est en tout notre sort:
Tous deux nous fournissons la même carrière;
Car un même destin nous mène, O rivière!—
Vous à la mer! nous à la mort!”

So sang the rustic minstrel. But it has occurred to me, calmly and sorrowfully pondering on the fate of Swift, that although this melancholy resemblance, so often alluded to in Scriptural allegory, may hold good in the general fortunes of mankind, still has it been denied to some to complete in

their personal history the sad similitude ; for not a few, and these some of the most exalted of our species, have been forbidden to glide into the Ocean of Eternity bringing thereunto the fulness of their life-current with its brimming banks undrained.

Who that has ever gazed on the glorious Rhine, coeval in historic memory with the first Cæsar, and boasting much previous traditionary renown, at the spot where it gushes from its Alpine source, would not augur to it, with the poet, an uninterrupted career, and an ever-growing volume of copious exuberance ?

“ Au pied du Mont Adulle, entre mille roseaux,
Le Rhin tranqui, et fier du progrès de ses eaux,
Appuyé d'une main sur son urne penchante,
S'endort au bruit flatteur de son onde naissante.”

BOILEAU.

Whence if it is viewed sweeping in brilliant cataracts through many a mountain glen, and many a woodland scene, until it glides from the realms of romance into the business of life, and forms the majestic boundary of two rival nations, conferring benefits on both—reflecting from the broad expanse of its waters anon the mellow vineyards of Johannisberg, anon the hoary crags of Drachenfels—who then could venture to foretell that so splendid an alliance of usefulness and grandeur was destined to be dissolved—that yon rich flood would never gain that ocean into whose bosom a thousand rivulets flow on with unimpeded gravitation, but would disappear in the quagmires of Helvoetsluys, be lost in the swamps of Flanders, or absorbed in the sands of Holland ?

Yet such is the course of the Rhine, and such was the destiny of Swift,—of that man the outpourings of whose abundant mind fertilized alike the land of his fathers * and the land of his birth : that man the very overflowings of whose strange genius were looked on by his contemporaries with delight, and welcomed as the inundations of the Nile are hailed by the men of Egypt.

* Prout supposes Swift to have been a natural son of Sir William Temple. We believe him in error here.—O. Y.

A deep and hallowed motive impels me to select that last and dreary period of his career for the subject of special analysis; to elucidate its secret history, and to examine it in all its bearings; eliminating conjecture, and substituting fact; prepared to demolish the visionary superstructure of hypothesis, and to place the matter on its simple basis of truth and reality.

It is far from my purpose and far from my heart to tread on such solemn ground save with becoming awe and with feet duly unshodden. If, then, in the following pages, I dare to unseal the long-closed well, think not that I seek to desecrate the fountain: if it devolves on me to lift the veil, fear not that I mean to profane the sanctuary: tarry until this paper shall have been perused to its close; nor will it fall from your grasp without leaving behind it a conviction that its contents were traced by no unfriendly hand, and by no *unwarranted* biographer: for if a bald spot were to be found on the head of Jonathan Swift, the hand of Andrew Prout should be the first to cover it with laurels.

There is a something sacred about insanity: the traditions of every country agree in flinging a halo of mysterious distinction around the unhappy mortal stricken with so sad and so lonely a visitation. The poet who most studied from nature and least from books, the immortal Shakespeare, has never made our souls thrill with more intense sympathy than when his personages are brought before us bereft of the guidance of reason. The grey hairs of King Lear are silvered over with additional veneration when he raves; and the wild flower of insanity is the tenderest that decks the pure garland of Ophelia. The story of Orestes has furnished Greek tragedy with its most powerful emotions; and never did the mighty Talma sway with more irresistible dominion the assembled men of France, than when he personated the fury-driven maniac of Euripides, revived on the French stage by the muse of Voltaire. We know that among rude and untutored nations madness is of rare occurrence, and its instances few indeed. But though its frequency in more refined and civilised society has taken away much of the deferential homage paid to it in primitive times, still, in the palmiest days of Greek and Roman illumination, the oracles of Delphi found their fitting organ in the frenzy of the

Pythoiness ; and through such channels does the Latin lyrist represent the Deity communicating with man :

——— “ quatit
Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius.”

But let us look into our own breasts, and acknowledge that, with all the fastidious pride of fancied superiority, and in the full plenitude of our undimmed reason, we cannot face the breathing ruin of a noble intellect undismayed. The broken sounds, the vague intensity of that gaze, those whisperings that seem to commune with the world of spirits, the play of those features, still impressed with the signet of immortality, though illegible to our eye, strike us with that awe which the obelisk of the desert, with its insculptured riddles, inspires into the Arabian shepherd. An oriental opinion makes such beings the favourites of Heaven : and the strong tincture of eastern ideas, so discernible on many points in Ireland, is here also perceptible ; for a born idiot among the offspring of an Irish cabin is prized as a family *palladium*.

To contemplate what was once great and resplendent in the eyes of man slowly mouldering in decay, has never been an unprofitable exercise of thought ; and to muse over reason itself fallen and prostrate, cannot fail to teach us our complete deficiency. If to dwell among ruins and amid sepulchres—to explore the pillared grandeur of the tenantless Palmyra, or the crumbling wreck of that Roman amphitheatre once manned with applauding thousands and rife with joy, now overgrown with shrubs and haunted by the owl—if to soliloquize in the valley where autumnal leaves are thickly strewn, ever reminding us by their incessant rustle, as we tread the path, “ that all that’s bright must fade ;”—if these things beget that mood of soul in which the suggestions of Heaven find readiest adoption,—how forcibly must the wreck of mind itself, and the mournful aberrations of that faculty by which most we assimilate to our Maker, humble our self-sufficiency, and bend down our spirit in adoration ! It is in truth a sad bereavement, a dis severing of ties long cherished, a parting scene melancholy to witness, when the ethereal companion of this clay takes its departure, an outcast from the earthly coil that it once animated with intellectual fire, and wanders astray, cheerless

and friendless, beyond the picturings of poetry to describe;— a picture realised in Swift, who, more than Adrian, was entitled to exclaim :

<p>“ Animula vagula, blandula, Hospes comesque corporis, Quæ nunc abibis in loca? Pallidula, rigida, nudula, Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos!”</p>	<p>“ Wee soul, fond rambler, whither, say, Whither, boon comrade, fleest away? Ill canst thou bear the bitter blast— Houseless, unclad, affright, aghast; Jocund no more! and hush'd the mirth That gladden'd oft the sons of earth!”</p>
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Nor unloath am I to confess that such contemplations have won upon me in the decline of years. Youth has its appropriate pursuits; and to him who stands on the threshold of life, with all its gaieties and festive hours spread in alluring blandishment before him, such musings may come amiss, and such studies may offer no attraction. We are then eager to mingle in the crowd of active existence, and to mix with those who swarm and jostle each other on the molehill of this world—

“ Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men!”

But to me, numbering fourscore years, and full tired of the frivolities of modern wisdom, metaphysical inquiry returns with all its charms, fresh as when first I courted, in the halls of Sorbonne, the science of the soul. On this barren hill where my lot is fallen, in that “sunset of life” which is said to “bring mystical lore,” I love to investigate subjects such as these.

“ And may my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high, lonely tower,
Seeking, with Plato, to unfold
What realms or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal soul that hath forsook
Its mansion in this fleshy nook!
And may, at length, my weary age
Find out some peaceful hermitage,
Till old experience doth attain
To something like prophetic strain!”

To fix the precise limits where sober reason's well-regulated dominions end, and at what bourne the wild region of the fanciful commences, extending in many a tract of lengthened wilderness until it joins the remote and volcanic terri-

tory of downright insanity,—were a task which the most deeply-read psychologist might attempt in vain. Hopeless would be the endeavour to settle the exact confines; for nowhere is there so much debateable ground, so much unmarked frontier, so much undetermined boundary. The degrees of longitude and latitude have never been laid down, nor, that I learn, ever calculated at all, for want of a really sensible solid man to act the part of a first meridian. The same remark is applicable to a congenial subject, viz. that state of the human frame akin to *insanity*, and called *intoxication*; for there are here also various degrees of intensity; and where on earth (except perhaps in the person of my friend Dick Dowden,) will you find, *κατα φρενα και κατα θυμον* a SOBER man, according with the description in a hymn of our church liturgy?

“ Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam,
Donec humanos levis afflat aurâ
Spiritus ignes.”

*Ex officio Brev. Rom. de communi Conf. non
Pont. ad vesperas.*

I remember well, when in 1815 the present Lord Chancellor (then simple Harry Brougham) came to this part of the country (attracted hither by the fame of our Blarney-stone), having had the pleasure of his society one summer evening in this humble dwelling, and conversing with him long and loudly on the topic of inebriation. He had certainly taken a drop extra, but perhaps was therefore better qualified for debating the subject, viz. *at what precise point drunkenness sets in, and what is the exact low water-mark.* He first advocated a *three-bottle system*, but enlarged his view of the question as he went on, until he reminded me of those spirits described by Milton, who sat apart on a hill retired, discussing *freewill, fixed fate, foreknowledge absolute,*

“ And found no end, in wandering mazes lost !”

My idea of the matter was very simple, although I had some trouble in bringing him round to the true understanding of things; for he is obstinate by nature, and, like the village schoolmaster, whom he has sent “abroad,”

“ Even though vanquished, he can argue still.”

I shewed him that the poet Lucretius, in his elaborate work "De Naturâ Rerum," had long since established a criterion, or standard—a sort of clepsydra, to ascertain the final departure of sobriety,—being the well-known phenomenon of reduplication in the visual orb, that sort of second-sight common among the Scotch :

"Bina lucernarum flagrantia lumina flammis,
Et duplices hominum vultus et corpora bina!"

LUCRETIUS, lib. iv. 452.

But, unfortunately, just as I thought I had placed my opinions in their most luminous point of view, I found that poor Harry was completely fuddled, so as to be unconscious of all I could urge during the rest of the evening ; for, as Tom Moore says in 'Lalla Rookh,'

—————"the delicate chain
Of thought, once tangled, could not clear again."

It has long ago been laid down as a maxim by Seneca, that "nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ insanix." Newton was decidedly mad when he wrote his comment on Revelations ; so, I think, was Napier of the logarithms, when he achieved a similar exploit ; Burns was more than once labouring under delirium, of the kind called *tremens* ; Tasso was acquainted with the cells of a madhouse ; Nathaniel Lee,* the dramatist,

* This fact concerning Lee I stumbled on in that *olla podrida*, the "Curiosities of Literature," of the elder D'Israeli. In his chapter on the "Medicine of the Mind," (vol. i. second series : Murray, 1823), I find a passage which tells for my theory ; and I therefore insert it here, on the principle of *je prends mon bien partout où je le trouve* : "Plutarch says, in one of his essays, that should the body sue the mind in a court of judicature for damages, it would be found that the mind would prove to have been a most ruinous tenant to its landlord." This idea seemed to me so ingenious, that I searched for it through all the metaphysical writings of the Bœotian sage ; and I find that Democritus, the laughing philosopher, first made the assertion about the Greek law of landlord and tenant retailed by him of Cheronææ : Οἶμαι μάλιστα τὸν Δημοκρίτου εἶπειν, ὡς εἰ τὸ σῶμα δικάσαιτο τῇ ψυχῇ, κακώσεως οὐκ ἂν αὐτὴν ἀποφυγεῖν. Theophrastus enlarges on the same topic : Θεοφράστος ἀληθῆς εἶπεν, πολὺ τῷ σωματι τελεῖν ἐνοικίον τὴν ψυχὴν. Πλεῖονα μὲντοι τὸ σῶμα τῆς ψυχῆς ἀπάλανει κακὰ, μὴ κατὰ λόγον αὐτῷ χρωμένος. See the magnificent edition of Plutarch's Moral Treatises, from the Clarendon press of Oxford, 1795, being ΠΛΟΥΤ. ΤΑ ΗΘΙΚΑ, tom. i. p. 375.—PROUT.

when a tenant of Bedlam, wrote a tragedy twenty-five acts long ; and Sophocles was accused before the tribunal of the *φρατρια*, and only acquitted of insanity by the recitation of his *Œdip. Colon.* Pascal was a miserable hypochondriac ; the poet Cowper and the philosopher Rousseau were subject to lunacy ; Luis de Camoens died raving in an hospital at Lisbon ; and, in an hospital at Madrid, the same fate, with the same attendant madness, closed the career of the author of "Don Quixote," the immortal Miguel Cervantes. Shelley was mad outright ; and Byron's blood was deeply tainted with maniacal infusion. His uncle, the eighth lord, had been the homicide of his kindred, and hid his remorse in the dismal cloisters of Newstead. He himself enumerates three of his maternal ancestors who died by their own hands. Last February (1830), Miss Milbanke, in the book she has put forth to the world, states her belief and that of her advisers, that "the Lord Byron was actually insane." And in Dr. Millingen's book (the Surgeon of the Suliote brigade) we find these words attributed to the *Childe* : "I picture myself slowly expiring on a bed of torture, or terminating my days, like Swift, a grinning idiot."—*Anecdotes of Byron's Illness and Death*, by JULIUS MILLINGEN, p. 120.—*London*.

Strange to say, few men have been more exempt from the usual exciting causes of insanity than Swift. If ambition, vanity, avarice, intemperance, and the fury of sexual passion, be the ordinary determining agents of lunacy, then should he have proudly defied the approaches of the evil spirit, and withstood his attacks. As for ambitious cravings, it is well known that he sought not the smiles of the court, nor ever sighed for ecclesiastical dignities. Though a churchman, he had none of the crafty, aspiring, and intriguing mania of a Wolsey or a Mazarin. By the boldness and candour of his writings, he effectually put a stop to that ecclesiastical preferment which the low-minded, the cunning, and the hypocrite, are sure to obtain : and of him it might be truly said, that the doors of clerical promotion closed while the gates of glory opened.

But even *glory* (mystic word !), has it not its fascinations, too powerful at times even for the eagle eye of genius, and capable of dimming for ever the intellectual orb that gazes too fixedly on its irradiance ? How often has splendid

talent been its own executioner, and the best gift of Heaven supplied the dart that bereft its possessor of all that maketh existence valuable! The very intensity of those feelings which refine and elevate the soul, has it not been found to operate the work of ruin?

“Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Views his own feather on the fatal dart
Which wing'd the shaft that quivers in his heart.
Keen are his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion that impell'd the steel;
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drinks the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.”

So Byron sings in his happiest mood; and so had sung before him a young French poet, who died in early life, worn out by his own fervour:

“Oui, l'homme ici bas aux talents condamné,
Sur la terre en passant sublime infortuné,
Ne peut impunément achever une vie
Que le Ciel surchargea du fardeau du génie!
Souvent il meurt brûlé de ces célestes feux . . .
Tel quelquefois l'oiseau du souverain des dieux,
L'aigle, tombe du haut des plaines immortelles,
Brûlé du foudre ardent qu'il portait sous ses ailes!”

CHENEDOLLÉ.

I am fully aware that in Swift's case there was a common rumour among his countrymen in Ireland at the time, that over-study and too much learning had disturbed the equilibrium of the doctor's brain, and unsettled the equipoise of his cerebellum. The “most noble” Festus, who was a well-bred Italian gentleman, fell into the same vulgar error long ago with respect to St. Paul, and opined that much literature had made of him a madman! But surely such a sad confusion of materialism and spiritualism as that misconception implies, will not require refutation. The villagers in Goldsmith's beautiful poem may have been excusable for adopting so unscientific a theory; but beyond the sphere of rustic sages the hypothesis is intolerable:

“And still they gazed, and still their wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew!”

How can the ethereal and incorporate stores of knowledge become a physical weight, and turn out an incumbrance, exercising undue pressure on the human brain?—how can mental acquirement be described as a body ponderous? What folly to liken the crevices of the cerebral gland to the fissures in an old barn bursting with the riches of a collected harvest!—*ruperunt horrea messes*—or to the crazy bark of old Charon, when, being only fitted for the light waftage of ghosts, it received the bulky personage of the *Æneid* :

“Gemit sub pondere cymba
Sutilis, ac multam accepti rimosa paludem.”—Lib. vi.

Away with such fantasies! The more learned we grow, the better organised is our mind, the more prejudices we shake off; and the stupid error which I combat is but a pre-text and consolation for ignorance.

The delusions of love swayed not the stern mind of the Dean of St. Patrick's, nor could the frenzy of passion ever overshadow his clear understanding. Like a bark gliding along a beautiful and regular canal, the soft hand of woman could, with a single riband, draw him onward in a fair and well-ordered channel; but to drag him out of his course into any devious path, it was not in nature nor the most potent fascination to accomplish. Stella, the cherished companion of his life, his secretly wedded bride, ever exercised a mild influence over his affections—

“And rose, where'er he turned his eye,
The morning star of memory.”

But his acquaintanceship with Vanessa (Mrs. Vanhomrigg) was purely of that description supposed to have been introduced by Plato. For my part, having embraced celibacy, I am perhaps little qualified for the discussion of these delicate matters; but I candidly confess, that never did Goldsmith so win upon my good opinion, by his superior knowledge of those recondite touches that ennoble the favourite character of a respectable divine, as when he attributes severe and uncompromising tenets of *monogamy* to Dr. Primrose, vicar of Wakefield; that being the next best state to the one

which I have adopted myself, in accordance with the Platonic philosophy of Virgil, and the example of Paul ;

“ *Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat ;
Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti ;
Omnibus his niveâ cinguntur tempora vitâ !*”

Æneid. VI.

The covetousness of this world had no place in the breast of Swift, and never, consequently, was his mind liable to be shaken from its basis by the inroads of that overwhelming vice, avarice. Broad lands and manorial possessions he never sighed for ; and, as Providence had granted him a competency, he could well adopt the resignation of the poet, and exclaim, “ Nil amplius oro.” Nothing amused him more than the attempt of his friend Doctor Delany to excite his jealousy by the ostentatious display of his celebrated villa, which, as soon as purchased, he invited the Dean to come and admire. We have the humorous lines of descriptive poetry which were composed by Swift on the occasion, and were well calculated to destroy the doctor’s vanity. The estate our satirist represents as liable to suffer “ an eclipse of the sun ” wherever “ a crow ” or other small opaque body should pass between it and that luminary. The plantations “ might possibly supply a toothpick ;”

“ And the stream that’s called ‘ *Meander*
Might be sucked up by a gander !”

Such were the sentiments of utter derision with which he contemplated the territorial aggrandisement so dear to the votaries of Mammon ; nor is it foreign from this topic to remark, that the contrary extreme of hopeless poverty not having ever fallen to his lot, one main cause of insanity in high minds was removed. Tasso went mad through sheer distress and its concomitant shame ; the fictions of his romantic love for a princess of the Court of Ferrara are all fudge : he had at one time neither fire nor a decent coat to his back ; and he tells us that, having no lamp in his garret, he resorted to his cat to lend him the glare of her eyes :

“ Non avendo candele per iscrivere i suoi versi !”

Intemperance and debauchery never interfered with the

quiet tenour of the Dean's domestic habits; and hence the medical and constitutional causes of derangement flowing from these sources must be considered as null in this case. I have attentively perused the best record extant of his private life—his own "Journal to Stella," detailing his sojourn in London; and I find his diet to have been such as I could have wished.

"London, Oct. 1711.—Mrs. Vanhomrigg has changed her lodgings—I dined with her to-day. I am growing a mighty lover of herrings; but they are much smaller here than with you. In the afternoon I visited an old major-general, and ate six oysters."—*Letter 32, p. 384, in Scott's edition of Swift.*

"I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs. Vanhomrigg, with some company who did not come; but I ate nothing but herrings."—*Same letter, p. 388.*

"Oct. 23, 1711. I was forced to be at the secretary's office till four, and lost my dinner. So I went to Mrs. Van's, and made them get me three herrings, which I am very fond of. And they are a light victuals" (*sic. in orig.*)—*Letter 33, p. 400.*

He further shews the lively interest he always evinced for fish diet by the following passage, which occurs in a publication of his printed in Dublin, 1732, and entitled "An Examination of Certain Abuses, Corruptions, and Enormities in this City of Dublin. By Dr. Jonathan Swift, D.D."

"The affirmation solemnly made in the cry of *Herrings!* is against all truth, viz. 'Herrings alive, ho!' The very proverb will convince us of this; for what is more frequent in ordinary speech than to say of a neighbour for whom the bell tolls, He is dead as a herring! And pray, how is it possible that a herring, which, as philosophers observe, cannot live longer than one minute three seconds and a half out of water, should bear a voyage in open boats from Howth to Dublin, be tossed into twenty hands, and preserve its life in sieves for several hours?"

The sense of loneliness consequent on the loss of friends, and the withdrawal of those whose companionship made life pleasant, is not unfrequently the cause of melancholy monomania; but it could not have affected Swift, whose residence in Dublin had estranged him long previously from those who at that period died away. Gay, his bosom friend, had died in December, 1732; Bolingbroke had retired to France

in 1734; Pope was become a hypochondriac from bodily infirmities; Dr. Arbuthnot was extinct; and he, the admirer and the admired of Swift, John of Blenheim, the illustrious Marlborough, had preceded him in a madhouse!

“Down Marlborough’s cheeks the tears of dotage flow.”

A lunatic asylum was the last refuge of the warrior,—if, indeed, he and his fellows of the conquering fraternity were not candidates for it all along intrinsically and professionally,

“From Macedonian’s madman to the Swede.”

Thus, although the Dean might have truly felt like one who treads alone some deserted banquet-hall (according to the beautiful simile of the Melodist), still we cannot, with the slightest semblance of probability, trace the outbreak of his madness to any sympathies of severed friendship.

If Swift ever nourished a predominant affection—if he was ever really under the dominion of a ruling passion, it was that of pure and disinterested love of country; and were he ever liable to be hurried into insane excess by any overpowering enthusiasm, it was the patriot’s madness that had the best chance of prostrating his mighty soul. His works are the imperishable proofs of the sincere and enlightened attachment which he bore an island connected with him by no hereditary recollections, but merely by the accident of his birth at Cashel.

We read in the sacred Scriptures (Eccles. lxxvii.), that “the sense of oppression maketh a man mad;” and whosoever will peruse those splendid effusions of a patriot soul, “the Story of an injured Lady” (Dublin, 1725), “Maxims controlled in Ireland” (Dublin, 1724), “Miserable State of Ireland” (Dublin, 1727), must arise from the perusal impressed with the integrity and fervour of the Dean’s love of his oppressed country. The “Maxims controlled” develop, according to that highly competent authority, Edmund Burke, the deepest and most statesmanslike views ever taken of the mischievous mismanagement that has constantly marked England’s conduct towards her sister island. In the “Miserable State, &c., we have evidence that the wretched peasantry at that time was at just the same stage ‘of civilization and

comfort as they are at the present day; for we find the Dean thus depicting a state of things which none but an Irish landlord could read without blushing for human nature—"There are thousands of poor creatures who think themselves blessed if they can obtain a hut worse than the squire's dog-kennel, and a piece of ground for potato-plantation, on condition of being as very slaves as any in America, starving in the midst of plenty." Further on, he informs us of a singular item of the then traffic of the Irish:—"Our fraudulent trade in wool to France is the best branch of our commerce."

And in his "Proposal for the Use of Irish Manufactures," which was prosecuted by the government of the day, and described by the learned judge who sent the case to the jury as a plot to bring in the Pretender! we have this wool-traffic again alluded to: "Our beneficial export of wool to France has been our only support for several years: we convey our wool there, in spite of all the harpies of the custom-house." In this tract, he introduces the story of Pallas and the nymph Arachne, whom the goddess, jealous of her spinning, changed into a spider; and beautifully applies the allegory to the commercial restrictions imposed by the sister-country on Ireland. "Arachne was allowed still to spin; but Britain will take our bowels, and convert them into the web and warp of her own exclusive and intolerant industry."

Of the "Drapier's Letters," and the signal discomfiture of the base-currency scheme attempted by William Woods, it were superfluous to speak. Never was there a more bare-faced attempt to swindle the natives than the copper imposition of that notorious hardwareman; and the only thing that in modern times can be placed in juxtaposition, is the begging-box of O'Connell. O for a Drapier to expose that second and most impudent scheme for victimising a deluded and starving peasantry!

The Scotch rebellion of 1745 found the Dean an inmate of his last sad dwelling—his own hospital; but the crisis awakened all his energies, and he found an interval to publish that address to his fellow-countrymen which some attributed to the Lord-Lieutenant Chesterfield, but which bears intrinsic evidence of his pen. It is printed by Sir

W. Scott, in the appendix of the "Drapier's Letters." There is a certain chemical preparation called *sympathetic ink*, which leaves no trace on the paper; but if applied to the heat of a fire, the characters will become at once legible. Such was the state of Swift's soul—a universal blank; but when brought near the sacred flame that burnt on the altar of his country, his mind recovered for a time its clearness, and found means to communicate its patriotism. Touch but the interests of Ireland, and the madman was sane again; such was the mysterious nature of the visitation.

"O Reason! who shall say what spells renew,
 When least we look for it, thy broken clue;
 Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain
 The intellectual daybeam bursts again!
 Enough to shew the maze in which the sense
 Wandered about, but not to guide thee hence—
 Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
 But not to point the harbour which might save!"

When Richard Cœur de Lion lay dormant in a dungeon, the voice of a song which he had known in better days came upon his ear, and was the means of leading him forth to light and freedom; but, alas! Swift was not led forth from his lonely dwelling by the note of long-remembered music, the anthem of fatherland. Gloomy insanity had taken too permanent possession of his mind; and right well did he know that he should die a maniac. For this, a few years before his death, did he build unto himself an asylum, where his own lunacy might dwell protected from the vulgar gaze of mankind. He felt the approach of madness, and, like Cæsar, when about to fall at the feet of Pompey's statue, he gracefully arranged the folds of his robe, conscious of his own dignity even in that melancholy downfall. The Pharaohs, we are told in Scripture, built unto themselves gorgeous sepulchres: their pyramids still encumber the earth. Sardanapalus erected a pyre of cedar-wood and odoriferous spices when death was inevitable, and perished in a blaze of voluptuousness. The asylum of Swift will remain a more characteristic memorial than the sepulchres of Egypt, and a more honourable funereal pyre than that heaped up by the Assyrian king. He died mad, among fellow-creatures similarly visited, but sheltered by his munificence; and it now devolves on me

to reveal to the world the unknown cause of that sad calamity.

I have stated that his affections were centered in that accomplished woman, the refined and gentle Stella, to whom he had been secretly married. The reasons for such secrecy, though perfectly familiar to me, may not be divulged; but enough to know that the Dean acted in this matter with his usual sagacity. An infant son was born of that marriage after many a lengthened year, and in this child were concentrated all the energies of the father's affection, and all the sensibilities of the mother's heart. In him did the Dean fondly hope to live on when his allotted days should fail, like unto the self-promised immortality of the bard—"Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei vitabit Libitinam!" How vain are the hopes of man! That child most unaccountably, most mysteriously disappeared; no trace, no clue, no shadow of conjecture, could point out what had become its destiny, and who were the contrivers of this sorrowful bereavement. The babe was gone! and no comfort remained to a desponding father in this most poignant of human afflictions.

In a copy of *Verses* composed on his own *Death*, the Dean indulges in a humorous anticipation of the motives that would not fail to be ascribed, as determining his mind to make the singular disposal of his property which (after the loss of his only child) he resolved on:

"He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for people mad,
To shew, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much."

But this bitter pleasantry only argued the sad inroads which grief was making in his heart. The love of offspring, which the Greeks call *στοργή* (and which is said to be strongest in the stork), was eminently perceptible in the diagnosis of the Dean's constitution. Sorrow for the loss of his child bowed down his head eventually to the grave, and unsettled a mind the most clear and well-regulated that philosophy and Christianity could form.

THESE PAPERS WILL NOT MEET THE PUBLIC EYE UNTIL
I TOO AM NO MORE · BUT WHEN THAT DAY SHALL COME—

WHEN THE PASTOR OF THIS OBSCURE UPLAND SHALL, IN A GOOD OLD AGE, BE LAID IN THE EARTH—WHEN NEITHER PRIDE OF BIRTH NOR HUMAN APPLAUSE CAN MOVE THE COLD EAR OF THE DEAD, THE SECRET OF THAT CHILD'S HISTORY, OF SWIFT'S LONG-LOST CHILD, SHALL BE TOLD; AND THE OLD MAN WHO HAS DEPARTED FROM THIS WORLD OF WOE IN PEACE, WILL BE FOUND TO HAVE BEEN THAT LONG-SOUGHT SON, WHOM WILLIAM WOODS, IN THE BASENESS OF A VILE VINDICTIVENESS, FILCHED FROM A FATHER'S AFFECTIONS.

Baffled in his wicked contrivances by my venerable father, and foiled in every attempt to brazen out his notorious scheme of bad halfpence, this vile tinker, nourishing an implacable resentment in his soul,

‘Æternum servans sub pectore vulnus,’

resolved to wreak his vengeance on the Dean; and sought out craftily the most sensitive part to inflict the contemplated wound. In the evening of October, 1741, he kidnapped me, Swift's innocent child, from my nurse at Glendalough, and fraudulently hurried off his capture to the extremity of Munster; where he left me exposed as a foundling on the bleak summit of Watergrasshill. The reader will easily imagine all the hardships I had to encounter in this my first and most awkward introduction to my future parishioners. Often have I told the sorrowful tale to my college companion in France, the kind-hearted and sensitive Gresset, who thus alludes to me in the well-known lines of his “*Lutrin Vivant* :”

“*Et puis, d'ailleurs, le petit malheureux,
Ouvrage né d'un auteur anonyme,
Ne connaissant parens, ni légitime,
N'avait, en tout dans ce stérile lieu,
Pour se chauffer que la grace de Dieu !*”

Some are born, says the philosophic Goldsmith, with a silver spoon in their mouth, some with a wooden ladle; but wretched I was not left by Woods even that miserable implement as a stock-in-trade to begin the world. Moses lay ensconced in a snug cradle of bulrushes when he was sent adrift; but I was cast on the flood of life with no equipage

or outfit whatever; and found myself, to use the solemn language of my Lord Byron,

“Sent afloat
With nothing but the sky for a great coat.”

But stop, I mistake. I *had* an appendage round my neck—a trinket, which I still cherish, and by which I eventually found a clue to my real patronage. It was a small locket of my mother Stella's hair, of raven black, (a distinctive feature in her beauty, which had especially captivated the Dean): around this locket was a Latin motto of my gifted father's composition, three simple words, but beautiful in their simplicity—“*PROUT STELLA REFULGES!*” So that, when I was taken into the “Cork Foundling Hospital,” I was at once christened “Prout,” from the adverb that begins the sentence, and which, being the shortest word of the three, it pleased the chaplain to make my future patronymic.

Of all the singular institutions in Great Britain, philanthropic, astronomic, Hunterian, ophthalmic, obstetric, or zoological, the “Royal Cork Foundling Hospital,” where I had the honour of matriculating, was then, and is now, decidedly the oddest in principle and the most comical in practice. Until the happy and eventful day when I managed, by mother-wit, to accomplish my deliverance from its walls, (having escaped in a *churn*, as I will recount presently), it was my unhappy lot to witness and to endure all the varieties of human misery. The prince of Latin song, when he wishes to convey to his readers an idea of the lower regions and the abodes of Erebus, begins his affecting picture by placing in the foreground the souls of infants taken by the mischievous policy of such institutions from the mother's breast, and perishing by myriads under the infliction of a mistaken philanthropy:

“*Infantumque animæ flentes in lumine primo:
Quos dulcis vitæ exsortes, et ab ubere raptos,
Abstulit atra dies, et funere mersit acerbo.*”

The inimitable and philosophic Scarron's translation of this passage in the *Æneid* is too much in my father's own style not to give it insertion:

“Lors il entend, en ce lieu sombre,
 Les cris aigus d'enfants sans nombre.
 Pauvres bambins ! ils font grand bruit,
 Et braillent de jour et de nuit—
 Peut-être faute de nourrice ?” &c. &c.

Eneid travest. 6.

But if I had leisure to dwell on the melancholy subject, I could a tale unfold that would startle the Legislature, and perhaps arouse the Irish secretary to examine into an evil crying aloud for redress and suppression. Had my persecutor, the hard-hearted coppersmith, Woods, had any notion of the sufferings he entailed on Swift's luckless infant, he would never have exposed me as an *enfant trouvé* ; he would have been satisfied with plunging my father into a mad-house, without handing over his child to the mercies of a foundling hospital. Could he but hear my woful story, I would engage to draw “copper” tears down the villain's cheek.

Darkness and mystery have for the last half century hung over this establishment ; and although certain returns have been moved for in the House of Commons, the public knows as little as ever about the fifteen hundred young foundlings that there nestle until supplanted, as death collects them under his wings, by a fresh supply of victims offered to the Moloch of *ψευδο-philanthropy*. Horace tells us, that certain proceedings are best not exhibited to the general gaze—

“Nec natos coram populo Medea trucidet.”

Such would appear to be the policy of these institutions, the only provision which the Legislature has made for Irish pauperism.

Some steps, however, have been taken latterly by Government ; and from a paper laid before Parliament last month (May 1830), it appears that, in consequence of the act of 1822, the annual admissions in Dublin have fallen from 2000 to 400. But who will restore to society the myriads whom the system has butchered ? who will recall the slain ? When the flower of Roman chivalry, under improvident guidance, fell in the German forests, “Varus, give back my legions !”

was the frantic cry wrung from the bitterness of patriotic sorrow.

My illustrious father has written, among other bitter sarcasms on the cruel conduct of Government towards the Irish poor, a treatise, which was printed in 1729, and which he entitled "A Modest Proposal for preventing Poor Children from being a Burden to their Parents." He recommends, in sober sadness, that they should be made into salt provisions for the navy, the colonies, and for exportation; or eaten fresh and spitted, like roasting-pigs, by the aldermen of Cork and Dublin, at their civic banquets. A quotation from that powerful pamphlet may not be unacceptable here :

"Infant's flesh (quoth the Dean) will be in season throughout the year, but more plentifully in March, or a little before; for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman Catholic countries about nine months after Lent than at any other season. Therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of Popish infants is at least three to one in the kingdom; and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of Papists amongst us."

These lines were clearly penned in the very gall and bitterness of his soul; and while the Irish peasant is still considered by the miscreant landlords of the country as less worthy of his food than the beasts of the field, and less entitled to a legal support in the land that bore him; while the selfish demagogue of the island joins in the common hostility to the claims of that pauper who makes a stock-purse for him out of the scrapings of want and penury; the proposal of Swift should be reprinted, and a copy sent to every callous and shallow-pated disciple of modern political economy. Poor-laws, forsooth, they cannot reconcile to their clear-sighted views of Irish legislation; *fever hospitals* and *gaols* they admire; *grammar-schools* they will advocate, where half-starved urchins may drink the physic of the soul, and forget the cravings of hunger; and they will provide in the *two great foundling hospitals* a receptacle for troublesome infants, who, in those "white-washed sepul-

chres," soon cease to be a burden on the community. The great agitator, meantime (God wot!) will bring in "a bill" for a *grand national cemetery in Dublin*;* such is the provision he deigns to seek for his starving fellow-countrymen!

"The great have still some favour in reserve—
They help to bury whom they help to starve."

The Dublin Hospital being supported out of the consolidated fund, has, by the *argumentum ad crumenam*, at last attracted the suspicions of government, and is placed under a course of gradual reduction; but the Cork nursery is upheld by a compulsory local tax on *coal*, amounting to the incredible sum of £6000 a-year, and levied on the unfortunate Corkonians for the support of children brought into their city from Wales, Connaught, and the four winds of heaven! Three hundred bantlings are thus annually saddled on the beautiful city, with a never-failing succession of continuous supply:

"Miranturque novas frondes, et non sua poma!"

By the Irish act of Parliament, these young settlers are entitled, on coming of age (which few do), to claim as a right the freedom of that ancient and loyal corporation; so that, although of the great bulk of them it may be said that we had "no hand in their birth," they have the benefit of their coming—"a place in the commonwealth" (*ita Shakespeare*).

My sagacious father used to exhort his countrymen to burn every article that came from England, except coals; and in 1729 he addressed to the "Dublin Weekly Journal" a series of letters *on the use of Irish coals* exclusively. But it strikes me that, as confessedly we cannot do without the English article in the present state of trade and manufactures, the most mischievous tax that any Irish seaport could be visited with, would be a tonnage on so vital a commodity to the productive interests of the community. Were this vile impost withdrawn from Cork, every class of manufacture would hail the boon; the iron foundry would supply us at home with what is now brought across the Channel; the glassblower's furnace would glow with inextinguishable fires; the steam engine, that giant power, as yet so feebly

* Historical fact. Vide parl. proceedings.—O. Y.



A TALE OF A CHURN.

developed among us, would delight to wield on our behalf, its energies unfettered, and toil unimpeded for the national prosperity; new enterprize would inspirit the capitalist; while the humble artificer at the forge would learn the tidings with satisfaction,—

“Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear.”

Something too much of this. But I have felt it incumbent on me to place on record my honest conviction of the impolicy of the tax itself, and of the still greater enormity of the evil which it goes to support. To return to my own history.

In this “hospital,” which was the first *alma mater* of my juvenile days, I graduated in all the science of the young gipsies who swarmed around me. My health, which was naturally robust, bore up against the fearful odds of mortality by which I was beset; and although I should have ultimately, no doubt, perished with the crowd of infant sufferers that shared my evil destiny, still, like that favoured Grecian who won the good graces of Polyphemus in his anthropophagous cavern, a signal privilege would perhaps have been granted me: Prout would have been the last to be devoured.

But a ray of light broke into my prison-house. The idea of escape, a bold thought! took possession of my soul. Yet how to accomplish so daring an enterprise? how elude the vigilance of the fat door-keeper, and the keen eye of the chaplain? Right well did they know the muster-roll of their stock of urchins, and often verified the same:

“*Bisque die numerant ambo pœcus, alter et hædos.*”

Heaven, however, soon granted what the porter denied. The milkman from Watergrasshill, who brought the supplies every morn and eve, prided himself particularly on the size and beauty of his churn,—a capacious wooden recipient which my young eye admired with more than superficial curiosity. Having accidentally got on the wagon, and explored the capacious hollow of the machine, a bright angel whispered in my ear to secrete myself in the cavity. I did so; and shortly after, the gates of the hospital were flung wide for my egress, and I found myself jogging onward on

the high road to light and freedom! Judge of my sensations! Milton has sung of one who, "long in populous city pent," makes a visit to Highgate, and, snuffing the rural breeze, blesses the country air: my rapture was of a nature that defies description. To be sure, it was one of the most boisterous days of storm and tempest that ever vexed the heavens; but secure in the churn, I chuckled with joy, and towards evening fell fast asleep. In my subsequent life I have often dwelt with pleasure on that joyous escape; and when in my course of studies I met with the following beautiful elegy of Simonides, I could not help applying it to myself, and translated it accordingly. There have been versions by Denman, the *Queen's* solicitor;* by Elton, by W. Hay, and by Doctor Jortin; but I prefer my own, as more literal and more conformable to genuine Greek simplicity.

The Lament of Danae.

By Simonides, the elegiac Poet of Cos.

Οτε λαρνακι εν δαιδαλεα, ανεμος
 Βρεμε πνεων, κινηθεισα τε λιμνα
 Δειματι ηριπεν, ουδ' αδιαντοισι
 Παρειαις, αμφι δε Περσει βαλε
 Φιλαν χερα, ειπεν τε· Ω τεκος,
 Οιον εχω πονον· συ δ' αωτεις, γαλαθηνω τ'
 Ητορι κνωσσεις εν ατερπει δωματι,
 Χαλκιογομφω δε νυκτιλαμπει
 Κυανεω τε ενοφω· συ δ' αυαλεαν
 'Υπερθε τεαν κομαν βαθειαν
 Παριοντος κυματος ουκ αλεγεις,
 Ουδ' ανεμου φθογων, πορφυρεα
 Κειμενος εν χλανιδι, προσωπον καλοι.
 Ει δε τοι δεινον τογε δεινον ην,
 Και κεν εμων ρηματων λεπτου
 'Υπειχες ουας· κελομαι, ευδε βρεφος,
 Ευδετο δε ποντος, ευδετο αμετρον κακον.
 Μάταιοβουλια δε τις φάνειη,
 Ζεῦ πατερ, εκ σεο· ο τι δη θαρσαλεον
 Επος, ευχομαι τεκνοφι δικας μοι.

* WE never employed him.—REGINA. 'Twas Caroline of Brunswick.

The Lament of Stella.

By Father Prout.

While round the churn, 'mid sleet and rain,
 It blew a perfect hurricane,
 Wrapt in slight garment to protect her,
 Methought I saw my mother's spectre,
 Who took her infant to her breast—
 Me, the small tenant of that chest—
 While thus she lulled her babe: "How cruel
 Have been the Fates to thee, my jewel!
 But, caring naught for foe or scoffer,
 Thou sleepest in this milky coffer,
 Cooper'd with brass hoops weather-tight,
 Impervious to the dim moonlight.
 The shower cannot get in to soak
 Thy hair or little purple cloak;
 Heedless of gloom, in dark sojourn,
 Thy face illuminates the churn!
 Small is thine ear, wee babe, for hearing,
 But grant my prayer, ye gods of Erin!
 And may folks find that this young fellow
 Does credit to his mother *Stella*."

No. V.

THE ROGUERIES OF TOM MOORE.

From the Prout Papers.

"Grata carpendo thyma per laborem
 Plurimum, circa nemus* uvidique
 Tiburis ripas, operosa PARVUS
 Carmina fingo."

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.

"By taking time, and some advice from Prout,
 A polish'd book of songs I hammered out;
 But still my Muse, for she the fact confesses,
 Haunts that sweet hill, renown'd for water-cresses."

THOMAS L. MOORE.

WHEN the star of Father Prout (a genuine son of the ac-

* *i. e.* Blarneau nemus.

complished Stella, and in himself the most eccentric luminary that has of late adorned our planetary system) first rose in the firmament of literature, it deservedly attracted the gaze of the learned, and riveted the eye of the sage. We know not what may have been the sensation its appearance created in foreign countries,—at the Observatoire Royal of Paris, in the Val d'Arno, or at Fesolé, where, in Milton's time, the sons of Galileo plied the untiring telescope to descry new heavenly phenomena, "rivers or mountains in the shadowy moon,"—but we can vouch for the impression made on the London University; for all Stinkomalee hath been perplexed at the apparition. The learned Chaldeans of Gower Street opine that it forebodes nothing good to the cause of "useful knowledge," and they watch the "transit" of Prout, devoutly wishing for his "exit." With throbbing anxiety, night after night has Dr. Lardner gazed on the sinister planet, seeking, with the aid of Dr. Babbage's calculating machine, to ascertain the probable period of its final eclipse, and often muttering its name, "to tell how he hates its beams." He has seen it last April shining conspicuously in the constellation of *Pisces*, when he duly conned over the "Apology for Lent," and the Doctor has reported to the University Board, that, "advancing with retrograde movement in the zodiac," this disastrous orb was last perceived in the *milky way*, entering the sign of "Amphora," or "the churn." But what do the public care, while the general eye is delighted by its irradiance, that a few owls and dunces are scared by its effulgency? The Georgium Sidus, the Astrium Julium, the Soleil d'Austerlitz, the Star at Vauxhall, the Nose of Lord Chancellor Vaux,* and the

* The following song was a favourite with the celebrated Chancellor d'Aguesseau. It is occasionally sung, in our own times, by a modern performer on the woolsack, in the intervals of business ;

" Sitôt que la lumière
 Redore nos côteaux,
 Je commence ma carrière
 Par visiter mes tonneaux.

Ravi de revoir Paurore,
 Le verre en main, je lui dis,
 Vois-tu donc plus, chez le Maure,
 Que sur mon nez, de rubis ?"





L. E. L.
Letitia E. Landon

grand Roman Girandola shot off from the mole of Adrian, to the annual delight of modern "Quirites," are all fine things and rubicund in their generation; but nothing to the star of Watergrasshill. Nor is astronomical science or pyrotechnics the only department of philosophy that has been influenced by this extraordinary meteor—the kindred study of GASTRONOMY has derived the hint of a new combination from its inspiring ray; and, after a rapid perusal of "Prout's Apology for Fish," the celebrated Monsieur Ude, whom Croquis has so exquisitely delineated in the gallery of REGINA, has invented on the spot an original sauce, a novel *obsonium*, more especially adapted to cod and turbot, to which he has given the reverend father's name; so that Sir William Curtis will be found eating his "turbot a la Prout" as constantly as his "cotelette à la Maintenon." The fascinating Miss Landon has had her fair name affixed to a frozen lake in the map of Captain Ross's discoveries; and if Prout be not equally fortunate in winning terraqueous renown with his pen, ("Nititur pennâ vitreo daturus nomina ponto"), he will at least figure on the "carte" at our neighbour Verey's.

Who can tell what posthumous destinies await the late incumbent of Watergrasshill? In truth, his celebrity (to use an expression of Edmund Burke) is as yet but a "speck in the horizon—a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body;" and when, in the disemboguing of the chest, in the evolving of his MSS., he shall be unfolded to the view in all his dimensions, developing his proportions in a gorgeous shape of matchless originality and grandeur; then will be the hour for the admirers of the beautiful and the votaries of the sublime to hail him with becoming veneration, and welcome him with the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music.—(Dan. viii. 15.)

"Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth,
 And, starting fresh, as from a second birth,
 Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
 Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing !!!
 Then, too, your prophet from his angel-brow
 Shall cast the veil that hides its splendour now,
 And gladden'd earth shall, through her wide expanse,
 Bask in the glories of his countenance !"

The title of this second paper taken from the Prout Collection is enough to indicate that we are only firing off the small arms—the pop-guns of this stupendous arsenal, and that we reserve the heavy metal for a grander occasion, when the Whig ministry and the dog-days shall be over, and a merry autumn and a Wellington administration shall mellow our October cups. To talk of Tom Moore is but small talk—“in tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria;” for Prout’s great art is to magnify what is little, and to fling a dash of the sublime into a two-penny-post communication. To use Tommy’s own phraseology, Prout could, with great ease and comfort to himself,

“Teach an old cow pater-noster,
And whistle Moll Roe to a pig.”

But we have another reason for selecting this “Essay on Moore” from the papers of the deceased divine. We have seen with regret an effort made to crush and annihilate the young author of a book on the “Round Towers of Ireland,” with whom we are not personally acquainted, but whose production gave earnest of an ardent mind bent on abstruse and recondite studies; and who, leaving the frivolous boudoir and the drawing-room coterie to lisp their ballads and retail their Epicurean gossip unmolested, trod alone the craggy steeps of venturous discovery in the regions of Oriental learning; whence, returning to the isle of the west, the “Iran of the fire-worshipper,” he trimmed his lamp, well fed with the fragrant oil of these sunny lands, and penned a work which will one day rank among the most extraordinary of modern times. The “Edinburgh Review” attempted, long ago, to stifle the unfledged muse of Byron; these truculent northerners would gladly have bruised in the very shell the young eagle that afterwards tore with his lordly talons both Jeffery and his colleague Moore (of the leadless pistol), who were glad to wax subservient slaves, after being impotent bullies. The same review undertook to cry down Wordsworth and Coleridge; they shouted their vulgar “crucifigatur” against Robert Southey; and seemed to have adopted the motto of the French club of witlings,

“Nul n’aura de l’esprit que nous et nos amis.”

But in the present case they will find themselves equally

impotent for evil: O'Brien may defy them. He may defy his own *alma mater*, the silent and unproductive Trin. Coll. Dub.; he may defy the Royal Irish Academy, a learned assembly, which, alas! has neither a body to be kicked, nor a soul to be damned; and may rest secure of the applause which sterling merit challenges from every freeborn inhabitant of these islands,—

“Save where, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of those who, venturing near her silent bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.”

Moore—(we beg his pardon)—the reviewer, asserts that O'Brien is a plagiarist, and pilfered his discovery from “Nimrod.” Now we venture to offer a copy of the commentaries of Cornelius a Lapide (which we find in Prout's chest) to Tom, if he will shew us a single passage in “Nimrod” (which we are confident he never read) warranting his assertion. But, *apropos* of plagiarisms; let us hear the prophet of Watergrasshill, who enters largely on the subject.

OLIVER YORKE.

Regent Street, 1st August, 1834.

Watergrasshill, Feb. 1834.

THAT notorious tinker, William Woods, who, as I have recorded among the papers in my coffer somewhere, to spite my illustrious father, kidnapped me in my childhood, little dreamt that the infant Prout would one day emerge from the Royal Cork Foundling Hospital as safe and unscathed as the children from Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, to hold up his villany to the execration of mankind:

“Non sine Dīs animosus infans!”

Among the Romans, whoever stole a child was liable by law to get a sound flogging; and as *plaga* in Latin means a *stripe*, or *lash*, kidnappers in Cicero's time were called *plagiarii*, or *cat-o'-nine-tail-villains*. I approve highly of this law of the twelve tables; but perhaps my judgment is biassed,

and I should be an unfair juror to give a verdict in a case which comes home to my own feelings so poignantly. The term *plagiary* has since been applied metaphorically to literary shop-lifters and book-robbers, who stuff their pages with other men's goods, and thrive on indiscriminate pillage. This is justly considered a high misdemeanour in the republic of letters, and the lash of criticism is unsparingly dealt on pickpockets of this description. Among the Latins, Martial is the only classic author by whom the term *plagiarius* is used in the metaphorical sense, as applied to literature; but surely it was not because the practice only began in his time that the word had not been used even in the Augustan age of Rome. Be that as it may, we first find the term in Martial's Epigrams (lib. i. epigr. 53): talking of his verses, he says,

"Dicas esse meos, manaque missos :
Hoc si terque quaterque clamitâris,
Impones *plagiario* pudorem."

Cicero himself was accused by the Greeks of pilfering whole passages, for his philosophical works, from the scrolls of Athens, and cooking up the fragments and broken meat of Greek orations to feed the hungry barbarians of the Roman forum. My authority is that excellent critic St. Jerome, who, in the "Proemium in qu. Heb. lib. Genesis," distinctly says, "Cicero repetundarum accusatur à Græcis," &c. &c.; and in the same passage he adds, that Virgil being accused of taking whole similes from Homer, gloried in the theft, exclaiming, "Think ye it nothing to wrest his club from Hercules?" (*it. ibidem.*) Vide S^{cti} Hieronymi Opera, tom. iv. fol. 90. But what shall we say when we find Jerome accusing another *holy father* of plagiarism? Verily the temptation must have been very great to have shaken the probity of St. Ambrose, when he pillaged his learned brother in the faith, Origen of Alexandria, by wholesale. "Nuper Sanctus Ambrosius Hexaameron illius compilavit" (S^{cti} Hieronymi Opera, tom. iii. fol. 87, in *epistola ad Pammach*). It is well known that Menander and Aristophanes were mercilessly pillaged by Terence and Plautus; and the Latin freebooters

thought nothing of stopping the *Thespian waggon* on the highways of Parnassus. The French dramatists are similarly waylaid by our scouts from the green-room,—and the plunder is awful! What is Talleyrand about, that he cannot protect the property of the French? Perhaps he is better employed?

I am an old man, and have read a great deal in my time—being of a quiet disposition, and having always had a taste for books, which I consider a great blessing; but latterly I find that I may dispense with further perusal of printed volumes, as, unfortunately, memory serves me but too well; and all I read now strikes me as but a new version of what I had read somewhere before. Plagiarism is so barefaced and so universal, that I can't stand it no longer: I have shut up shop, and won't be taken in no more. *Quære peregrinum? clamo.* I'm sick of hashed-up works, and loathe the *baked meats* of antiquity served in a fricassee. Give me a solid joint, in which no knife has been ever fleshed, and I will share your intellectual banquet most willingly, were it but a mountain kid, or a limb of Welsh mutton. Alas! whither shall I turn? Let me open the reviews, and lo! the critics are but repeating old criticisms; let me fly to the poets, 'tis but the old lyre with catgut strings; let me hear the orators,—“that's my thunder!” says the ghost of Sheridan or the spectre of Burke; let me listen to the sayers of good things, and alas for the injured shade of Joe Miller! I could go through the whole range of modern authors (save Scott, and a few of that kidney), and exclaim, with more truth than the chieftain of the crusaders in Tasso—

“Di chi di voi non so la patria e 'l seme?
 Qual spada m'è ignota? e qual saetta,
 Benchè per l'aria ancor sospesa treme,
 Non saprei dir s'è Franca, o s'è d'Irlanda,
 E quale appunto il braccio è che la manda?”

Gerusal. Liber. canto xx. st. 18.

To state the simple truth, such as I feel it in my own conviction, I declare that the whole mass of contemporary scribblement might be bound up in one tremendous volume, and entitled “*Elegant Extracts;*” for, if you except the form and style, the varnish and colour, all the rest is what I have

known in a different shape forty years ago ; and there is more philosophy than meets the vulgar eye in that excellent song on the transmutation of things here below, which perpetually offer the same intrinsic substance, albeit under a different name :

“ Dear Tom, this brown jug, which now foams with mild ale,
Was once Toby Philpot, a merry old soul,” &c. &c.

This transmigration of intellect, this metempsychosis of literature, goes on silently reproducing and reconstructing what had gone to pieces. But those whose memory, like mine, is unfortunately over-tenacious of its young impressions, cannot enjoy the zest of a twice-told tale, and consequently are greatly to be pitied.

It has lately come out that “ Childe Harolde ” (like other naughty children whom we daily read of as terminating their “ life in London ” by being sent to the “ Euryalus hulk, ”) was given to picking pockets. Mr. Beckford, the author of “ Vathek, ” and the builder of Fonthill Abbey, has been a serious sufferer by the Childe’s depredations, and is now determined to publish his case in the shape of “ Travels, in 1787, through Portugal, up the Rhine, and through Italy ; ” and it also appears that Saml. Rogers, in his “ Italy, ” has learned a thing or two from the “ Bandits of Terracina, ” and has *dévalisé* Mr. Beckford aforesaid on more than one occasion in the Apennines. I am not surprised at all this: murder will out ; and a stolen dog will naturally nose out his original and primitive master among a thousand on a race-course.

These matters may be sometimes exaggerated, and (honour bright !) far be it from me to pull the stool from under every poor devil that sits down to write a book, and sweep away, with unsparing besom, all the cobwebs so industriously woven across Paternoster Row. I don’t wish to imitate Father Hardouin, the celebrated Jesuit, who gained great renown among the wits of Louis XIVth’s time by his paradoxes. A favourite maggot hatched in his prolific brain was, that the Odes of Horace never were written by the friend of Mæcænas, but were an imposture of some old Benedictine monk of the twelfth century, who, to amuse his cloistered leisure, personated Flaccus, and under his name strung together those lyrical effusions. This is maintained in a large folio, printed

at Amsterdam in 1733, viz. "Harduini Opera Varia, *Pseudo-Horatus*." One of his arguments is drawn from the *Christian allusions* which, he asserts, occur so frequently in these Odes: *ex gratiâ*, the "praise of celibacy;"

"Platanusque cœlebs
Evincit ulmos;"

Lib. ii. ode 15.

for the elm-tree used to be *married* to the vine; not so the sycamore, as any one who has been in Italy must know. The rebuilding of the temple by Julian the Apostate is, according to the Jesuit, thus denounced:

"Sed bellicosus fata Quiritibus
Hâc lege dico, ne nimum pii,
Tecta velint reparare Trojæ."

Lib. iii. Ode 3.

Again, the sacred mysteries of the Lord's Supper, and the *concealed* nature of the *bread* that was broken among the primitive Christians:

————— "Vetabo, qui *Cereris sacrum*
Vulgârit *arcanae*, sub iisdem
Sît trabibus, fragilemve mecum
Solvat phaselum" (*i. e. the bark of Peter*).

Lib. iii. ode 2.

And the patriarch Joseph, quoth Hardouin, is clearly pointed out under the strange and un-Roman name of Proculeius, of whom pagan history says naught:

"Vivet extento Proculeius ævo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni!"

Lib. ii. ode 2.

For the rest of Hardouin's discoveries I must refer to the work itself, as quoted above; and I must in fairness add, that his other literary efforts and deep erudition reflect the highest credit on the celebrated order to which he belonged—the Jesuits, and, I may add, the Benedictines being as distinct and as superior bodies of monastic men to the remaining tribes of cowed cœnobites as the Brahmins in India are to the beggar Parias.*

* Father Hardouin, who died at Paris 3rd Sept. 1729, was one of the many high ornaments of the society and the century to which he

There is among the lyric poems of the lower Irish a very remarkable ode, the authorship of which has been ascribed to the very Rev. Robert Burrowes, the mild, tolerant, and exemplary Dean of St. Finbarr's Cathedral, Cork, whom I am proud to call my friend: it refers to the last tragic scene in the comic or melodramatic life of a Dublin gentleman, whom the above-mentioned excellent divine accompanied in his ministerial capacity to the gallows; and nothing half so characteristic of the genuine Irish recklessness of death was ever penned by any national Labruyère as that incomparable elegy, beginning—

“The night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit,” &c.

Now, were not this fact of the clerical authorship of a most sublime Pindaric composition chronicled in these papers, some future Hardouin would arise to unsettle the belief of posterity, and the claim of my friend Dean Burrowes would be overlooked; while the songster of Turpin the highwayman, the illustrious author of “Rookwood,”* would infallibly be set down as the writer of “Larry’s” last hornpipe. But let me remark, *en passant*, that in that interesting department of literature “slang songs,” Ireland enjoys a proud and lofty pre-eminence over every European country: her *musa pedestris*, or “footpad poetry,” being unrivalled; and, as it is observed by Tacitus (in his admirable work “De Moribus Germanorum”) of the barbarians on the Rhine—the native Irish find an impulse for valorous deeds, and a comfort for all their tribulations, in a song.

belonged. His Collection of the Councils ranks among the most elaborate efforts of theological toil, “Concil. Collect. Regia,” 15 vols. folio, Paris, 1715. The best edition extant of the naturalist Pliny is his (*in usum Delphini*), and displays a wondrous range of reading. He was one of the witty and honest crew of Jesuits who conducted that model of periodical criticism, the “Journal de Trévoux.” Bishop Atterbury of Rochester has written his epitaph;

“Hic jacet Petrus Harduinus,
Hominum paradoxotatos, vir summæ memoriæ,
Judicium expectans.”

PROUT.

* Prout must have enjoyed the gift of prophecy, for “Rookwood” was not published till four months after his death at Watergrasshill. Perhaps Mr. Ainsworth submitted his embryo romance to the priest’s inspection when he went to kiss the stone.—O. Y.

Many folks like to write anonymously, others posthumously, others under an assumed name; and for each of these methods of conveying thought to our fellow-men there may be assigned sundry solid reasons. But a man should never be ashamed to avow his writings, if called on by an injured party, and I, for one, will never shrink from that avowal. If, as my friend O'Brien of the Round Towers tells me, Tom Moore tried to run him down in the "Edinburgh Review," after holding an unsuccessful negotiation with him for his services in compiling a joint-stock history of Ireland, why did not the man of the *paper bullet* fire a fair shot in his own name, and court the publicity of a dirty job, which done in the dark can lose nothing of its infamy? Dr. Johnson tells us that Bolingbroke wrote in his old age a work against Christianity, which he hadn't the courage to avow or publish in his lifetime; but left a sum of money in his will to a hungry Scotchman, Mallet, on condition of printing in his own name this precious production. "He loaded the pistol," says the pious and learned lexicographer, "but made Sawney pull the trigger." Such appear to be the tactics of Tommy in the present instance: but I trust the attempt will fail, and that this insidious missile darted against the towers of O'Brien will prove a "telum imbellè, sine ictu."

The two most original writers of the day, and also the two most ill-treated by the press, are decidedly Miss Harriet Martineau and Henry O'Brien. Of Miss Martineau I shall say little, as she can defend herself against all her foes, and give them an effectual check when hard-pressed in literary encounters. Her fame can be comprised in one brief pentameter, which I would recommend as a motto for the title-page of all her treatises:

"Fœmina tractavit 'propria quæ maribus.'"

But over Henry O'Brien, as he is young and artless, I must throw the shield of my fostering protection. It is now some time since he called at Watergrasshill; it was in the summer after I had a visit from Sir Walter Scott. The young man was then well versed in the Oriental languages and the Celtic: he had read the "Coran" and the "Psalter of Cashil," the "Zendavesta" and the "Ogygia," "Lalla

Rookh" and "Rock's Memoirs," besides other books that treat of Phœnician antiquities. From these authentic sources of Irish and Hindoo mythology he had derived much internal comfort and spiritual consolation; at the same time that he had picked up a rude (and perhaps a crude) notion that the Persians and the boys of Tipperary were first cousins after all. This might seem a startling theory at first sight; but then the story of the fire-worshippers in Arabia so corresponded with the exploits of General Decimus Rock in Mononia, and the camel-driver of Mecca was so forcibly associated in his mind with the bog-trotter of Derrynane, both having deluded an untutored tribe of savages, and the *flight* of the one being as celebrated as the *vicarious imprisonment* of the other, he was sure he should find some grand feature of this striking consanguinity, some landmark indicative of former relationship:

Journeying with that intent, he eyed these TOWERS;
And, Heaven-directed, came this way to find
The noble truth that gilds his humble name.

Being a tolerable Greek scholar (for he is a Kerryman), with Lucian, of course, at his fingers' ends, he probably bethought himself of the two great phallic towers which that author describes as having been long ago erected in the countries of the East, ("ante Syriæ Deæ templum stare *phallos* duos miræ altitudinis; sacerdotem per funes ascendere, ibi orare, sacra facere, tinnitumque ciere," &c. &c.); a ray of light darted through the diaphanous casement of O'Brien's brain,—'twas a most *eurêkisk* moment,—'twas a *coup de soleil*, a manifestation of the spirit,—'twas a *divinæ particula auræ*,—'twas what a Frenchman would call *l'heure du berger*; and on the spot the whole theory of "Round Towers" was developed in his mind. The dormant chrysalis burst into a butterfly. And this is the bright thing of surpassing brilliancy that Tom Moore would extinguish with his flimsy foolscap pages of the "Edinburgh Review."

Forbid it, Heaven! Though all the mercenary or time-serving scribes of the periodical press should combine to slander and burke thee, O'B. ! though all the world betray thee, one pen at least thy right shall guard, and vindicate thy renown: here, on the summit of a bleak Irish hill—

here, to the child of genius and enthusiasm my door is still open ; and though the support which I can give thee is but a scanty portion of patronage indeed, I give it with good will, and assuredly with good humour. O'Brien ! historian of round towers, has sorrow thy young days faded ?

Does Moore with his cold wing wither
 Each feeling that once was dear ?
 Then, child of misfortune, come hither—
 I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

When O'Brien consulted me as to his future plans and prospects, and the development of his theory, in the first instance confidentially to Tom Moore, I remember distinctly that in the course of our conversation (over a red herring), I cautioned the young and fervent enthusiast against the tricks and rogueries of Tommy. No man was better able to give advice on this subject—Moore and I having had many mutual transactions, the reciprocity of which was all on one side. We know each other *intus et in cute*, as the reader of this posthumous paper will not fail to learn before he has laid down the document ; and if the ballad-monger comes off second best, I can't help him. I warned O'B. against confiding his secret to the man of melody, or else he would surely repent of his simplicity, and to his cost find himself some day the dupe of his credulous reliance : while he would have the untoward prospect of seeing his discovery swamped, and of beholding, through the medium of a deep and overwhelming flood of treachery,

“His round towers of other days
 Beneath the waters shining.”

For, to illustrate by a practical example the man's way of doing business, I gave, as a striking instance, his “Travels in Search of Religion.” Now, since my witty father's celebrated book of “Gulliver's Travels,” I ask, was there ever a more clever, or in every way so well got up a performance as this Irish gentleman's “steeple chase ?” But unfortunately memory supplies me with the FACT, that this very same identical Tommy, who in that work quotes the “Fathers” so accurately, and, I may add (without going into polemics), so felicitously and triumphantly, has written the most

abusive, scurrilous, and profane article that ever sullied the pages of the "Edinburgh Review,"—the whole scope of which is to cry down the Fathers, and to turn the highest and most cherished ornaments of the primitive church into ridicule. See the 24th volume of the "Edinburgh Review,"* p. 65, Nov. 1814, where you will learn with amazement that the most accomplished Christian writer of the second century, that most eloquent churchman, Africa's glorious son, was nothing more in Tommy's eye than the "harsh, muddy, and unintelligible Tertullian!" Further on, you will hear this Anacreontic little chap talk of "the pompous rigidity of Chrysostom;" and soon after you are equally edified by hearing him descant on the "antithetical trifling of Gregory Nazianzene"—of Gregory, whose elegant mind was the result and the index of pure unsullied virtue, ever most attractive when adorned with the graces of scholarship—Gregory, the friend of St. Basil, and his schoolfellow at Athens, where those two vigorous champions of Christianity were associated in their youthful studies with that Julian who was afterwards an emperor, a sophist, and an apostate—a disturber of oriental provinces, and a fellow who perished deservedly by the javelin of some young patriot admirer of round towers in Persia. In the article alluded to, this incredulous Thomas goes on to say, that these same Fathers, to whom he afterwards refers his Irish gentleman in the catch-penny travels, are totally "*unfit to be guides either in faith or morals.*" (*it. ib.*) The prurient rogue dares to talk of their "*pagan imaginations!*" and, having turned up his ascetic nose at these saintly men, because, forsooth, they appear to him to be but "*indifferent Christians,*" he pronounces them to be also "*elephants in battle,*" and, chuckling over this old simile, concludes with a complacent smirk quite self-satisfactory. O for the proboscis of the royal animal in the Surrey Menagerie, to give this poet's carcass a sound drubbing! O most theological, and zoological, and supereminently logical Tommy! 'tis you that are fit to travel in search of religion!

If there is one plain truth that oozes forth from the feculent heap of trash which the reviewer accumulates on the

* The book reviewed by Moore is entitled "Select Passages from the Fathers," by Hugh Boyd, Esq. Dublin, 1814.

merits of the Fathers, it is the conviction in every observant mind, drawn from the simple perusal of his article, that he never read three consecutive pages of their works in his life. No one that ever did—no one who had banqueted with the gorgeous and magnificent Chrysostom, or drained the true Athenian cup of Gregory Nazianzene, or dwelt with the eloquent and feelingly devout Bernard in the cloistered shades of Clairvaux, or mused with the powerful, rich, and scrutinizing mind of Jerome in his hermitage of Palestine,—could write an article so contemptible, so low, so little. He states, truly with characteristic audacity, that he has mounted to the most inaccessible shelves of the library in Trin. Coll. Dublin, as if he had scaled the “heights of Abraham,” to get at the original editions; but believe him not: for the old folios would have become instinct with life at the approach of the dwarf—they would have awakened from their slumber at his touch, and, tumbling their goodly volumes on their diminutive assailant, would have overwhelmed him, like Tarpeia, on the very threshold of his sacrilegious invasion.

Towards my young friend O’Brien of *the towers* he acts the same part, appearing in his favourite character—that of an anonymous reviewer, a veiled prophet of Khorasan. Having first negotiated by letter with him to extract his brains, and make use of him for his meditated “History of Ireland”—(the correspondence lies before me)—he winds up the confidential intercourse by an Edinburgh volley of canister shot, “quite in a friendly way.” He has the ineffable impudence to accuse O’Brien of *plagiarism*, and to state that this grand and unparalleled discovery had been previously made by the author of “Nimrod;”* a book which Tommy read not, neither did he care, so he plucked the laurel from the brow of merit. But to accuse a writer of plagiarism, he should be himself im-

* Nimrod, by the Hon. Reginald Herbert. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1826. Priestley. A work of uncommon erudition; but the leading idea of which is, that these towers were *fire-altars*. O. B.’s theory is not to be found in *any page of it having the remotest reference to Ireland*; and we are astonished at the unfairness of giving (as Moore has done) a pretended quotation from “Nimrod” without indicating *where* it is to be met with in the volume.—O. Y.

maculate; and while he dwells in a glass house, he should not throw stones at a man in a tower.

The Blarney-stone in my neighbourhood has attracted hither many an illustrious visitor; but none has been so assiduous a pilgrim in my time as Tom Moore. While he was engaged in his best and most unexceptionable work on the melodious ballads of his country, he came regularly every summer, and did me the honour to share my humble roof repeatedly. He knows well how often he plagued me to supply him with original songs which I had picked up in France among the merry troubadours and carol-loving inhabitants of that once happy land, and to what extent he has transferred these foreign inventions into the "Irish Melodies." Like the robber Cacus, he generally dragged the plundered cattle by the tail, so as that, moving backwards into his cavern of stolen goods, the foot-tracks might not lead to detection. Some songs he would turn upside down, by a figure in rhetoric called *ὑστέρων προτέρων*; others he would disguise in various shapes; but he would still worry me to supply him with the productions of the Gallic muse; "for, d'ye see, old Prout," the rogue would say,

"The best of all ways
To lengthen our *lays*,
Is to steal a few thoughts from the French, 'my dear.' "

Now I would have let him enjoy unmolested the renown which these "Melodies" have obtained for him; but his last treachery to my round-tower friend has raised my bile, and I shall give evidence of the unsuspected robberies:

"Abstractæque boves abjuratæque rapinæ
Cælo ostendentur."

It would be easy to point out detached fragments and stray metaphors, which he has scattered here and there in such gay confusion that every page has within its limits a mass of felony and plagiarism sufficient to hang him. For instance, I need only advert to his "Bard's Legacy." Even on his dying bed this "dying bard" cannot help indulging his evil pranks; for, in bequeathing his "heart" to his "mistress dear," and recommending her to "*borrow*" balmy

drops of port wine to bathe the relic, he is all the while robbing old Clement Marôt, who thus disposes of *his* remains :

“ Quand je suis mort, je veux qu'on m'entère
 Dans la cave où est le vin ;
 Le corps sous un tonneau de Madère,
 Et la bouche sous le robin.”

But I won't strain at a gnat, when I can capture a camel—a huge dromedary laden with pilfered spoil ; for, would you believe it if you had never learned it from Prout, the very opening and foremost song of the collection,

“ Go where glory waits thee,”

is but a literal and servile translation of an old French ditty, which is among my papers, and which I believe to have been composed by that beautiful and interesting “ ladye,” Françoise de Foix, Comtesse de Chateaubriand, born in 1491, and the favourite of Francis I., who soon abandoned her : indeed, the lines appear to anticipate his infidelity. They were written before the battle of Pavia.

Chanson

*de la Comtesse de Chateaubriand à
 François I.*

Va où la gloire t'invite ;
 Et quand d'orgueil palpite
 Ce cœur, qu'il pense à moi !
 Quand l'éloge enflamme
 Toute l'ardeur de ton âme,
 Pense encore à moi !
 Autres charmes peut-être
 Tu voudras connaître,
 Autre amour en maître
 Regnera sur toi ;
 Mais quand ta lèvre presse
 Celle qui te caresse,
 Méchant, pense à moi !

Quand au soir tu erres
 Sous l'astre des bergères,
 Pense aux doux instans

Tom Moore's

*Translation of this Song in the Irish
 Melodies.*

Go where glory waits thee ;
 But while fame elates thee,
 Oh, still remember me !
 When the praise thou meetest
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh, then remember me !
 Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee—
 All the joys that bless thee
 Dearer far may be :
 But when friends are dearest,
 And when joys are nearest,
 Oh, then remember me !

When at eve thou rovest
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh, then remember me !

Lorsque cette étoile,
 Qu'un beau ciel dévoile,
 Guida deux amans !
 Quand la fleur, symbole
 D'été qui s'envole,
 Penche sa tête molle,
 S'exhalant à l'air,
 Pense à la guirlande,
 De ta mie l'offrande—
 Don qui fut si cher !

Quand la feuille d'automne
 Sous tes pas resonance,
 Pense alors à moi !
 Quand de la famille
 L'antique foyer brille,
 Pense encore à moi !
 Et si de la chanteuse
 La voix mélodieuse
 Berce ton âme heureuse
 Et ravit tes sens,
 Pense à l'air que chante
 Pour toi ton amante—
 Tant aimés accens !

Think, when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning—
 Oh, then remember me !
 Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its lingering roses,
 Once so loved by thee,
 Think of her who wove them—
 Her who made thee love them :
 Oh, then remember me !

When around thee, dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh, then remember me !
 And at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh, still remember me !
 Then, should music, stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee ;
 Then let memory bring thee
 Strains I used to sing thee—
 Oh, then remember me !

Any one who has the slightest tincture of French literature must recognise the simple and unsophisticated style of a genuine love-song in the above, the language being that of the century in which Clement Marôt and Maître Adam wrote their incomparable ballads, and containing a kindly admixture of gentleness and sentimental delicacy, which no one but a "ladye" and a lovely heart could infuse into the composition. Moore has not been infelicitous in rendering the charms of the wondrous original into English lines adapted to the measure and tune of the French. The air is plaintive and exquisitely beautiful ; but I recommend it to be tried first on the French words, as it was sung by the charming lips of the Countess of Chateaubriand to the enraptured ear of the gallant Francis I.

The following pathetic strain is the only literary relic which has been preserved of the unfortunate Marquis de Cinquars, who was disappointed in a love affair, and who, "to fling forgetfulness around him," mixed in politics, conspired against Cardinal Richelieu, was betrayed by an accomplice, and perished on the scaffold. Moore has trans-

planted it entire into his "National Melodies;" but is very careful not to give the nation or writer whence he translated it.

Le Marquis de Cinqmars.

Tu n'as fait, o mon cœur! qu'un
beau songe,
Qui te fut, hélas! ravi trop tôt;
Ce doux rêve, ah dieux! qu'il se
prolonge,
Je consens à n'aspirer plus haut.
Faut-il que d'avance
Jeune espérance
Le destin détruise ton avenir?
Faut-il que la rose
La première éclore
Soit celle qu'il se plaise à flétrir?
Tu n'as fait, &c.

Que de fois tu trompas notre at-
tente,
Amitié, sœur de l'amour trom-
peur!
De l'amour la coupe encore en-
chante
A l'amion livre encor' son cœur:
L'insecte qui file
Sa trame inutile
Voit périr cent fois le frêle tissu;
Tel, amour ensorcele
L'homme qui renouvelle
Des liens qui l'ont cent fois
deçu!
Tu n'as fait, &c.

Thomas Moore.

O! 'twas all but a dream at the
best—
And still when happiest, soonest
o'er:
But e'en in a dream to be blest
Is so sweet, that I ask for no
more!
The bosom that opes
With earliest hopes
The soonest finds those hopes un-
true;
Like flowers that first
In spring-time burst,
The soonest wither too!
Oh, 'twas all but, &c.

By friendship we've oft been de-
ceived,
And love, even love, too soon is
past;
But friendship will still be believed,
And love trusted on to the last;
Like the web in the leaves
The spider weaves,
Is the charm that hangs o'er men—
Tho' oft as he sees
It broke by the breeze,
He weaves the bright line again!
O! 'twas all but, &c.

Every thing was equally acceptable in the way of a song to Tommy; and provided I brought grist to his mill, he did not care where the produce came from—even the wild oats and the thistles of native growth on Watergrasshill, all was good provender for his Pegasus. There was an old Latin song of my own, which I made when a boy, smitten with the charms of an Irish milkmaid, who crossed by the *hedge-school* occasionally, and who used to distract my attention from "Corderius" and "Erasmj Colloquia." I have often

laughed at my juvenile gallantry when my eye has met the copy of verses in overhauling my papers. Tommy saw it, grasped it with avidity; and I find he has given it, word for word, in an English shape in his "Irish Melodies." Let the intelligent reader judge if he has done common justice to my young muse.

In pulchram Lactiferam.

Carmen, Auctore Prout.

Lesbia semper hinc et inde
 Oculorum tela movit;
 Captat omnes, sed deinde
 Quia ametur nemo novit.
 Palpebrarum, Nora cara,
 Lux tuarum non est foris,
 Flamma micat ibi rara,
 Sed sinceri lux amoris.
 Nora Creina sit regina,
 Vultu, gressu tam modesto!
 Hæc, puellas inter bellas,
 Jure omnium dux esto!

Lesbia vestes auro gravea
 Fert, et gemmis, juxta normam;
 Gratia sed, eheu! suaves
 Cinctam reliquere formam.
 Noræ tunicam præferres,
 Flante zephyro volantem;
 Oculis et raptis erres
 Contemplando ambulantiem!
 Vesta Nora tam decorâ
 Semper indui memento,
 Semper puræ sic naturæ
 Ibis tecta vestimento.

To a beautiful Milkmaid.

A Melody, by Thomas Moore.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom
 it beameth;
 Right and left its arrows fly,
 But what they aim at, no one
 dreameth.
 Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
 My Norah's lid, that seldom
 rises;
 Few her looks, but every one
 Like unexpected light surprises,
 O, my Norah Creina dear!
 My gentle, bashful Norah Creina!
 Beauty lies
 In many eyes—
 But Love's in thine, my Norah
 Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold;
 But all so tight the nymph hath
 laced it,
 Not a charm of beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where nature
 placed it.
 O, my Norah's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain
 breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell as Heaven please.
 Yes, my Norah Creina dear!
 My simple, graceful Norah Creina!
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness—
 The dress you wear, my Norah
 Creina!



The Rogueries of Tom Moore

Lesbia mentis præfert lumen,
 Quod coruscat perlibenter ;
 Sed quis optet hoc acumen,
 Quando acupuncta dentur ?
 Noræ sinu cum recliner,
 Dormio luxuriosè,
 Nil corrugat hoc pulvinar,
 Nisi crispæ ruga rosæ.
 Nora blanda, lux amanda,
 Expers usque tenebrarum,
 Tu cor mulces per tot dulces
 Dotes, fons illecebrarum !

Lesbia hath a wit refined ;
 But when its points are gleam-
 ing round us,
 Who can tell if they're design'd
 To dazzle merely, or to wound
 us ?
 Pillow'd on my Norah's breast,
 In safer slumber Love reposes—
 Bed of peace, whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.
 O, my Norah Creina dear !
 My mild, my artless Norah
 Creina !
 Wit, though bright,
 Hath not the light
 That warms your eyes, my Norah
 Creina !

It will be seen by these specimens that Tom Moore can eke out a tolerably fair translation of any given ballad ; and indeed, to translate properly, retaining all the fire and spirit of the original, is a merit not to be sneezed at—it is the next best thing to having a genius of one's own ; for he who can execute a clever forgery, and make it pass current, is almost as well off as the capitalist who can draw a substantial check on the bank of sterling genius : so, to give the devil his due, I must acknowledge that in terseness, point, pathos, and elegance, Moore's translations of these French and Latin trifles are very near as good as the primary compositions themselves. He has not been half so lucky in hitting off Anacreon ; but he was a young man then, and a "wild fellow ;" since which time it is thought that he has got to that climacteric in life to which few poets attain, viz. the years of discretion. A predatory sort of life, the career of a literary freebooter, has had great charms for him from his cradle ; and I am afraid that he will pursue it on to final impenitence. He seems to care little about the stern reception he will one day receive from that inflexible judge, Rhadamanthus, who will make him confess all his rogueries—"Castigatque dolos, subigitque fateri"—our bard being of that epicurean and careless turn of mind so strikingly expressed in these lines of "Lalla Rookh"—

"O ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this ! it is this !"

Which verses, by the by, are alone enough to convict him of downright plagiarism and robbery; for they are (as Tommy knows right well) to be seen written in large letters in the *Mogul* language over the audience-chamber of the King of Delhi:* in fact, to examine and overhaul his "Lalla Rookh" would be a most diverting task, which I may one day undertake. He will be found to have been a chartered pirate in the Persian Gulf, as he was a highwayman in Europe—"spoliis Orientis onustum."

But the favourite field in which Tommy has carried on his depredations, to an almost incredible extent, is that of the early French troubadours, whose property he has thought fair game, availing himself thereof without scruple. In his *soi-disant* "Irish" Melodies, and indeed in all his effusions of more refined gallantry, he has poured in a large infusion of the spirit and the letter of southern France. To be sure, he has mixed up with the pure, simple, and genuine inspirations of these primitive hearts, who loved, in the olden time, after nature's fashion, much of his own overstrained fancy, strange conceits, and forced metaphors; but the initiated can easily distinguish when it is he speaketh in *propria personâ*, and when it is that he uses the pathetic and soul-stirring language of the *ménéstrels* of Gaul, those legitimate laureates of love. There has been a squib fired off by some wag of the sixteenth century against an old astrologer, who practised many rogueries in his generation, and which I think not inapplicable to Moore:

"Nostra damus cùm falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est:
Et cùm falsa damus, non nisi *Nostra damus*."

And, only it were a profanation to place two such personages in juxtaposition, I would say that Moore might use the affecting, the soul-rending appeal of the ill-fated Mary Stuart, addressed to that land of song and civilisation which she was quitting for ever, when she exclaimed, as the Gallic shore receded from her view, that "half of her heart would still be found on the loved plains of France, and even the other half pined to rejoin it in its primitive abodes of pleasantness and joy." The song of the unfortunate queen is too

* See the "Asiatic Journal" for May, 1834, p. 2.

exquisitely beautiful not to be given here by me, such as she sang it on the deck of the vessel that wafted her away from the scenes of her youth and the blessings of friendship, to seek the dismal regions of bleak barbarity and murderous fanaticism. I also give it because Tommy has modelled on it his melody, "As slow our ship its foamy track," and Byron his "Native land, good night!"

"Adieu, plaisant pays de France!
 Oh, ma patrie la plus chérie,
 Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance—
 Adieu, France! adieu, mes beaux
 jours!
 La nef qui déjoint mes amours
 N'a ici de moi que la moitié;
 Une part te reste, elle est tienne,
 Je la fie à ton amitié—
 Pour que de l'autre, il te souviennne!"

"Farewell fair land,
 Mine heart's countrie!
 Where girlhood planned
 Its wild freaks free.
 The bark that bears
 A Queen to Scots,
 In twain but tears
 Her who allots
 Her dearer half to thee:
 Keep, keep her memorie!"

I now come to a more serious charge. To plunder the French is all right; but to rob his own countrymen is what the late Lord Liverpool would call "*too bad.*" I admit the claims of the poet on the gratitude of the aboriginal Irish; for glorious Dan might have exerted his leathern lungs during a century in haranguing the native *sans culottes* on this side of the Channel; but had not the "*Melodies*" made *emancipation* palatable to the thinking and generous portion of Britain's free-born sons—had not his poetry spoken to the hearts of the great and the good, and enlisted the fair daughters of England, the spouters would have been but objects of scorn and contempt. The "*Melodies*" won the cause silently, imperceptibly, effectually; and if there be a tribute due from that class of the native, it is to the child of song. Poets, however, are always destined to be poor; and such used to be the case with patriots too, until the *rint* opened the eyes of the public, and taught them that even that sacred and exalted passion, love of country, could resolve itself, through an Irish alembic, into an ardent love for the copper currency of one's native land. The dagger of Harmodius, which used to be concealed under a wreath of myrtle, is now-a-days hidden within the cavity of a church-door begging-box: and Tom Moore can only claim the second part of the cele-

orated line of Virgil, as the first evidently refers to Mr. O'Connell ;

“*Ære ciere viros—Martemque accendere cantu.*”

But I am digressing from the serious charge I mean to bring against the author of that beautiful melody, “The Shamrock.” Does not Tom Moore know that there was such a thing in France as the Irish brigade? and does he not fear and tremble lest the ghosts of that valiant crew, whom he has robbed of their due honours, should, “in the stilly night, when slumber’s chains have bound him,” drag his small carcass to the Styx, and give him a well-merited sousing? For why should he exhibit as his production *their* favourite song? and what ineffable audacity to pawn off on modern drawing-rooms as *his own* that glorious carol which made the tents of Fontenoy ring with its exhilarating music, and which old General Stack, who lately died at Calais, used to sing so gallantly?

Le Trefle d'Irlande.

Chanson de la Brigade, 1748.

Un jour en Hybernie,
D'AMOUR le beau génie
Et le dieu de la VALEUR firent ren-
contre
Avec le “BEL ESPRIT,”
Ce drôle qui se rit
De tout ce qui lui vient à l'encontre;
Partout leur pas reveille*
Une herbe à triple feuille,
Que la nuit humecta de ses pleurs,
Et que la douce aurore
Fraichement fait éclorre,
De l'emeraude elle a les couleurs.
Vive le trefle!
Vive le vert gszon!
De la patrie, terre chérie!
L'emblème est bel et bon!

VALEUR, d'un ton superbe,
S'écrie, “Pour moi cette herbe
Croît sitôt qu'elle me voit ici pa-
raître;”

The Shamrock.

A “Melody” of Tom Moore’s, 1813.

Through Erin’s isle,
To sport awhile,
As Lovo and Valour wander’d
With Wit the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander’d:
Where’er they pass,
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dew-drops stream-
ing,
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.
O the shamrock!
The green immortal shamrock!
Chosen leaf of hard and chief—
Old Erin’s native shamrock!

Says Valour, “See!
They spring for me.
Those leafy gems of morning;”

* *Alia lectio: partout leur main recueille.*

AMOUR lui dit, "Non, non,
C'est moi que le gazon
Honore en ces bijoux qu'il fait
naître ;"

Mais BEL ESPRIT dirige
Sur l'herbe à triple tige
Un œil observateur, à son tour,
"Pourquoi," dit-il, "défaire
Un nœud si beau, qui serre
En ce type ESPRIT, VALEUR, et
AMOUR !"

Vive le tréfle !
Vive le vert gazon !
De la patrie, terre chérie !
L'emblème est bel et bon !

Prions le Ciel qu'il dure
Ce nœud, où la nature
Voudrait voir une éternelle alliance ;
Que nul venin jamais
N'empoisonne les traits
Qu'à l'entour si gaiement l'ESPRIT
lance !

Que nul tyran ne rêve
D'user le noble glaive
De la VALEUR contre la liberté ;
Et que l'AMOUR suspende
Sa plus belle guirlande
Sur l'autel de la fidélité !

Vive le tréfle !
Vive le vert gazon !
De la patrie, terre chérie !
L'emblème est bel et bon !

Says Love, "No, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "O, do not sever
A type that blends
Three godlike friends—
Wit, Valour, Love, for ever !"
O the shamrock !
The green immortal shamrock !
Chosen leaf of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock !

So firm and fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together ;
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather !
May Love, as shoot
His flowers and fruit,
Of thorny falsehood weed them ;
Let Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of freedom,
Or of the shamrock,
The green immortal shamrock !
Chosen leaf of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock !

Molière has written a pleasant and instructive comedy entitled the *Fourberies de Scapin*, which I recommend to Tom's perusal ; and in the "spelling-book" which I used to con over when at the hedge-school with my foster-brother George Knapp, who has since risen to eminence as mayor of Cork, but with whom I used then to share the reading of the "Universal Spelling-Book" (having but one between us), there is an awful story about "Tommy and Harry," very capable of deterring youthful minds from evil practices, especially the large wood-cut representing a lion tearing the stomach of the luckless wight who led a career of wickedness. Had Tommy Moore been brought up properly (as Knapp and I were), he would not have committed

so many depredations, which he ought to know would be discovered on him at last, and cause him bitterly to repent his "rogueries."

With all my sense of indignation, unabated and unmitigated at the unfairness with which O'Brien "of the round towers" has been treated, and which has prompted me to make disclosures which would have otherwise slept with me in the grave, I must do Moore the justice to applaud his accurate, spirited, and sometimes exquisite translations from recondite MSS. and other totally unexplored writings of antiquity. I felt it my duty, in the course of these strictures, to denounce the version of Anacreon as a total failure, only to be accounted for by the extreme youth and inexperience of the subsequently matured and polished melodist; but there is an obscure Greek poet, called *Στακκος Μορφιδης*, whose ode on whisky, or negus, composed about the sixteenth olympiad, according to the chronology of Archbishop Usher, he has splendidly and most literally rendered into English Anacreontic verse, thus:

Στακκου Μορφιδεος ισχυς.

(Stat nominis umbra.)

Στεψωμεν ουν κυπελλον
 Τοις ανθεμοισι ψυχης,
 Τοις φερτατοις φρενες γ' α
 'Ημιν δυναιντ' εφευρειν.
 Ταυτη γαρ ουρανονδε
 Τη νυκτι δει πετασθαι,
 Ταυτην λιποντες αιαν.
 Ει γ' ουν Ερωσ λαθοιτο
 Τοις στεμματεσσ' α Τερψις
 'Ημιν μαγος διδωσιν,
 Ουπω φοβος γενοιτο,
 'Ως γαρ παρεστιν αιος,
 Βαψωμεν ειγε κεντεϊ.

'Ως μοι λεγουσι, νεκταρ
 Παλαι επινον 'ΗΡΑΙ
 Και ΖΗΝΕΣ ηδε ΦΟΙΒΟΙ.
 Εξεστι και βροτοισιν
 'Ημιν ποιειν το νεκταρ'
 Πουητεον γαρ ωδε'

On Whisky or Negus.

By Moore.

Wreathe the bowl
 With flowers of soul
 The brightest wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Towards heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us.
 Should Love amid
 The wreath be hid,
 That joy th' enchanter brings us;
 No danger fear
 While wine is near—
 We'll drown him if he stings us.
 Then wreathe the bowl, &c. &c.

'Twas nectar fed
 Of old, 'tis said,
 Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
 And man may brew
 His nectar too—
 The rich receipt's as follows:

Τουτον λαβουτες οινον,
 Του χαρματος προσωποις
 Αμφι σκυφος στεφοντες,
 Τοτε φρενων φαεινην
 Ποτω χεουτες αυγην,
 Ιδου, παρεστι νεκταρ.

Take wine like this,
 Let looks of bliss
 Around it well be blended ;
 Then bring wit's beam
 To warm the stream—
 And there's your nectar splendid.
 Then wreathe the bowl, &c. &c.

Τιπτ' ουν Χρονος γε ψαμμφ
 Την κλειψυδραν επλησε
 Την αγλαην αεικει ;
 Ευ μεν γαρ ουδεν οινον
 Ταχυτερον διαρρειν,
 Στιλπνωτερον τε λαμπειν
 Δος ουν, δος ημιν αυτην,
 Και μειδιωντες ουτως
 Την κλειψυδραν σχισαντες,
 Ποησομεν γε διπλω
 Ρειν ηδουνην ρεεθρω
 Εμπλησομεν δ' εταυροι
 Αμφω κυτη ες αιει.

Say, why did Time
 His glass sublime
 Fill up with sands unsightly,
 When wine, he knew,
 Runs brisker through,
 And sparkles far more brightly ?
 O lend it us,
 And, smiling, thus
 The glass in two we'd sever,
 Make pleasure glide
 In double tide,
 And fill both ends for ever.
 Then wreathe the bowl, &c. &c.

Such carefully finished translations as this from *Στακκος*, in which not an idea or beauty of the Greek is lost in the English version, must necessarily do Tommy infinite credit ; and the only drawback on the abundant praise which I should otherwise feel inclined to bestow on the Anacreontic versifier, is the fatal neglect, or perhaps wilful treachery, which has led him to deny or suppress the sources of his inspiration, and induced him to appear in the discreditable fashion of an Irish jackdaw in the borrowed plumage of a Grecian peacock. The splendour of poesy, like "Malachy's collar of gold," is round his neck ; but he won it from a stranger : the green glories of the emerald adorn his glowing crest—or, as Phædrus says,

"Nitor smaragdi collo refulget tuo—"

but if you ruffle his feathers a little, you will find that his literary toilette is composed of what the French *coiffeurs* call *des ornemens postiches* ; and that there was never a more called-for declaration than the avowal which he himself makes in one of his Melodies, when, talking of the wild strains of the Irish harp, he admits, he "*was but the wind*

passing heedlessly over " its chords, and that the music was by no means his own.

A simple hint was sometimes enough to set his muse at work ; and he not only was, to my knowledge, an adept in translating accurately, but he could also string together any number of lines in any given measure, in *imitation* of a song or ode which casually came in his way. This is not such arrant robbery as what I have previously stigmatised ; but it is a sort of *quasi-pilfering*, a kind of petty larceny, not to be encouraged. There is, for instance, his "National Melody," or jingle, called, in the early edition of his poems, "Those Evening Bells," a "*Petersburg air*;" of which I could unfold the natural history. It is this:—In one of his frequent visits to Watergrasshill, Tommy and I spent the evening in talking of our continental travels, and more particularly of Paris and its *mirabilia* ; of which he seemed quite enamoured. The view from the tower of the central church, Nôtre Dame, greatly struck his fancy ; and I drew the conversation to the subject of the simultaneous ringing of all the bells in all the steeples of that vast metropolis on some feast-day, or public rejoicing. The effect, he agreed with me, is most enchanting, and the harmony most surprising. At that time Victor Hugo had not written his glorious romance, the *Hunchback Quasimodo* ; and, consequently, I could not have read his beautiful description : " In an ordinary way, the noise issuing from Paris in the day-time is the *talking* of the city ; at night, it is the *breathing* of the city ; in this case, it is the *singing* of the city. Lend your ear to this opera of steeples. Diffuse over the whole the buzzing of half a million of human beings, the eternal murmur of the river, the infinite piping of the wind, the grave and distant quartette of the four forests, placed like immense organs on the four hills of the horizon ; soften down as with a demi-tint all that is too shrill and too harsh in the central mass of sound,—and say if you know anything in the world more rich, more gladdening, more dazzling, than that tumult of bells—than that furnace of music—than those ten thousand brazen tones, breathed all at once from *flutes of stone three hundred feet high*—than that city which is but one orchestra—than that symphony, rushing and roaring like a tempest." All these matters, we agreed,

were very fine ; but there is nothing, after all, like the associations which early infancy attaches to the well-known and long-remembered chimes of our own parish-steeple : and no magic can equal the effect on our ear when returning after long absence in foreign, and perhaps happier countries. As we perfectly coincided in the truth of this observation, I added, that long ago, while at Rome, I had thrown my ideas into the shape of a song, which I would sing him to the tune of the "Groves."

THE SHANDON BELLS.*

*Sabbata pango,
Funera plango,
Solemnia clango.*

Inscrip. on an old Bell.

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee ;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—

But all their music
Spoke naught like thine ;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old "Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Nôtre Dame ;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly ;—

* The spire of Shandon, built on the ruins of old Shandon Castle (for which see the plates in "Pacata Hybernia"), is a prominent object, from whatever side the traveller approaches our beautiful city. In a vault at its foot sleep some generations of the writer's kith and kin.

O! the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
 While on tower and kiosk o!
 In Saint Sophia
 The Turkman gets,
 And loud in air
 Calls men to prayer

From the tapering summit
 Of tall minarets.
 Such empty phantom
 I freely grant them;
 But there is an anthem
 More dear to me,—
 'Tis the bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

Shortly afterwards, Moore published his "Evening Bells, a *Petersburg air*." But any one can see that he only rings a few changes on my Roman ballad, cunningly shifting the scene as far north as he could, to avoid detection. He deserves richly to be sent on a hurdle to Siberia.

I do not feel so much hurt at this nefarious "belle's stratagem" regarding me, as at his wickedness towards the man of the round towers; and to this matter I turn in conclusion.

"O blame not the bard!" some folks will no doubt exclaim, and perhaps think that I have been over-severe on Tommy, in my vindication of O'B.; I can only say, that if the *poet of all circles and the idol of his own*, as soon as this posthumous rebuke shall meet his eye, begins to repent him of his wicked attack on my young friend, and, turning him from his evil ways, betakes him to his proper trade of ballad-making, then shall he experience the comfort of living at peace with all mankind, and old Prout's blessing shall fall as a precious ointment on his head. In that contingency if (as I understand it to be his intention) he should happen to publish a *fresh* number of his "Melodies," may it be eminently successful; and may Power of the Strand, by some more sterling sounds than the echoes of fame, be convinced of the power of song—

For it is not the magic of streamlet or hill:
 O no! it is something that sounds in the "*till!*"

My humble patronage, it is true, cannot do much for him in fashionable circles; for I never mixed much in the *beau*

monde (at least in Ireland) during my life-time, and can be of no service of course when I'm dead; nor will his "Melodies," I fear, though well adapted to mortal piano-fortes, answer the purposes of that celestial choir in which I shall then be an obscure but cheerful vocalist. But as I have touched on this grave topic of mortality, let Moore recollect that his course here below, however harmonious in the abstract, must have a finale; and at his last hour let him not treasure up for himself the unpleasant retrospect of young genius nipped in the bud by the frost of his criticism, or glad enthusiasm's early promise damped by inconsiderate sneers. O'Brien's book can, and will, no doubt, afford much matter for witticism and merriment to the superficial, the unthinking, and the profane; but to the eye of candour it ought to have presented a page richly fraught with wondrous research—redolent with all the perfumes of Hindostan; its leaves, if they failed to convince, should, like those of the mysterious *lotus*, have inculcated silence; and if the finger of meditation did not rest on every line, and pause on every period, the volume, at least, should not be indicated to the vulgar by the finger of scorn. Even granting that there were in the book some errors of fancy, of judgment, or of style, which of us is without reproach in our *juvenile* productions? and though I myself am old, I am the more inclined to forgive the inaccuracies of youth. Again, when all is dark, who would object to a ray of light, merely because of the faulty or flickering medium by which it is transmitted? And if these round towers have been hitherto a dark puzzle and a mystery, must we scare away O'Brien because he approaches with a rude and unpolished but serviceable lantern? No; forbid it, Diogenes: and though Tommy may attempt to put his extinguisher on the *towers* and their *historian*, there is enough of good sense in the British public to make common cause with O'Brien the enlightener. Moore should recollect, that knowledge conveyed in any shape will ever find a welcome among us; and that, as he himself beautifully observes in his "Loves of the Angels"—

"Sunshine broken in the rill,
Though turned aside, is sunshine still."

For my own part, I protest to Heaven, that were I, while

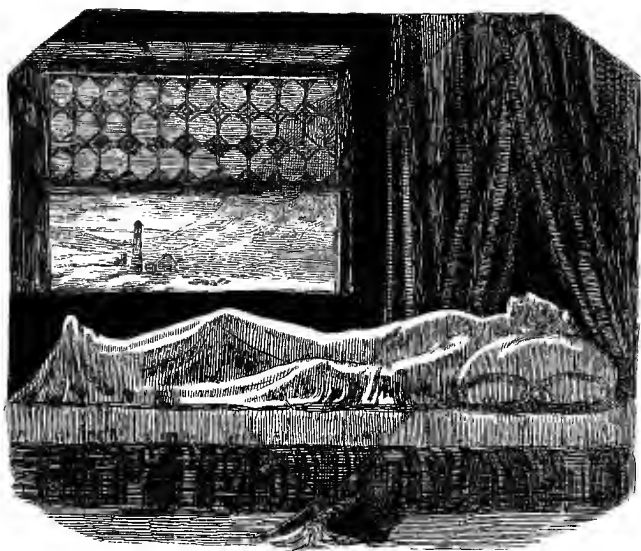
wandering in a gloomy forest, to meet on my dreary path the small, faint, glimmering light even of a glow-worm, I should shudder at the thought of crushing with my foot that dim speck of brilliancy; and were it only for its being akin to brighter rays, honouring it for its relationship to the stars, I would not harm the little lamplighter as I passed along in the woodland shade.

If Tommy is rabidly bent on satire, why does he not fall foul of Doctor Lardner, who has got the clumsy machinery of a whole Cyclopædia at work, grinding that nonsense which he calls "Useful Knowledge?" Let the poet mount his Pegasus, or his Rosinante, and go tilt a lance against the doctor's windmill. It was unworthy of him to turn on O'Brien, after the intimacy of private correspondence; and if he was inclined for battle, he might have found a seemlier foe. Surely my young friend was not the quarry on which the vulture should delight to pounce, when there are so many literary reptiles to tempt his beak and glut his maw! Heaven knows, there is fair game and plentiful carrion on the plains of Bœotia. In the poet's picture of the pursuits of a royal bird, we find such sports alluded to—

"In reluctantes dracones
Egit amor dapis atque pugnae."

Let Moore, then, vent his indignation and satiate his voracity on the proper objects of a volatile of prey; but he will find in his own province of imaginative poetry a kindlier element, a purer atmosphere, for his winged excursions. Long, long may we behold the gorgeous bird soaring through the regions of inspiration, distinguished in his loftier as in his gentler flights, and combining, by a singular miracle of ornithology, the voice of the turtle-dove, the eagle's eye and wing, with the plumage of the "bird of Paradise."

MEM.—*On the 28th of June, 1835, died, at the Hermitage, Hanwell, "Henry O'Brien, author of the Round Towers of Ireland."* His portrait was hung up in the gallery of Regina on the 1st of August following; and the functionary who exhibits the "Literary Characters" dwelt thus on his merits:



In the village graveyard of Hanwell (*ad viii. ab urbe lapidem*) sleeps the original of yonder sketch, and the rude forefathers of the Saxon hamlet have consented to receive among them the clay of a Milesian scholar. That "original" was no stranger to us. Some time back we had our misgivings that the oil in his flickering lamp of life would soon dry up; still, we were not prepared to hear of his light being thus abruptly extinguished. "One morn we missed him" from the accustomed table at the library of the British Museum, where the page of antiquity awaited his perusal; "another came—nor yet" was he to be seen behind the pile of "Asiatic Researches," poring over his favourite Herodotus, or deep in the Zendavesta. "The next" brought tidings of his death.

"Au banquet de la vie, infortuné convive,
J'apparus un jour, et je meurs :
Je meurs, et sur la tombe où, jeune encor, j'arrive
Nul ne viendra verser des pleurs."

His book on "the Round Towers" has thrown more light on the early history of Ireland, and on the freemasonry of these gigantic puzzles, than will ever shine from the cracked pitchers of the "Royal Irish Academy," or the farthing candle of Tommy Moore. And it was quite natural that he should have received from them, during his lifetime, such tokens of malignant hostility as might sufficiently "tell how they hated his beams." The "Royal Irish" twaddlers must surely feel some compunction now, when they look back on their paltry transactions in the matter of the "prize-essay;" and though we do not expect much from "Tom Brown the younger," or "Tom Little," the author of sundry Tomfudgeries and Tomfooleries, still it would not surprise us if he now felt the necessity of atoning for his individual misconduct by doing appropriate penance in a white sheet, or a "blue and yellow" blanket, when next he walks abroad in that rickety go-cart of drivelling dotage, the "Edinburgh Review."

While Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, he discovered in the suburbs of Syracuse the neglected grave of Archimedes, from the circumstance of a symbolical cylinder indicating the pursuits and favourite theories of the illustrious dead. Great was his joy at the recognition. No emblem will mark the sequestered spot where lies the Œdipus of the Round Tower riddle—no hieroglyphic,

"Save daisies on the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date."

But ye who wish for monuments to his memory, go to his native land, and there—*circumspicite!*—Glendalough, Devenish, Clondalkin, Inniscattery, rear their architectural cylinders; and each, through those mystic apertures that face the cardinal points, proclaims to the four winds of heaven, trumpet-tongued, the name of him who solved the

problem of 3000 years, and who first disclosed the drift of these erections!

Fame, in the Latin poet's celebrated personification, is described as perched

"Sublimi culmine tecti,
Turribus aut altis."

Æneid IV.

That of O'B. is pre-eminently so circumstanced. From these proud pinnacles nothing can dislodge his renown. Moore, in the recent pitiful compilation meant for "a history," talks of these monuments as being so many "astronomical indexes." He might as well have said they were tubes for the purposes of gastronomy. 'Tis plain *he* knew as little about their origin as he may be supposed to know of the "Hanging Tower of Pisa," or the "Torre degli Asinelli," or how the nose of the beloved resembled the tower of Damascus.

Concerning the subject of this memoir, suffice it to add that he was born in the kingdom of Iversagh, graduated in T.C.D. (having been classically "brought up at the feet of" the Rev. Charles Boyton); and fell a victim here to the intense ardour with which he pursued the anti-quarian researches that he loved.

"Kerria me genuit; studia, heu! rapuère; tenet nunc
Anglia: sed patriam turrigeram cecini."

Regent Street, August 1, 1835.

No. VI.

LITERATURE AND THE JESUITS.

From the Prout Papers.

"Alii spem gentis adultos
Educunt fœtus: alii purissima mella
Stipant, et liquido distendunt nectare cellas."

VIRG. *Georgic IV.*

"Through flowery paths
Skilled to guide youth, in haunts where learning dwells,
They filled with honey'd lore their cloistered cells."

PROUT.

THE massacre this month by a brutal populace in Madrid of fourteen Jesuits, in the hall of their college of St.

Isidoro, has drawn somewhat of notice, if not of sympathy, to this singular order of literati, whom we never fail, for the last three hundred years, to find mixed up with every political disturbance. There is a certain species of bird well known to ornithologists, but better still to mariners, which is sure to make its appearance in stormy weather—so constantly indeed, as to induce among the sailors (*durum genus*) a belief that it is *the fowl* that has raised the tempest. Leaving this knotty point to be settled by Dr. Lardner in his “Cyclopædia,” at the article of “Mother Carey’s chickens,” we cannot help observing, meantime, that since the days of the French League under Henri Trois, to the late final expulsion of the *branche ainée* (an event which has marked the commencement of REGINA’S accession to the throne of literature), as well in the revolutions of Portugal as in the vicissitudes of Venice, in the revocation of the edict of Nantz, in the expulsion of James II., in the severance of the Low Countries from Spain, in the invasion of Africa by Don Sebastian, in the Scotch rebellion of ’45, in the conquest of China by the Tartars, in all the Irish rebellions, from Father Salmeron in 1561, and Father Archer (for whom see “*Pacata Hibernia*”), to that *anonymous* Jesuit who (according to Sir Harcourt Lees) threw *the bottle* at the Lord Lieutenant in the Dublin theatre some years ago,—there is always one of this ill-fated society found in the thick of the confusion—

“ And whether for good, or whether for ill,
It is not mine to say ;
But still to the house of Amundeville
He abideth night and day !

When an heir is born, he is heard to mourn,
And when ought is to befall
That ancient line, in the pale *moonshine*
He walks from hall to hall.”

BYRON.

However, notwithstanding the various and manifold commotions which these Jesuits have confessedly kicked up in the kingdoms of Europe and the commonwealth of Christendom, we, OLIVER YORKE, must admit that they have not deserved ill of the *Republic of Letters* ; and therefore do we

decidedly set our face against the Madrid process of knocking out their brains; for, in our view of things, the *pineal gland* and the *cerebellum* are not kept in such a high state of cultivation in Spain as to render superfluous a few colleges and professors of the *literæ humaniores*. George Knapp, the vigilant mayor of Cork, was, no doubt, greatly to be applauded for demolishing with his civic club the mad dogs which invested his native town; and he would have won immortal laurels if he had furthermore cleared that beautiful city of the idlers, gossips, and cynics, who therein abound; but it was a great mistake of the Madrid folks to apply the club to the learned skulls of the few literati they possessed. We are inclined to think (though full of respect for Robert Southey's opinion) that, after all, Roderick was *not* the last of the Goths in Spain.

When the Cossacks got into Paris in 1814, their first exploit was to eat up all the tallow candles of the conquered metropolis, and to drink the train oil out of the lamps, so as to leave the "Boulevards" in Cimmerian darkness. By murdering the schoolmasters, it would seem that the partisans of Queen Christina would have no great objection to a similar municipal arrangement for Madrid. But all this is a matter of national taste; and as *our* gracious REGINA is no party to "the quadruple alliance," she has determined to adhere to her fixed system of non-intervention.

Meantime the public will peruse with some curiosity a paper from Father Prout, concerning his old masters in literature. We suspect that on this occasion sentimental gratitude has begotten a sort of "drop serene" in his eye, for he only winks at the rogueries of the Jesuits; nor does he redden for them the gridiron on which he gently roasts Dr. Lardner and Tom Moore. But the great merit of the essay is, that the composer evidently had opportunities of a thorough knowledge of his subject—a matter of rare occurrence, and therefore quite refreshing. He appears, indeed, to be fully aware of his vantage-ground: hence the tone of confidence, and the firm, unhesitating tenour of his assertions. This is what we like to see. A chancellor of England who rarely got drunk, Sir Thomas More, has left this bit of advice to folks in general:

These men alwaye
 affirme and say
 that tis best for a man
 diligently
 for to apply
 to the business he can,
 and in no wyse
 to enterpryse

another facultie.
 A simple hatter
 should not go smatter
 in philosophie ;
 nor ought a peddlar
 become a meddlar
 in theologie.*

Acting on this principle, how gladly would we open our columns to a treatise by our particular friend, Marie Taglioni, on the philosophy of *hops*!—how cheerfully would we welcome an essay on *heavy wet* from the pen of Dr. Wade, or of Jack Reeve, or any other similarly qualified Chevalier de Malte! We should not object to a tract on gin from Charley Pearson; nor would we exclude Lord Althorp's thick notions on "*flummery*," or Lord Brougham's XXX. ideas on that mild alcohol which, for the sake of peace and quietness, we shall call "*tea*." Who would not listen with attention to Irving on a matter of "*unknown tongues*," or to O'Brien on "*Round Towers?*" Verily it belongeth to old Benjamin Franklin to write scientifically on the *paratonnère*; and his contemporary, Talleyrand, has a paramount claim to lecture on the *weather-cock*.

"Sumite materiam vestris qui scribitis æquam
 Viribus."

Turning finally to thee, O Prout! truly great was thy love of frolic, but still more remarkable thy wisdom. Thou wert a most rare combination of Socrates and Sancho Panza, of Scarron and the venerable Bede! What would we not have given to have cracked a bottle with thee in thy hut on Watergrasshill, partaking of thy hospitable "*herring*," and imbibing thy deep flood of knowledge with the plenitude of thy "*Medoc?*" Nothing gloomy, narrow, or pharisaical, ever entered into thy composition—"In wit, a man; simplicity, a child." The wrinkled brow of antiquity softened into smiles for thee; and the Muses must have marked thee

* See this excellent didactic poem printed at length in the elaborate preface to Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. It is entitled, "*A merrie Jest, how a Sarjeant would learn to play y^e Frere; by Maister Thomas More, in hys youthe.*"

in thy cradle for their own. Such is the perfume that breathes from thy chest of posthumous elucidations, conveying a sweet fragrance to the keen nostrils of criticism, and recalling the funeral oration of the old woman in Phædrus over her emptied flagon—

“O suavis anima! quale te dicam bonum
Antehac fuisse, tales cum sint reliquæ.”

OLIVER YORKE.

Regent Street, 1st Sept. 1834.

Watergrasshill, Dec. 1833.

ABOUT the middle of the sixteenth century, after the vigorous arm of an Augustinian monk had sounded on the banks of the Rhine that loud tocsin of reform that found such responsive echo among the Gothic steeples of Germany, there arose in southern Europe, as if to meet the exigency of the time, a body of popish men, who have been called (assuredly by no friendly nomenclator) the Janissaries of the Vatican. Professor Robertson, in his admirable “History of Charles V.,” introduces a special episode concerning the said “janissaries;” and, sinking for a time the affairs of the belligerent continent, turns his grave attention to the operations of the children of Loyola. The essay forms an agreeable interlude in the melodrama of contemporary warfare, and is exquisitely adapted to the purpose of the professor; whose object was, I presume, to furnish his readers with a light *divertimento*. For surely and soberly (*pace tanti viri dixerim*) he did not expect that *his* theories on the origin, development, and mysterious organisation of that celebrated society, would pass current with any save the uninitiated and the profane; nor did he ever contemplate the adoption of his speculations by any but the careless and unreflecting portion of mankind. It was a capital peg on which to hang the flimsy mantle of a superficial philosophy; it was a pleasant race-ground over which to canter on the gentle back of a metaphysical hobby-horse: but what could a Presbyterian of Edinburgh, even though a pillar of the kirk, know about the inmost and most recondite workings

of Catholic freemasonry? What could *he* tell of Jerusalem, he being a Samaritan? Truly, friend Robertson, Father Prout would have taken the liberty, had he been in the historical workshop where thou didst indite that ilk, of acting the unceremonious part of "Cynthius" in the eclogue:

"Aurem

Vellit et admonuit, 'Pastorem, Tityre, pingues
Pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere carmen.'"

What could have possessed the professor? Did *he* ever go through the course of "*spiritual exercises*?" Did *he* ever eat a peck of salt with Loyola's intellectual and highly disciplined sons? "Had *he* ever manifested his conscience?" Did his venturesome foot ever cross the threshold of the Jesuitical sanctuary? Was he deeply versed in the "*ratio studiorum*." Had his ear ever drank the mystic whisperings of the *monita secreta*? No! Then why the deuce did he sit down to write about the Jesuits? Had he not the Brahmins of India at his service? Could he not take up the dervishes of Persia? or the bonzes of Japan? or the illustrious brotherhood of Bohemian gipsies? or the "ancient order of Druids?" or all of them together? But, in the name of Cornelius à Lapide, why did he undertake to write about the Jesuits?

I am the more surprised at the learned historian's thus indulging in the Homeric luxury of a transient nap, as he generally is broad awake, and scans with scrutinising eye the doings of his fellow-men through several centuries of interest. To talk about matters of which he must necessarily be ignorant, never occurs (except in this case) to his comprehensive habit of thought: and it was reserved for modern days to produce that school of writers who industriously employ their pens on topics the most exalted above their range of mind, and the least adapted to their powers of illustration. The more ignorance, the more audacity. "Prince Puckler Muskaw" and "Lady Morgan" furnish the *beau idéal* of this class of scribblers. Let them get but a peep at the "toe of Hercules," and they will produce forthwith an accurate mezzotinto drawing of his entire godship. Let them get a footing in any country in the habitable globe for twenty-four hours, and their volume of

“France,” “England,” “Italy,” or “Belgium” is ready for the press.

“Oh give but a *glance*, let a vista but gleam,
Of any given country, and mark how they'll feel!”

It is not necessary that they should know the common idiom of the natives, or even their own language grammatically; for Lady Morgan (aforesaid) stands convicted, in her printed rhapsodies, of being very little acquainted with French, and not at all with Italian: while her *English*, of which every one can judge, is poor enough. The Austrian authorities shut the gates of Germany against her impostures, not relishing the idea of such audacious humbug: in truth, what could she have done at Vienna, not knowing German; though perhaps her obstetric spouse, Sir Charles, can play on the German flute?

“Lasciami por' nella terra il piede
E vider' questi inconosciuti lidi,
Vider' le gente, e il colto di lor fede,
E tutto quello onde uom saggio m' invidi,
Quando mi gioverà narrare altrui
Le novità vedute, e dire, ‘*io fui!*’”

TASSO, *Gerus. Lib.* cant. 15, st. 38.

There is in the county of Kildare a veritable Jesuits' college (of whose existence Sir Harcourt Lees is well satisfied, having often denounced it): it is called “Clongowes Wood;” and even the sacred “Groves of Blarney” do not so well deserve the honours of a pilgrimage as this haunt of classic leisure and studious retirement. Now Lady Morgan wanted to explore the learned cave of these literary cœnobites, and no doubt would have written a book, entitled “Jesuitism in all its Branches,” on her return to Dublin; but the sons of Loyola smelt a rat, and acted on the principle inculcated in the legend of St. Senanus (Colgan. *Acta SS. Hyb.*):

“Quid fœminis
Commune est cum monachis?
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittamus in insulam.”

For which Prout's blessing on 'em! Amen.

In glaring contrast and striking opposition to this system of forwardness and effrontery practised by the “lady” and

the "prince," stands the exemplary conduct of Denny Mullins. Denny is a patriot and a breeches-maker in the town of Cork, the oracle of the "Chamber of Commerce," and looked up to with great reverence by the radicals and *sans culottes* who swarm in that beautiful city. The excellence of his leather hunting unmentionables is admitted by the Mac-room fox-hunters; while his leather gaiters and his other *straps* are approved of by John Cotter of the branch bank of Ireland. But this is a mere parenthesis. Now when the boys in the Morea were kicking against the Sublime Porte, to the great delight of Joe Hume and other Corinthians, a grand political dinner occurred in the beautiful capital of Munster; at which, after the usual flummery about Marathon and the Peloponnesus, the health of Prince Ypsilanti and "Success to the Greeks" was given from the chair. There was a general call for Mullins to speak on this toast; though why *he* should be selected none could tell, unless for the reason which caused the Athenians to banish Aristides, viz. his being "too honest." Denny rose and rebuked their waggery by protesting, that, "though he was a plain man, he could always give a reason for what he was about. As to the modern Greeks, he would think twice before he either trusted them or refused them credit. He knew little about their forefathers, except what he had read in an author called Pope's 'Homer,' who says they were 'well-gaitered;' and he had learned to respect *them*. But latterly, to call a man a 'Greek' was, in his experience of the world, as bad as to call him 'a Jesuit;' though, in both cases, few people had ever any personal knowledge of a *real* Jesuit or a *bond fide* Grecian." Such was the wisdom of the Aristides of Cork.

Nevertheless, it is not my intention to enter on the debatable ground of "the order's" moral or political character. Cerutti, the secretary of Mirabeau (whose funeral oration he was chosen to pronounce in the church of St. Eustache, April 4, 1791), has written most eloquently on that topic; and in the whole range of French polemics I know nothing so full of manly logic and genuine energy of style as his celebrated "Apologie des Jésuites," (8vo. Soleure, 1778). He afterwards conducted, with Rabaud St. Etienne, that firebrand newspaper, "La Feuille Villageoise," in which

there was red-hot enthusiasm enough to get all the *châteaux* round Paris burnt: but the work of his youth remains an imperishable performance. My object is simply to consider "the Jesuits" in connexion with *literature*. None would be more opposed than I to the introduction of polemics into the domain of the "*belles lettres*," or to let angry disputation find its way into the peaceful vale of Tempé,

"Pour changer en champ-clos l'harmonieux vallon!"

MILLEVOYE.

The precincts of Parnassus form a "city of refuge," where political and religious differences can have no access, where the angry passions subside, and the wicked cease from troubling. Wherefore to the devil, its inventor, I bequeath the Gunpowder Plot; and I shall not attempt to rake up the bones of Guy Faux, or disturb the ashes of Doctor Titus:—not that Titus, "the delight of the human race," who considered a day as lost when not signalised by some benefaction; but Titus Oates, who could not sleep quiet on his pillow at night unless he had hanged a Jesuit in the morning.

I have often in the course of these papers introduced quotations from the works of the Jesuit Gresset, the kind and enlightened friend of my early years; and to that pure fountain of the most limpid poetry of France I shall again have occasion to return: but nothing more evinces the sterling excellence of this illustrious poet's mind than his conduct towards the "order," of which he had been an ornament until matters connected with the press caused his withdrawal from that society. His "Adieux aux Jésuites" are on record, and deserve the admiration which they excited at that period. A single passage will indicate the spirit of this celebrated composition:

"Je dois tous mes regrets aux sages que je quitte!
 J'en perds avec douleur l'entretien vertueux;
 Et si dans leurs foyers désormais je n'habite,
 Mon cœur me survit auprès d'eux.
 Car ne les crois point tels que la main de l'envie
 Les peint à des yeux prévenus:
 Si tu ne les connais que sur ce qu'en publie
 La ténébreuse calomnie,
 Ils te sont encore inconnus!"

To the sages I leave here's a heartfelt farewell!
 'Twas a blessing within their loved cloisters to dwell,
 And my dearest affections shall cling round them still:
 Full gladly I mixed their blessed circles among.
 And oh! heed not the whisper of Envy's foul tongue;
 If you list but to her, you must know them but ill.

But to come at once to the pith and substance of the present inquiry, viz. the influence of the Jesuits on the *belles lettres*. It is one of the striking facts we meet with in tracing the history of this "order," and which D'Israeli may do well to insert in the next edition of his "Curiosities of Literature," that the founder of the most learned, and by far the most distinguished literary corporation that ever arose in the world, was an *old soldier* who took up his "Latin Grammar" when past the age of thirty; at which time of life Don Ignacio de Loyola had his leg shattered by an 18-pounder, while defending the citadel of Pampeluna against the French. The knowledge of this interesting truth may encourage the great captain of the age, whom I do not yet despair of beholding in a new capacity, covering his laurelled brow with a doctor's cap, and filling the chancellor's chair to the great joy of the public and the special delight of Oxford. I have seen more improbable events than this take place in my experience of the world. Be that as it may, this lieutenant in the *Caçadores* of his imperial majesty Charles V., called into existence by the vigour of his mind a race of highly educated followers. He was the parent-stock (or, if you will, the primitive block) from which so many illustrious chips were hewn during the XVIIth century. If he had not intellect for his own portion, he most undeniably created it around him: he gathered to his standard men of genius and ardent spirits; he knew how to turn their talents to the best advantage (no ordinary knowledge), and, like Archimedes at Syracuse, by the juxtaposition of reflectors, and the skilful combination of mirrors, so as to converge into a focus and concentrate the borrowed rays of the sun, he contrived to damage the enemy's fleet and fire the galleys of Marcellus. Other founders of monastic orders enlisted the prejudices, the outward senses, and not unfrequently the fanaticism of mankind: their appeal was to that love for the marvellous inherent to the human breast, and that latent

pride which lurked long ago under the torn blanket of Diogenes, and which would have tempted Alexander to set up a rival tub. But Loyola's quarry was the *cultivated mind*; and he scorned to work his purpose by any meaner instrumentality. When in the romantic hermitage of our Lady of Montserrat he suspended for ever over the altar his helmet and his sword, and in the spirit of most exalted chivalry resolved to devote himself to holier pursuits—one eagle glance at the state of Europe, just fresh from the revival of letters under Leo X., taught him how and with what weapons to encounter the rebel Augustinian monk, and check the progress of disaffection. A short poem by an old school-fellow of mine, who entered the order in 1754, and died a missionary in Cochin China, may illustrate these views. The Latin shows excellent scholarship; and my attempt at translation can give but a feeble idea of the original.*

Perbigilium Loyolæ

In Mariæ Sacello, 1522.

Cùm hellicosus Cantaber è tholo
Suspendit ensem, "Non ego lugubri

Defuncta hello," dixit, "arma
Degener aut timidua perire

Miles resigno. Me nova huc
cina,

Me non profani tesaera prælii
Deposcit; et aacræ secutus
Auspicio meliore partes,

Non indecorua transfuga, gloriæ
Signia relictis, nil cupientium
Succedo castris, jam futurus
Splendidior sine clade victor.

Domare MENTES, stringere fer-
vidis

Sacro catenis INGENIUM throno,
Et cuncta terrarum subacta
Corda Deo dare gestit ardor :

Don Ignacio Loyola's Vigil

In the Chapel of our Lady of Montserrat.

When at thy ahrine, most holy maid!
The Spaniard hung his votive blade,
And bared his helmed brow—
Not that he feared war's visage grim,
Or that the battle-field for him
Had aught to daunt, I trow;

"Glory!" he cried, "with thee I've
done!

Fame! thy bright theatres I shun,
To tread fresh pathways now:
To track *thy* footsteps, Saviour God!
With throbbing heart, with feet un-
ahod:

Hear and record my vow.

Yea, THOU shalt reign! Chained to
thy throne,

The mind of man thy sway shall own,
And to its conqueror bow.

Genius his lyre to Thee shall lift,
And intellect its choicest gift
Proudly on Thee bestow."

* Like most other "originals," this is Prout's own.—O. Y.

<p>Frangis magistros artibus æmulis Depræliando sternere; sed magis Loyola Lutheri triumphos Orbe novo reparabit ultor!"</p> <p>Tellus gigantis sentit iter: simul Idola nutant, fana ruunt, micat Christi triumphantis trophæ- um, Cruxque novos numerat cli- entes.</p> <p>Vidère gentes <i>Xaverii</i> jubar Igni corusco nubila dividens: Cœpitque mirans Christianos Per medios fluitare Ganges.</p>	<p>Straight on the marble floor he knelt, And in his breast exulting felt A vivid furnace glow; Forth to his task the giant sped, Earth shook abroad beneath his tread, And idols were laid low.</p> <p>India repaired half Europe's loss; O'er a new hemisphere the Cross Shone in the azure sky; And, from the isles of far Japan To the broad Andes, won o'er man A bloodless victory!</p>
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Professor Robertson gravely opines that Ignatius was a mere fanatic, who never contemplated the subsequent glories of his order; and that, were he to have revisited the earth a century after his decease, when his institute was making such a noise in the world, he would have started back,

"Scared at the sound himself had made."

Never did the historian adopt a more egregious blunder. Had he had leisure or patience to con over the original code, called *INSTITUTVM SOC. JESV*, he would have found in every paragraph of that profound and crafty volume the germs of wondrous future development; he would have discovered the long-hidden but most precious "soul of the licentiate Garcias" under the inspection that adorns the title-page. Yes, the mind of Loyola lies embalmed in the leaves of that mystic tome; and the ark of cedar-wood, borne by the children of Israel along the sands of the desert, was not more essential to their happy progress unto the land of promise than that grand depository of the founder's wisdom was to the march of intellect among the Jesuits.

Before his death, this old veteran of Charles V., this illiterate lieutenant, this crippled Spaniard from the "imminent and deadly breach" of Pampeluna (for he too was lame, like Tyrtaeus, Talleyrand, Lord Byron, Sir W. Scott, Tamerlane, and Appius *Claudius*), had the satisfaction of

counting twelve "provinces" of his order established in Europe, Asia, Brazils, and Ethiopia. The members of the society amounted at that epoch (31st July, 1556), sixteen years after its foundation, to seven thousand educated men. Upwards of one hundred colleges had been opened. Xavier had blown the trumpet of the Gospel over India; Bobadilla had made a noise in Germany; Gaspar Nunes had gone to Egypt; Alphonso Salmeron to Ireland. Meantime the schools of the new professors were attracting, in every part of Europe, crowds of eager pupils: industry and zeal were reaping their best reward in the visible progress of religion as well as literature:

"Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella!"

At the suppression of the order, it numbered within a fraction of twenty thousand well-trained, well-disciplined, and well-taught members.

There is an instinct in great minds that tells them of their sublime destinies, and gives them secret but certain warning of their ultimate grandeur: like Brutus, they have seen a spirit of prophetic import, whether for good or evil, who will meet them at Philippi: like Plato, they keep correspondence with a familiar *δαίμων*: like Napoleon, they read their meridian glories of successful warfare in the morning sun;—sure as fate, Loyola saw the future laurels of his order, and placed full reliance on the anticipated energy of his followers yet unborn: the same reliance which that giant fowl of Arabia, the ostrich, must entertain, when, depositing its monstrous egg on the sands, it departs for ever, leaving to the god of day the care of hatching into life its vigorous young.

Industry, untiring ardour, immortal energy were the characteristics of these learned enthusiasts. Some cleared away the accumulated rubbish of the friars, their ignorant predecessors; and these were the *pioneers* of literature. Some gave editions of the Fathers or the Classics, hitherto pent up in the womb of MS.; these were the *accoucheurs* of knowledge. Others, for the use of schools, carefully expurgated the received authors of antiquity, and suppressed every prurient passage, performing, *in usum Delphini*, a very meritorious task. I need not say to what class of operators in

surgery *these* worthy fathers belonged. Some wrote "commentaries" on Scripture, which Junius undervalues; but, with all *his* acquirements, I would sooner take the guidance of Cornelius à Lapide in matters of theology. Finally, some wrote original works; and the shelves of every European library groan under the folios of the Jesuits.

There is not, perhaps, a more instructive and interesting subject of inquiry in the history of the human mind than the origin, progress, and workings of what are called *monastic institutions*. It is a matter on which I have bestowed not a little thought, and I may one day plunge into the depths thereof in a special dissertation. But I cannot help advert-ing here to some causes that raised the order of the Jesuits so far above all the numerous and fantastical fraternities to which the middle ages had previously given birth. Loyola saw the vile abuses which had crept into these institutions, and had the sagacity to eschew the blunders of his predecessors. Idleness was the most glaring evil under which monks and friars laboured in those days; and hence incessant activity was the watchword of *his* sons. The rules of other "orders" begot a grovelling and vulgar debasement of mind, and were calculated to mar and cripple the energies of genius, if it ever happened exceptionally to lurk under "the weeds of Francis or of Dominick:" but all the regulations of the Jesuits had a tendency to develop the aspirings of intellect, and to expand the scope and widen the career of talent. The system of *mendicancy* adopted by each holy brotherhood as the ground-work of its operations, did not strike Loyola as much calculated to give dignity or manliness to the human character; hence he left his elder brethren in quiet possession of that interesting department. When cities, provinces, or kings founded a Jesuits' college, they were sure of getting value in return: hence most of their coliegate halls were truly magnificent, and they ought to have been so. When of old a prince wished to engage Zeno as tutor to his son, and sought to lower the terms of the philosopher by stating, that with such a sum he could purchase a slave, "Do so, by all means, and you will have a pair of them," was the pithy reply of the indignant stoic.

I do not undervalue the real services of some "orders" of earlier institution. I have visited with feelings of deep

respect the gorgeous cradle of the Benedictine institute at Monte Cassino; and no traveller has explored Italy's proud monuments of Roman grandeur with more awe than I did that splendid creation of laborious and persevering men. I have seen with less pleasure the work of Bruno, *la Grande Chartreuse*, near Grenoble; he excluded learning from the solitude to which he drew his followers: but I have hailed with enthusiasm the sons of Bernard on the Alps ministering to the wants of the pilgrim; and I knew, that while *they* prowled with their mountain-dogs in quest of wayworn travellers, their brethren were occupied far off in the mines of Mexico and Peru, soothing the toils of the encaverned slave. But while I acknowledged these benefactions, I could not forget the crowds of lazy drones whom the system has fostered in Europe: the humorous lines of Berchoux, in his clever poem "*La Gastronomie*," involuntarily crossed my mind:

"Oui, j'avais un bon oncle en votre ordre, élevé
D'un mérite éclatant, gastronome achevé;
Souvent il m'égalait son brillant réfectoire,
C'était là du couvent la véritable gloire!
Garni des biens exquis qu'enfante l'univers,
Vins d'un bouquet céleste, et mets d'un goût divers!

"Cloîtres majestueux! fortunés monastères!
Retraite du repos des vertus solitaires,
Je vous ai vu tomber, le cœur gros des soupirs;
Mais je vous ai gardé d'éternels souvenirs!—
Je sçais qu'on a prouvé que vous aviez grand tort,
Mais que ne prouve-t-on pas quand on est le plus fort?"

This last verse is not a bad hit in its way.

But to return to the Jesuits. Their method of study, or *ratio studiorum*, compiled by a select quorum of the order, under the guidance of the profound and original Father Maldonatus,* totally broke up the old machinery of the schools, and demolished for ever the monkish fooleries of contemporary pedagogues. Before the arrival of the Jesuits in the field of collegiate exercises, the only skill applauded or recognised in that department consisted in a minute and servile adherence to the deep-worn tracks left by the passage

* See Bayle's Dict., *art.* Maldonat.

of Aristotle's cumbrous waggon over the plains of learning. The well-known fable of Gay, concerning

"A Grecian youth of talents rare,"

whom he describes as excelling in the hippodrome of Athens by the fidelity with which he could drive his chariot-wheels within an inch of the exact circle left on the race-course by those who had preceded, was the type and model of scholastic excellence. The Jesuits, in every university to which they could get access, broke new ground. Various and fierce were the struggles against those invaders of the territory and privileges of Bœotia; dulness opposed his old bulwark, the *vis inertiae*, in vain. Indefatigable in their pursuit, the new professors made incessant inroads into the domains of ignorance and sloth; awfully ludicrous were the dying convulsions of the old universitarian system, that had squatted like an incubus for so many centuries on Paris, Prague, Alcalá, Valladolid, Padua, Cracow, and Coimbra. But it was in the halls of their own private colleges that they unfolded all their excellence, and toiled unimpeded for the revival of classic studies. "*Consule scholas Jesuitarum*," exclaims the Lord Chancellor Bacon, who was neither a quack nor a swiper, but "spoke the words of sobriety and truth." (Vide *Opus de Dignit. Scient.* lib. vii.) And Cardinal Richelieu has left on record, in that celebrated document* the "Testament Politique," part i. chap. 2, sect. 10, his admiration of the rivalry in the race of science which the order created in France.

Forth from their new college of Laflèche came their pupil Descartes, to disturb the existing theories of astronomy and metaphysics, and start new and unexampled inquiries. Science until then had wandered a captive in the labyrinth of the schools; but the Cartesian Dædalus fashioned wings for himself and for her, and boldly soared among the clouds. Tutored in their college of Fayenza (near Rimini), the immortal Torricelli reflected honour on his intelligent instructors by the invention of the *barometer*, A.D. 1620. Of the education of Tasso they may well be proud. Justus Lipsius, trained in their earliest academies, did good service to the

* Prout knew very well that this "testament" was a forgery by one G. de Courtilon, the author of "Colbert's testament" also.—O. Y.

cause of criticism, and cleared off the cobwebs of the commentators and grammarians. Soon after, Cassini rose from the benches of their tuition to preside over the newly established *Observatoire* in the metropolis of France; while the illustrious Tournefort issued from their halls to carry a searching scrutiny into the department of botanical science, then in its infancy. The Jesuit Kircher* meantime astonished his contemporaries by his untiring energy and sagacious mind, equally conspicuous in its most sublime as in its trifling efforts, whether he predicted with precision the eruption of a volcano, or invented that ingenious plaything the "Magic Lantern." Father Boscovich† shone subsequently with equal lustre: and it was a novel scene, in 1759, to find a London Royal Society preparing to send out a *Jesuit* to observe the transit of Venus in California. His panegyric, from the pen of the great Lalande, fills the *Journal des Savans*, February 1792. To Fathers Riccioli and De Billy science is also deeply indebted.

Forth from their college of Dijon, in Burgundy, came Bossuet to rear his mitred front at the court of a despot, and to fling the bolts of his tremendous oratory among a crowd of elegant voluptuaries. Meantime the tragic muse of Corneille was cradled in their college of Rouen; and, under the classic guidance of the fathers who taught at the *Collège de Clermont*, in Paris, Molière grew up to be the most exquisite

* *Mundus Subterraneus*, *Amst.* 1664, 2 vols. fol. *China Illustrat.*, *ibid.* 1667, folio. *De Usu Obeliscor. Romæ*, 1666, folio. *Museum Kircher*, *ibid.* 1709, folio.

† Born at Ragusa, on the Adriatic; taught by the Jesuits, in their college in that town; entered the order at the age of sixteen; was sent to Rome, and forthwith was made professor of mathematics in the Archigymn. Rom.; was employed by the papal government in the measurement of the arc of meridian, which he traced from Rome to Rimini, assisted by an English Jesuit, Mayer; in 1750, employed by the republic of Lucca in a matter relating to their marshes; subsequently by the Emperor of Austria; and was elected, in 1760, a fellow of the London Royal Society, to whom he dedicated his poem on the "Eclipses," a clever manual of astronomy. His grand work on the properties of matter (*Lex Continuitatis*) was printed at Rome, 4to., 1754. We have also from his pen, *Dioptrica*, *Vind.* 1767; *Mathesis Universa*, *Venetis*, 1757; *Lens et Telescop.*, *Rom.* 1755; *Theoria Philos. Natur.*, *Viennæ*, 1758. The French government invited him to Paris, where he died in 1792, in the sentiments of unfeigned piety which he ever displayed.

of comic writers. The lyric poetry of Jean Baptiste Rousseau was nurtured by them in their college of Louis le Grand. And in that college the wondrous talent of young "François Arouet" was also cultivated by these holy men, who little dreamt to what purpose the subsequent "Voltaire" would convert his abilities—

"Non hos quæsitum munus in usus."

Æneid. IV.

D'Olivet, Fontenelle, Crebillon, Le Franc de Pompignan—there is scarcely a name known to literature during the seventeenth century which does not bear testimony to their prowess in the province of education—no profession for which they did not adapt their scholars. For the bar, they tutored the illustrious Lamoignon (the Mæcenas of Racine and Boileau). It was they who taught the vigorous ideas of D'Argenson how to shoot; they who breathed into the young Montesquieu his "Esprit;" they who reared those ornaments of French jurisprudence, Nicolai, Molé, Seguier, and Amelot.

Their disciples could wield the sword. Was the great Condé deficient in warlike spirit for having studied among them? was Maréchal Villars a discreditable pupil? Need I give the list of their other belligerent scholars?—De Grammont, De Boufflers, De Rohan, De Brissac, De Etrées, De Soubise, De Crequi, De Luxembourg,—in France alone.

Great names these, no doubt; but *literature* is the title of this paper, and to that I would principally advert as the favourite and peculiar department of their excellence. True, the Society devoted itself most to church history and ecclesiastical learning, such being the proper pursuit of a sacerdotal body; and success in this, as in every study, waited on their industry. The archæologist is familiar with the works of Father Petavius, whom Grotius calls his friend; with the labours of Fathers Sirmond, Bolland, Hardouin, Labbe, Parenin, and Tournemine. The admirer of polemics (if there be any such at this time of day) is acquainted with Bellarmin, Menochius, Suarez, Tolet, Becan, Sheffmaker, and (last, though not least) O! Cornelius à Lapide, with thee? But in classic lore, as well as in legendary, the Jesuits excelled. Who can pretend to the character of a literary man that has not read Tiraboschi and his "Storia della Lettera-

tura d' Italia," Bouhours on the "Mannière de bien penser," Brumoy on the "Théâtre des Grecs," Vavassour "de Ludicrà Dictione," Rapin's poem on the "Art of Gardening" (the model of those by Dr. Darwin and Abbé Delille), Vaniere's "Prædium Rusticum," Tursellin "de Particulis Latini Sermonis," and Casimir Sarbievi's Latin Odes, the nearest approach to Horace in modern times? What shall I say of Porée (Voltaire's master), of Sanadon, of Desbillons, Sidronius, Jouveny, and the "journalistes de Trevoux?"

They have won in France, Italy, and Spain, the palm of pulpit eloquence. Logic, reason, wisdom, and piety, dwelt in the soul of Bourdaloue, and flowed copiously from his lips. Lingendes, Cheminais, De la Rue, were at the head of their profession among the French; while the pathetic and unrivalled Segneri took the lead among the eloquent orators of Italy. In Spain, a Jesuit has done more to purify the *pulpit* of that fantastic country than Cervantes to clear the brains of its *chivalry*; for the comic romance of "Fray Gerundio" (Friar Gerund), by the Jesuit Isla, exhibiting the ludicrous ranting of the cowled fraternity of that day, has had the effect, if not of giving eloquence to clods of the valley, at least of putting down absurdity and presumption.

They wooed and won the muse of history, sacred and profane. Strada* in Flanders, Maffei† at Genoa, Mariana‡ in Seville. In France, Maimbourg,§ Daniel,|| Boujeant,¶ Charlevoix,** Berruyer,†† D'Orleans,‡‡ Ducerceau,§§ and Du Halde,||| shed light on the paths of historical inquiry which they severally trod. I purposely omit the ex-Jesuit Raynal.

They shone in art as well as in science. Father Pozzi was

* De Bello Belgico.

† Rerum Indicar. Hist.

‡ Histor. di Espana. De Regis Institutione, Toledo, 1599.

§ Histoire de l'Arianisme, des Iconoclastes, des Croisades, du Calvinism, de la Ligue.

|| Hist. de France. De la Milice Française.

¶ Hist. du Traité de Westphalie. Ame des Bêtes, etc.

** Hist. du Paraguay, du Japon, de St. Domingue.

†† Du Peuple de Dieu.

‡‡ Révolutions d'Angleterre.

§§ Conjurat. de Rienzi, &c. &c.

||| Description Géogr. Histor. Politic. et Physique de la Chine.

Lond. 1742, 2 vols. folio.

one of Rome's best painters. A Jesuit was employed in the drainage of the Pontine marshes; another to devise plans for sustaining the dome of St. Peter's, when it threatened to crush its massive supports. In *naval tactics* (a subject estranged from sacerdotal researches) the earliest work on the strategy proper to ships of the line was written by Père le Hoste, known to middies as "the Jesuits' book," its French title being "*Traité des Evolutions Navales.*" The first hint of *aërial* navigation came from Padre Lana, in his work *de Arte Prodromo*, Milan. Newton acknowledges his debt to father Grimaldi, *de Lumine Coloribus et Iride*, Bononiæ, 1665, for his notions on the inflexion of light. The best edition of Newton's *Principia* was brought out at Geneva, 1739-60, by the Jesuits Lesueur and Jaquier, in 3 vols. In their missions through Greece, Asia Minor, and the islands of the Archipelago, they were the best antiquaries, botanists, and mineralogists. They became watchmakers, as well as mandarins, in China: they were astronomers on the "plateau" of Thibet: they taught husbandry and mechanics in Canada: while in their own celebrated and peculiar conquest (since fallen into the hands of Doctor Francia) on the plains of PARAGUAY, they taught the theory and practice of civil architecture, civil economy, farming, tailoring, and all the trades of civilised life. They played on the fiddle and on the flute, to draw the South American Indians from the forests into their villages: and the story of Thebes rising to the sound of Amphion's lyre ceased to be a fable.

We find them in Europe and at the antipodes, in Siam and at St. Omer's, in 1540 and in 1830—everywhere the same. Lainéz preached before the Council of Trent in 1560: Rev. Peter Kenney was admired by the North American Congress not many years ago. Tiraboschi was librarian of the Brera in 1750: Angelo Mai (ex-Jesuit) is librarian of the Vatican in 1833. By the by, they were also capital apothecaries. Who has not heard of Jesuits' *bark*, Jesuits' *drops*, Jesuits' *powders*, Jesuits' *cephalic snuff*?

"Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"—*Æneid. I.*

And, alas! must I add, who has not heard of the cuffs and

puffetings, the kicks and halters, which they have met with in return :

“*Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?*”—*Hor.* lib. ii. ode 1.

For, of course, no set of men on the face of God's earth have been more abused. 'Tis the fate of every mortal who raises himself by mother-wit above the common level of fools and dunces, to be hated by the whole tribe most cordially :

“*Urit enim fulgore suo,*” &c.—*Hor.* lib. ii. ep. 1.

The friars were the first to raise a hue and cry against the Jestsits, with one Melchior Cano, a Dominican, for their trumpeter. Ignatius had been taken up by “the Inquisition” three several times. Then came the pedants of the university at Paris, whom these new professors threw into the shade. The “order” was next at loggerheads with that suspicious gang of intriguers, the council and doge of Venice ; the Jesuits were expelled the republic.* Twice they were expelled from France, but thrust out of the door they came back through the window. They encountered, like Paul, “stripes, perils, and prisons,” in Poland, in Germany, in Portugal, and Hungary. They were hanged by dozens in England. Their march for two centuries through Europe was only to be compared to the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon.

A remarkable energy, a constant discipline, a steady perseverance, and a dignified self-respect, were their characteristics from the beginning. They did not notice the pasquinades of crazy Pascal,† whose “Provincial Letters,” made up of the raspings of antiquated theology and the scrapings of forgotten causistry, none who knew *them* ever thought much of. The sermons of Bourdaloue were the only answer such calumnies required ; and the order confined itself to giving a new edition of the “*Lettres édifiantes et curieuses, écrites par nos Missionnaires du Le-*

* In Bayle's Dictionary, among the notes appended to the article on Abelard, will be found the real cause of their expulsion ; they may be proud of it.

† Prout's relish for genuine fun is here at fault.—O. Y.

vant, de la Chine, du Canada, et du Malabar." When a flimsy accusation was preferred against him of Africa,

"Hunc qui
Duxit ab eversâ meritum Carthagine nomen,"

he acted in a similar manner, and silenced his miserable adversaries.

If ever there was an occasion on which the comparative merits of the Jesuits and Jansenists could be brought to the test, it was at the outbreak of the pestilential visitation that smote the city of Marseilles; and which history, poetry, and piety, will never allow to be forgotten :

"Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sickened, and each gale was death?"

POPE'S *Essay on Man*, ep. 4.

For while the Pharisees of that school fled from their clerical functions, and sneaked off under some paltry pretext, the Jesuits came from the neighbouring town of Aix to attend the sick and the dying; and, under the orders of that gallant and disinterested bishop, worked, while life was spared them, in the cause of humanity. Seven of them perished in the exercise of this noblest duty, amid the blessings of their fellow-men. The bishop himself, De Belzunce, had not only studied under the Jesuits, but had been a *member of the order* during the early part of his ecclesiastical career at Aix, in 1691.

Long ago, that noblest emanation of Christian chivalry—an order in which valorous deeds were familiar as the "matin song" or the "vesper hymn"—the Templars, fell the victims of calumny, and were immolated amid the shouts of a vulgar triumph; but history, keen and scrutinising; has revealed the true character of the conspiracy by which the vices of a few were made to swamp and overwhelm, in the public eye, the great mass of virtue and heroism which constituted that refined and gentlemanly association; and a tardy justice has been rendered to Jacques Molay and his illustrious brethren. The day may yet come, when isolated instances and unauthenticated misdeeds will cease to create an unfounded antipathy to a society which will be found,

taking it all in all, to have deserved well of mankind. This, at least, is Father Prout's honest opinion; and why should he hide it under a bushel?

The most convincing proof of their sterling virtue is to be found in the docility and forbearance they evinced in promptly submitting to the decree of their suppression, issued *ex cathedra* by one Ganganelli, a Franciscan friar, who had got enthroned, Heaven knows how! on the pontific chair. In every part of Europe they had powerful friends, and could have "shewn fight" and "died game," if their respect for the successor of "the fisherman" had not been all along a distinctive characteristic, even to the death. In Paraguay they could have decidedly spurned the mandate of the Escorial, backed by an army of 60,000 Indians, devoted to their spiritual and temporal benefactors, taught the tactics of Europe, and possessing in 1750 a well-appointed train of artillery. That portion of South America has since relapsed into barbarism; and the results of their withdrawal from the interior of that vast peninsula have fully justified the opinion of Muratori, in his celebrated work on Paraguay, "*Il Christianesimo felice.*" It was a dismal day for literature in Spain, Portugal, and Italy, when their colleges were shut up; and in France they alone could have stayed the avalanche of irreligion; for, by presenting Christianity to its enemies clad in the panoply of Science, they would have awed the scoffer, and confounded the *philosophe*. But the Vatican had spoken. They bowed; and quietly dispersing through the cities of the continent, were welcomed and admired by every friend of science and of piety. The body did not cease to do good even after its dissolution in 1763, and, like the bones of the prophet, worked miracles of usefulness even in the grave.*

Contrast their exemplary submissiveness with the frenzy and violence of their old enemies the Jansenists (of which sour and pharisaical sect Pascal was the mouth-piece), when the celebrated bull *Unigenitus* was issued against them. Never did those unfortunate wights, whom the tyrant Phalaris used

* "And it came to pass, as they were burying a man, behold they spied a band of robbers; and they cast the man into the sepulchre of Elisha: and when the man touched the bones of Elisha he came to life, and stood upon his feet."—2 Kings, chap. xiii., ver. 21.

to enclose in his brazen cow, roar so lustily as the clique of Port Royal on the occasion alluded to. It was, in fact, a most melancholy exhibition of the wildest fanaticism, combined, as usual, with the most pertinacious obstinacy. The followers of Pascal were also the votaries of a certain vagabond yclept *le Diacre Paris*, whose life was a tissue of rascality, and whose remains were said by the Jansenists to operate wondrous cures in the churchyard of St. Medard, in one of the fauxbourgs of the capital. The devotees of Port Royal flocked to the tomb of *the deacon*, and became forthwith *hysterical* and *inspired*. The wags of Louis the Fifteenth's time called them "*Les Convulsionnaires*." Things rose to such a height of dangerous absurdity at last, that the cemetery was shut up by the police; and a wit had an opportunity of writing on the gates of the aforesaid churchyard this pointed epigram:

"De par le roy, défense à Dieu,
De faire miracles en ce lieu."

And I here conclude this very inadequate tribute of long-remembered gratitude towards the men who took such pains to drill my infant mind, and who formed with plastic power whatever good or valuable quality it may possess. "Si quid est in me ingenii, judices (et sentio quàm sit exiguum), si quæ exercitatio ab optimarum artium disciplinis profecta, earum rerum fructum, sibi, suo jure, debent repetere."—(CICERO *pro Archid. poet.*) And as for the friend of my youth, the accomplished Gresset, whose sincerity and kindness will be ever embalmed in my memory, I cannot shew my sense of his varied excellencies in a more substantial way than by making an effort—a feeble one, but the best I can command—to bring him before the English public in his most agreeable production, the best specimen of graceful and harmless humour in the literature of France. I shall upset *Vert-Vert* into English verse, for the use of the intelligent inhabitants of these islands; though I much fear, that to transplant so delicate an exotic into this frigid climate may prove an unsuccessful experiment.

Vert-Vert, the Parrot.

A POEM BY THE JESUIT GRESSET.

Thy original Innocence.

ALAS! what evils I discern in
 Too great an aptitude for learning!
 And fain would all the ills unravel
 That aye ensue from foreign travel;
 Far happier is the man who carries
 Quiet within his household "Lares:"
 Read, and you'll find how virtue vanishes,
 How foreign vice all goodness banishes,
 And how abroad young heads will grow dizzy,
 Proved in the underwritten Odyssey.

0

In old Nevers, so famous for its
 Dark narrow streets and Gothic turrets,
 Close on the brink of Loire's young flood,
 Flourished a convent sisterhood
 Of *Ursulines*. Now in this order
 A parrot lived as parlour-boarder;
 Brought in his childhood from the *Antilles*,
 And sheltered under convent mantles:
 Green were his feathers, green his pinions,
 And greener still were his opinions;
 For vice had not yet sought to pervert
 This bird, who had been christened *Vert-Vert*;
 Nor could the wicked world defile him,
 Safe from its snares in this asylum.
 Fresh, in his teens, frank, gay, and gracious,
 And, to crown all, somewhat loquacious;
 If we examine close, not one, or he,
 Had a vocation for a nunnery.*

20

The convent's kindness need I mention?
 Need I detail each fond attention,
 Or count the tit-bits which *in Lent* he
 Swallowed remorseless and in plenty?
 Plump was his carcass; no, not higher
 Fed was their confessor the friar;
 And some even say that our young Hector
 Was far more loved than the "Director." †
 Dear to each novice and each nun—
 He was the life and soul of fun;

30

* "Par son caquet digne d'être en couvent."

† "Souvent l'oiseau l'emporta sur le Père."

Though, to be sure, some hags censorious
 Would sometimes find him too uproarious. 40
 What did the parrot care for those old
 Dames, while he had for him the household?
 He had not yet made his "profession,"
 Nor come to years called "of discretion;"
 Therefore, unblamed, he ogled, flirted,
 And romped like any unconverted;
 Nay sometimes, too, by the Lord Harry!
 He'd pull their caps and "scapulary."
 But what in all his tricks seemed oddest,
 Was that at times he'd turn so modest, 50
 That to all bystanders the wight
 Appeared a finished hypocrite.
 In accent he did not resemble
 Kean, though he had the tones of Kemble;
 But fain to do the sisters' biddings,
 He left the stage to Mrs. Siddons.
 Poet, historian, judge, financier,
 Four problems at a time he'd answer
 He had a faculty like Cæsar's.
 Lord Althorp, baffling all his teasers, 60
 Could not surpass Vert-Vert in puzzling:
 "Goodrich" to him was but a gosling.*

Placed when at table near some vestal,
 His fare, be sure, was of the best all,—
 For every sister would endeavour
 To keep for him some sweet *hors d'œuvre*.
 Kindly at heart, in spite of vows and
 Cloisters, a nun is worth a thousand!
 And aye, if Heaven would only lend her,
 I'd have a nun for a nurse tender! † 70

Then, when the shades of night would come on,
 And to their cells the sisters summon,
 Happy the favoured one whose grotto
 This sultan of a hird would trot to:
 Mostly the young ones' cells he toyed in,
 (The aged sisterhood avoiding),
 Sure among all to find kind offices,—
 Still he was partial to the novices,
 And in *their* cells our anchorite
 Mostly cast anchor for the night; 80

* At this remote period it is forgotten that "Prosperity Robinson" was also known as "Goose Goodrich," when subsequently chancellor of the exchequer.—O. Y.

† "Les petits soins, les attentions fines,
 Sont nés, dit on, chez les Ursulines."

Perched on the box that held the relics, he
 Slept without notion of indelicacy.
 Rare was his luck ; nor did he spoil it
 By flying from the morning toilet :
 Not that I can admit the fitness
 Of (at the toilet) a male witness ;
 But that I scruple in this history
 To shroud a single fact in mystery.

Quick at all arts, our bird was rich at
 That best accomplishment, called chit-chat ; 90
 For, though brought up within the cloister,
 His beak was not closed like an oyster,
 But, trippingly, without a stutter,
 The longest sentences would utter ;
 Pious withal, and moralising
 His conversation was surprising ;
 None of your equivoques, no slander—
 To such vile tastes he scorned to pander ;
 But his tongue ran most smooth and nice on
 “ Deo sit laus” and “ Kyrie eleison ;” 100
 The maxims he gave with best emphasis
 Were Suarez's or Thomas à Kempis's ;
 In Christmas carols he was famous,
 “ Orate, fratres,” and “ OREMUS ;”
 If in good humour, he was wont
 To give a stave from “ *Think well on't* ;” *
 Or, by particular desire, he
 Would chant the hymn of “ *Dies iræ.*”
 Then in the choir he would amaze all
 By copying the tone so nasal 110
 In which the sainted sisters chanted,—
 (At least that pious nun my aunt did.)

Hys fatali Renotone.

The public soon began to ferret
 The hidden nest of so much merit,
 And, spite of all the nuns' endeavours,
 The fame of Vert-Vert filled all Nevers ;
 Nay, from Moulines folks came to stare at
 The wondrous talent of this parrot ;
 And to fresh visitors *ad libitum*
 Sister Sophie had to exhibit him. 120
 Drest in her tidiest robes, the virgin,
 Forth from the convent cells emerging,

* “ *Pensez-y-bien,*” or “ *Think well on't,*” as translated by the titular bishop, Richard Challoner, is the most generally adopted devotional tract among the Catholics of these islands.—PROUT.

Brings the bright bird, and for his plumage
 First challenges unstinted homage;
 Then to his eloquence adverts,—
 “What preacher’s can surpassa Vert-Vert’a?
 Truly in oratory few men
 Equal this learned catechumen;
 Fraught with the convent’s choicest lessons,
 And stuffed with piety’s quintessence; 130
 A bird most quick of apprehension,
 With gifts and graces hard to mention:
 Say in what pulpit can you meet
 A Chrysostom half so discreet,
 Who’d follow in his ghostly mission
 So close the ‘fathers and tradition?’”
 Silent meantime, the feathered hermit
 Waits for the sister’s gracious permit,
 When, at a signal from his mentor,
 Quick on a course of speech he’ll enter; 140
 Not that he cares for human glory,
 Bent hut to save his auditory;
 Hence he pours forth with so much unction
 That all his hearers feel compunction.

Thus for a time did Vert-Vert dwell
 Safe in his holy citadelle;
 Scholared like any well-bred abbé,
 And loved by many a cloistered Hébé;
 You’d swear that he had crossed the same bridge
 As any youth brought up in Cambridge.* 150
 Other mouks starve themselves; but his skin
 Was sleek like that of a Franciscan,
 And far more clean; for this grave Solon
 Bathed every day in *eau de Cologne*.
 Thus he indulged each guiltless gambol,
 Blest had he ne’er been doomed to ramble!

For in his life there came a crisis
 Such as for all great men arises,—
 Such as what NAP to Russia led,
 Such as the “FLIGHT” of Mahomed; 160
 O town of Nantz! yes, to thy bosom
 We let him go, alas! to lose him!
Edicts, O town famed for *revoking*,
 Still was Vert-Vert’s loss more provoking!
 Dark be the day when our bright Don went
 From this to a far-distant convent!
 Two words comprised that awful era—
 Words big with fate and woe—“IL IEA!”

* *Quære—Pons Asinorum?*

Yes, "he shall go;" but, sisters! mourn ye
 The dismal fruits of that sad journey,— 170
 Ills on which Nantz's nuns ne'er reckoned,
 When for the beauteous bird they beckoned.

Fame, O Vert-Vert! in evil humour,
 One day to Nantz had brought the rumour
 Of thy accomplishments,—"acumen,"
 "Novç," and "esprit," quite superhuman :
 All these reports but served to enhance
 Thy merits with the nuns of Nantz.
 How did a matter so unsuited
 For convent ears get hither bruited! 180
 Some may inquire. But "nuns are knowing,"
*And first to hear what gossip's going.**
 Forthwith they taxed their wits to elicit
 From the famed bird a friendly visit.
 Girls' wishes run in a brisk current,
 But a nun's fancy is a torrent; †
 To get this bird they'd pawn the missal :
 Quick they indite a long epistle,
 Careful with softest things to fill it,
 And then with musk perfume the billet; 190
 Thus, to obtain their darling purpose,
 They send a writ of *habeas corpus*.

Off goes the post. When will the answer
 Free them from doubt's corroding cancer?
 Nothing can equal their anxiety,
 Except, of course, their well-known piety.
 Things at Nevers meantime went harder
 Than well would suit such pious ardour ;
 It was no easy job to coax
 This parrot from the Nevers folks. 200
 What, take their toy from convent belles ?
 Make Russia yield the Dardanelles !
 Filch his good rife from a "Suliotte,"
 Or drag her "Romeo" from a "Juliet!"
 Make an attempt to take Gibraltar,
 Or try the old corn laws to alter !
 This seemed to them, and eke to us,
 "Most wasteful and ridiculous."
 Long did the "chapter" sit in state,
 And on this point deliberate ; 210
 The junior members of the senate
 Set their fair faces quite again' it ;

*

"Les révérendes mères

A tout savoir ne sont pas les dernières."

†

"Désir de fille est un feu qui dévore,

Désir de nonne est cent fois pis encore."

Refuse to yield a point so tender,
 And urge the motto—No surrender.
 The elder nuna feel no great scruple
 In parting with the charming pupil ;
 And as each grave affair of state runs
 Moat on the verdict of the matrons,
 Small odds, I ween, and poor the chance
 Of keeping the dear bird from Nantz. 220
 Nor in my surmise am I far out,—
 For by *their* vote off goes the parrot.

Ups and Voyage.

En ce tems là, a small canal-boat,
 Called by most chroniclers the "Talbot,"
 (TALBOT, a name well known in France!)
 Travelled between Nevers and Nantz.
 Vert-Vert took shipping in this craft,
 'Tis not said whether fore or aft ;
 But in a book as old as Massinger's
 We find a statement of the passengers ; 230
 These were—two Gascons and a piper,
 A sexton (a notorious awiper),
 A brace of children, and a nurse ;
 But what was infinitely worse,
 A dashing Cyprian ; while by her
 Sat a most jolly-looking friar.*

For a poor bird brought up in purity
 'Twas a sad augur for futurity
 To meet, just free from his indentures,
 And in the first of his adventures, 240
 Such company as formed his hansel,—
 Two rogues! a friar!! and a damsel!!!
 Birds the above were of a feather ;
 But to Vert-Vert 't was altogether
 Such a strange aggregate of scandals
 As to be met but among Vandala ;
 Rude was their talk, bereft of polish,
 And calculated to demolish
 All the fine notions and good-breeding
 Taught by the nuna in their sweet Eden. 250
 No Billingsgate surpassed the nurse's,
 And all the rest indulged in curseas ;

* " Une nourrice, un moine, deux Gascons ;
 Pour un enfant qui sort du monastère
 C'était échoir en dignes compagnons."

Ear hath not heard such vulgar gab in
 The nautic cell of any cabin.
 Silent and sad, the pensive bird,
 Shocked at their guilt, said not a word.*

Now he "of orders grey," accosting
 The parrot green, who seemed quite lost in
 The contemplation of man's wickedness,
 And the bright river's gliding liquidness, 260
 "Tip us a stave (quoth Tuck), my darling,
 Ayn't you a parrot or a starling?
 If you don't talk, by the holy poker,
 I'll give that neck of yours a choker!"
 Scared by this threat from his propriety,
 Our pilgrim thinking with sobriety,
 That if he did not speak they'd make him,
 Answered the friar, PAX SIT TECUM!
 Here our reporter marks down after
 Poll's maiden-speech—"loud roars of laughter;" 270
 And sure enough the bird so affable
 Could hardly use a phrase more laughable.

Talking of such, there are some rum ones
 That oft amuse the House of Commons:
 And since we lost "Sir Joseph Yorke,"
 We've got great "Feargus" fresh from Cork,—
 A fellow honest, droll, and funny,
 Who would not sell for love or money
 His native land: nor, like vile Daniel,
 Fawn on Lord Althorp like a spaniel; 280
 Flatter the mob, while the old fox
 Keeps an eye to the begging-box.
 Now 'tis a shame that such brave fellows,
 When they blow "agitation's" bellows,
 Should only meet with heartless scoffers,
 While cunning Daniel fills his coffers.
 But Kerry-men will e'er be apter
 At the conclusion of the chapter,
 While others bear the battle's brunt,
 To reap the spoil and *job the blunt*. 290
 This is an *episode* concerning
 The parrot's want of worldly learning,
 In aquandering his tropes and figures
 On a vile crew of heartless niggers.

* This canal-boat, it would seem, was not a very refined or fashionable conveyance: it rather remindeth of Horace's voyage to Brundisium, and of that line so applicable to the parrot's company—
 "Repletum nautis, cauponibus, atque malignis."

The "house" heard once with more decorum
Phil. Howard on "the Roman forum."*

Poll's brief address met lots of cavillers
Badgered by all his fellow-travellers,
He tried to mend a speech so ominous
By striking up with "DIXIT DOMINUS!"
But louder shouts of laughter follow,—
This last roar beats the former hollow,
And shews that it was bad economy
To give a stave from Deuteronomy. 300

Posed, not abashed, the bird refused to
Indulge a scene he was not used to ;
And, pondering on his strange reception,
"There must," he thought, "be some deception
In the nuns' views of things rhetorical,
And sister Rose is not an oracle. 310
True wit, perhaps, lies not in 'mattins,'
Nor is *their* school a school of Athens."

Thus in this villanous receptacle
The simple bird at once grew sceptical.
Doubts lead to hell. The arch-deceiver
Soon made of Poll an unbeliever ;
And mixing thus in bad society,
He took French leave of all his piety.

His austere maxims soon he mollified,
And all his old opinions qualified ; 320
For he had learned to substitute
For pious lore things more astute ;
Nor was his conduct unimpeachable,
For youth, alas ! is but too teachable ;
And in the progress of his madness
Soon he had reached the depths of badness.
Such were his *courses*, such his evil
Practices, that no ancient devil, †
Plunged to the chin when burning hot
Into a holy water-pot, 330
Could so blaspheme, or fire a volley
Of oaths so drear and melancholy.

* See "Mirror of Parliament" for this ingenious person's maiden speech on Joe Hume's motion to alter and enlarge the old House of Commons. "*Sir, the Romans* (a laugh)—*I say the Romans* (loud laughter) *never altered their Forum*" (roars of ditto). But Heaven soon granted what Joe Hume desired, and the old rookery was burnt shortly after.

† "*Bientôt il seut jurer et mougréer
Mieux qu'un vieux diable au fond d'un bénitier*"

Must the bright blossoms, ripe and ruddy,
 And the fair fruits of early study,
 Thus in their summer season crossed,
 Meet a sad blight—a killing frost?
 Must that vile demon, Moloch, oust
 Heaven from a young heart's holocaust? *
 And the glad hope of life's young promise
 Thus in the dawn of youth ebb from us? 340
 Such is, alas! the sad and last trophy
 Of the young rake's supreme catastrophe;
 For of what use are learning's laurels
 When a young man is without morals?
 Bereft of virtue, and grown heinous,
 What signifies a brilliant genius?
 'Tis but a case for wail and mourning,—
 'Tis but a brand fit for the burning!

Meantime the river wafts the barge,
 Fraught with its miscellaneous charge, 350
 Smoothly upon its broad expanse,
 Up to the very quay of Nantz;
 Fondly within the convent bowers
 The sisters calculate the hours,
 Chiding the breezes for their tardiness,
 And, in the height of their fool-hardiness,
 Picturing the bird as fancy painted—
 Lovely, reserved, polite, and ssinted—
 Fit "*Ursuline*." And *this*, I trow, meant 360
 Enriched with every endowment!
 Sadly, alas! these nuns anointed
 Will find their fancy disappointed;
 When, to meet all those hopes they drew on,
 They'll find a regular DON JUAN!

The awfull Discoberie.

Scarce in the port was this small craft
 On its arrival telegraphed,
 When, from the boat home to transfer him,
 Came the nuns' portress, "sister Jerome."
 Well did the parrot recognise 370
 The walk demure and downcast eyes;
 Nor sought such saintly guidance relished
 A bird by worldly arts embellished;
 Such was his taste for profane gaiety,
 He'd rather much go with the laity.

* "Fant-il qu'ainsi l'exemple séducteur
 Du ciel au diable emporte un jeune cœur?"

Fast to the bark he clung; but plucked thence,
 He shewed dire symptoms of reluctance,
 And, scandalising each beholder,
 Bit the nun's cheek, and eke her aboulder!*

Thus a black eagle once, 'tis said,
 Bore off the struggling Ganymede.†

Thus was Vert-Vert, heart-sick and weary,
 Brought to the heavenly monastery.
 The bell and tidings both were tolled,
 And the nuns crowded, young and old,
 To feast their eyes with joy uncommon on
 This wondrous talkative phenomenon.

380

Round the bright stranger, so amazing
 And so renowned, the sisters gazing,
 Praised the green glow which a warm latitude
 Gave to his neck, and liked his attitude.

Some by his gorgeous tail are smitten,
 Some by his beak so beauteous bitten!
 And none e'er dreamt of dole or harm in
 A bird so brilliant and so charming.
 Shade of Spurzheim! and thou, Lavater,
 Or Gall, of "bumps" the great creator!
 Can ye explain how our young hero,
 With all the vices of a Nero,
 Seemed such a model of good-breeding,
 Thus quite astray the convent leading?

Where on *his* head appeared, I ask from ye,
 The "nob" indicative of blasphemy?
 Methinks 't would puzzle your ability
 To find *his* organ of acurrility.

390

400

Meantime the abbess, to "draw out"
 A bird so modest and devout,
 With soothing air and tongue caressing
 The "pilgrim of the Loire" addressing,
 Broached the most edifying topics,
 To "start" this native of the tropics;

When, to their scandal and amaze, he
 Broke forth—"Morbleu! those nuns are crazy!"
 (Shewing how well he learnt his task on
 The packet-boat from that vile Gascon!)
 "Fie! brother poll!" with zeal outburating,
 Exclaimed the abbess, dame Augustin;

410

* "Les uns disent au cou,
 D'autres au bras; on ne sait pas bien où."
 † "Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem.
 Cui rex decurum regnum in aves vagos
 Commisit, expertus fidelem
 Jupiter in Ganymede flavo."

HOR.

But all the lady's ege rebukes
 Brief answer got from poll—"Gadzooks!"
 Nsy, 'tis supposed, he muttered, too,
 A *word* folks write with W. 420
 Scared at the sound,—“Sure as a gun,
 The bird's a demon!” cried the nun.
 “O the vile wretch! the naughty dog!
 He's surely Lucifer *incog*.
 What! is the reprobate before us
 That bird so pious and decorous—
 So celebrated?”—Here the pilgrim,
 Hearing sufficient to bewilder him,
 Wound up the sermon of the beldame
 By a conclusion heard but eeldom— 430
 “Ventre Saint Gris!” “Parbleu!” and “Sacre!”
 Three oaths! and every one a *whacker*!

Still did the nuns, whose conscience tender
 Was much shocked at the young offender,
 Hoping he'd change his tone, and alter,
 Hang breathless round the sad defaulter:
 When, wrathful at their importunity,
 And grown audacious from impunity,
 He fired a broadside (holy Mary!)
 Drawn from Hell's own vocabulary! 440
 Forth like a Congreve rocket burst,
 And stormed and swore, *flared up* and cursed!
 Stunned at these sounds of import stygian,
 The pious daughters of religion
 Fled from a scene so dread, so horrid,
 But with a cross first signed their forehead.
 The younger sisters, mild and meek,
 Thought that the culprit spoke in Greek;
 But the old mastrons and “the bench”
 Knew every word was genuine French; 450
 And ran in all directions, pell-mell,
 From a flood fit to overwhelm hell.
 'T was by a fall that Mother Ruth*
 Then lost her last remaining tooth.

“Fine conduct this, and pretty guidance!”
 Cried one of the most mortified ones;
 “Pray, is such language and such ritual
 Among the Nevera nuns habitual?
 'T was in our sisters most improper
 To teach such cursea—such a whopper! 460

* “Toutes pensent être à la fin du monde,
 Et sur son nez la mère Cunégonde
 Se laissant choir, perd sa dernière dent!”



"Toutes pensent être à la fin du monde"

Page 198.

He shan't by me, for one, be hindered
 From being sent back to his kindred!"
 This prompt decree of Poll's proscription
 Was signed by general subscription.
 Straight in a cage the nuns insert
 The guilty person of Vert-Vert;
 Some young ones wanted to detain him;
 But the grim portress took "the paynim"
 Back to the boat, close in his litter;
 'Tis not said *this* time that he *bit* her.

470

Back to the convent of his youth,
 Sojourn of innocence and truth,
 Sails the *green* monster, scorned and hated,
 His heart with vice contaminated.
 Must I tell how, on his return,
 He scandalised his old sojourn?
 And how the guardians of his infancy
 Wept o'er their quondam child's delinquency?
 What could be done? the elders often

480

Met to consult how best to soften
 This obdurate and hardened sinner,
 Finish'd in vice ere a beginner!*

One mother counselled "to denounce
 And let the Inquisition pounce
 On the vile heretic;" another
 Thought "it was best the bird to smother!"
 Or "send the convict for his felonies
 Back to his native land—the colonies."
 But milder views prevailed. His sentence
 Was, that, until he shewed repentance,
 "A solemn fast and frugal diet,
 Silence exact, and pensive quiet,
 Should be his lot;" and, for a blister,
 He got, as gaoler, a lay-sister,
 Ugly as sin, bad-tempered, jealous,
 And in her scruples over-zealous.
 A jug of water and a carrot
 Was all the prog she'd give the parrot;
 But every eve when vesper-bell
 Called sister Rosalie from her cell,
 She to Vert-Vert would gain admittance,
 And bring of "comfits" a sweet pittance.

490

500

* *Implicat in terminis*. There must have been a beginning, else how conceive a *finish* (see Kant), unless the proposition of Ocellus Lucanus be adopted, viz. *αναρχον και ατελευταιον το παν*. Gresset simply has it—

"Il fut un scélérat
 Profès d'abord, et sans noviciat."

Comfits ! alas ! can sweet confections
 Alter aour slavery's imperfections ?
 What are "preaerves" to you or me,
 When locked up in the Marshalsea ?
 The sternest virtue in the hulka,
 Though crammed with richest sweetmeate, sulks.

Taught by his gaoler and adversity,
 Poll saw the folly of perversity,
 And by degrees his heart relented :
 Duly, in fine, "the lad" repented.
 His *Lent* passed on, and sister Bridget
 Coaxed the old abbes to abridge it.

510

The prodigal, reclaimed and free,
 Became again a prodigy,
 And gave more joy, by works and words,
 Than ninety-nine canary-birds,
 Until his death. Which last disaster
 (Nothing on earth endures !) came faster
 Than they imagined. The transition
 From a starved to a stuffed condition,
 From penitence to jollification,
 Brought on a fit of constipation.
 Some think he would be living still,
 If given a "Vegetable Pill ;"
 But from a short life, and a merry,
 Poll sailed one day per Charon's ferry.

520

By tears from nuns' sweet eyelids wept,
 Happy in death this parrot slept ;
 For him Elysium oped its portals,
 And there he talks among immortals.
 But I have read, that since that happy day
 (So writes Cornelius à Lapide,*

530

* This author appears to have been a favourite with Prout, who takes every opportunity of recording his predilection (vide pages 6 and 181). Had the *Order*, however, produced only such writers as Cornelius, we fear there would have been little mention of the *Jesuits* in connexion with *literature*. Gresset's opinion on the matter is contained in an epistle to his *confrère* P. Boujeant, author of the ingenious treatise *Sur l'Âme des Bêtes* (see p. 295) :—

Moins révérend qu'aimable père,
 Vous dont l'esprit, le caractère,
 Et les airs, ne sont point montés
 Sur le ton sottement austère
 De cent tristes paternités,
 Qui, manquant du talent de plaire,
 Et de toute légèreté,
 Pour dissimuler la misère
 D'un esprit sans aménité,

Affichent la sévérité ;
 Et ne sortant de leur tanière
 Que sous la lugubre bannière
 De la grave formalité,
 Héritiers de la triste enclume
 De quelque pédant ignoré,
 Reforgent quelque lourd volume,
 Aux autres Latins enterré.

Proving, with commentary droll,
 The transmigration of the soul),
 That still Vert-Vert this earth doth haunt,
 Of convent bowers a visitant ;
 And that, gay novices among,
 He dwells, transformed into a tongue !

540

No. VII.

THE SONGS OF FRANCE.

ON WINE, WAR, WOMEN, WOODEN SHOES, PHILOSOPHY,
 FROGS, AND FREE TRADE.

CHAPTER I.—WINE AND WAR.

“Favete linguis ! Carmina non prius
 Audita, Musarum sacerdos,
 Virginibus puerisque canto.”

HOR. *Carmen Sæculare.*

“With many a foreign author grappling,
 Thus have I, Prout, the Muses’ chaplain,
 Traced on REGINA’S virgin pages
 Songs for ‘the boys’ of after-ages.”

THAT illustrious utilitarian, Dr. Bowring, the knight-errant of free trade, who is allowed to circulate just now without a keeper through the cities of France, will be in high glee at this October manifestation of Prout’s wisdom. The Doctor hath found a kindred soul in the Priest. To promote the interchange of national commodities, to cause a blending and a chemical fusion of their mutual produce, and establish an equilibrium between *our* negative and *their* positive electricity ; such appears to be the sublime aspiration of both these learned pundits. But the beneficial results attendant on the efforts of each are widely dissimilar. Both *Arcadians*, they are not equally successful in the rivalry of song. We have to record nothing of Dr. Bowring in the way of acquirement to this country ; *we* have gained nothing

by his labours : our *cottons*, our *iron*, our *woollens*, and our *coals*, are still without a passport to France ; while in certain home-trades, brought by his calculations into direct competition with the emancipated French, we have encountered a loss on our side to the tune of a few millions. Not so with the exertions of Prout : he has enriched England at the expense of her rival, and engrafted on our literature the choicest productions of Gallic culture. Silently and unostentatiously, on the bleak top of Watergrasshill, he has succeeded in naturalising these foreign vegetables, associating himself in the gratitude of posterity with the planter of the potato. The inhabitants of these islands may now, thanks to Prout ! sing or whistle the "Songs of France," duty free, in their vernacular language ; a vastly important acquisition ! The beautiful tunes of the "Cà ira" and "Charmante Gabrielle" will become familiarised to our dull ears ; instead of the vulgar "Peas upon a trencher," we shall enjoy that barrel-organ luxury of France, "Partant pour la Syrie ;" and for "The Minstrel Boy to the wars is gone," we shall have the original, "Malbroock s'en va-t-en guerre." What can be imagined more calculated to establish an harmonious understanding between the two nations, than this attempt of a benevolent clergyman to join them in a hearty chorus of common melody ? a grand "duo," composed of bass and tenor, the roaring of *the bull* and the croaking of *the frog* ?

To return to Bowring. Commissions of inquiry are the order of the day ; but some travelling "notes of interrogation" are so misshapen and grotesque, that the response or result is but a roar of laughter. This doctor, we perceive, is now the hero of every dinner of every "Chambre de Commerce ;" his toasts and his speeches in Norman French are, we are told, the *ne plus ultra* of comic performance, towards the close of each banquet. He is now in Burgundy, an industrious labourer in the vineyard of his commission ; and enjoys such particular advantages, that Brougham from his woolsack is said to cast a jealous eye on his missionary's department ; "invidiâ rumpantur ut ilia Codri." The whole affair exhibits that sad mixture of imbecility and ostentation too perceptible in all the doings of Utilitarianism. Of

whose *commissioners* Phædrus has long ago given the prototype :

“Est ardelionum quædam Romæ natio
Trepidè concursans, occupata in otio,
Gratis anhelans, multùm agendo, nihil agens.”

The publication of this Paper on French Songs is intended, at this particular season, to counteract the prevalent epidemic, which hurries away our population in crowds to Paris. By furnishing them here at home with Gallic *fricassees*, we hope to induce some, at least, to remain in the country, and forswear emigration. If our “preventive check” succeed, we shall have deserved well of our own watering-places, which naturally look up to us for protection and patronage. But the girls will never listen to good advice—

“Each pretty minx in her conscience thinks that nothing can improve
her,
Unless she sees the Tuileries, and trips along the Louvre.”

Never in the memory of REGINA has Regent Street suffered such complete depopulation. It hath emptied itself into the “Boulevards.” Our city friends will keep an eye on the Monument, or it may elope from Pudding Lane to the “Place Vendôme:” but as to the Thames flowing into the Seine, we cannot yet anticipate so alarming a phenomenon, although Juvenal records a similar event as having occurred in his time—

“Totus in Tyberim defluxit Orontes.”

Yet there is still balm in Gilead, there is still corn in Egypt. The “chest” in which old Prout hath left a legacy of hoarded wisdom to the children of men is open to us, for comfort and instruction. It is rich in consolation, and fraught with goodly maxims adapted to every state and stage of sublunary vicissitude. The treatise of Boëthius, “de Consolatione Philosophiæ,” worked wonders in its day, and assuaged the tribulations of the folks of the dark ages. The sibylline books were consulted in all cases of emergency. Prout’s strong box rather resembleth the oracular portfolio of the Sibyl, inasmuch as it chiefly containeth matters written in verse; and even in prose it appeareth poetical. Versified

apophthegms are always better attended to than mere prosaic crumbs of comfort; and we trust that the "Songs of France," which we are about to publish for the patriotic purpose above mentioned, may have the desired effect.

"Carmina vel cœlo possunt deducere lunam;
 Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine manes:
 Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim!"

When Saul went mad, the songs of the poet David were the only effectual sedatives; and in one of that admirable series of homilies on Job, St. Chrysostom, to fix the attention of his auditory, breaks out in fine style: *Φερε ουν, αγαπητε, της Δαβιδικης κιθαρρας ανακρουσωμεν το ψαλμικον μελος, και την ανθρωπινην γουοντες ταλαιπωριαν ειπωμεν, και τ. λ. (Serm. III. in Job.)* These French Canticles are, in Prout's manuscript, given with accompaniment of introductory and explanatory observations, in which they swim like water-fowl on the bosom of a placid and pellucid lake; and to each song there is underwritten an English translation, like the liquid reflection of the floating bird in the water beneath, so as to recall the beautiful image of the swan, which, according to the father of "lake poetry,"

"Floats double—swan and shadow."

Vale et fruerè!

OLIVER YORKE.

Regent Street, 1st Oct. 1834.

Watergrasshill, Oct. 1833,

I HAVE lived among the French: in the freshest dawn of early youth, in the meridian hour of manhood's maturity, my lot was cast and my lines fell on the pleasant places of that once-happy land. Full gladly have I strayed among her gay hamlets and her hospitable châteaux, anon breaking the brown loaf of the peasant, and anon seated at the board of her noblemen and her pontiffs. I have mixed industriously with every rank and every denomination of her people, tracing as I went along the peculiar indications of the Celt and the Frank, the Norman and the Breton, the *langue d'oui* and the *langue d'oc*; not at the same time overlooking

the endemic features of unrivalled Gascony. The manufacturing industry of Lyons, the Gothic reminiscences of Tours, the historic associations of Orleans, the mercantile enterprise and opulence of Bordeaux, Marseilles, the emporium of the Levant, each claimed my wonder in its turn. It was a goodly scene! and, compared to the ignoble and debased generation that now usurps the soil, my recollections of ante-revolutionary France are like dreams of an antediluvian world. And in those days arose the voice of song. The characteristic cheerfulness of the country found a vent for its superabundant joy in jocund carols, and music was at once the offspring and the parent of gaiety. Sterne, in his "Sentimental Journey," had *seen* the peasantry whom he so graphically describes in that passage concerning a marriage-feast—a generous flagon, grace after meat, and a dance on the green turf under the canopy of approving Heaven. Nor did the Irish heart of Goldsmith (who, like myself, rambled on the banks of the Loire and the Garonne with true pedestrian philosophy) fail to enter into the spirit of joyous exuberance which animated the inhabitants of each village through which we passed, poor and penniless, but a poet; and he himself tells us that, with his flute in his pocket, he might not fear to quarter himself on any district in the south of France,—such was the charm of music to the ear of the natives in those happy days. It surely was not of France that the poetic tourist spoke when he opened his "Traveller" by those sweet verses that tell of a loneliness little experienced on the banks of the Loire, however felt elsewhere—

"Remote, unfriended, solitary, slow;
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po," &c.

For Goldy, the village maiden lit up her brightest smiles; for him the tidy housewife, "on hospitable cares intent," brought forth the wheaten loaf and the well-seasoned sausage: to welcome the foreign troubadour, the master of the cottage and of the vineyard produced his best can of wine, never loath for an excuse to drain a cheerful cup with an honest fellow; for,

"Si benè commemini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi:
Hospitis adventus, præsens sitis atque futura,
Vel vini bonitas—vel quælibet altera causa."

All this buoyancy of spirits, all this plentiful gladness, found expression and utterance in the national music and songs of that period; which are animated and lively to excess, and bear testimony to the brisk current of feeling and the exhilarating influence from which they sprung. Each season of the happy year, each incident of primitive and rural life, each occurrence in village history, was chronicled in uncouth rhythm, and chanted with choral glee. The baptismal holyday, the marriage epoch, the soldier's return, the "patron saint," the harvest and the vintage, "le jour des rois," and "le jour de Noël," each was ushered in with the merry chime of parish bells and the extemporaneous outbreak of the rustic muse. And when mellow autumn gave place to hoary winter, the genial source of musical inspiration was not frozen up in the hearts of the young, nor was there any lack of traditionary ballads derived from the memory of the old.

"Ici le chanvre préparé
Tourne autour du fuseau Gothique,
Et sur un banc mal assuré
La bergère la plus antique
Chante la mort du 'Balafre'
D'une voix plaintive et tragique."

"While the merry fireblocks kindle,
While the gudewife twirls her spindle,
Hark the song which, nigh the embers,
Singeth yonder withered crone;
Well I ween that hag remembers
Many a war-tale past and gone."

This characteristic of the inhabitants of Gaul, this constitutional attachment to music and melody, has been early noticed by the writers of the middle ages, and remarked on by her historians and philosophers. The eloquent Salvian of Marseilles (A.D. 440), in his book on Providence ("de Gubernatione Dei"), says that his fellow-countrymen had a habit of drowning care and banishing melancholy with songs: "Cantilenis infortunia sua solantur." In the old jurisprudence of the Gallic code we are told, by lawyer de Marchangy, in his work, "la Gaule Poétique," that all the goods and chattels of a debtor could be seized by the creditor, with the positive exception of any musical instrument, lyre,

bagpipe, or flute, which happened to be in the house of misfortune; the lawgivers wisely and humanely providing a source of consolation for the poor devil when all was gone. We have still some enactments of Charlemagne interwoven in the labyrinthine intricacies of the capitularian law, having reference to the minstrels of that period; and the song of Roland, who fell at Roncesvaux with the flower of Gallic chivalry, is still sung by the grenadiers of France:

“Soldats François, chantons Roland,
L'honneur de la chevalerie,” &c., &c.

Or, as Sir Walter Scott will have it,

“O! for a blast of that wild horn,
On Fontarabia's echoes borne,” &c.

During the crusades, the minstrelsy of France attained a high degree of refinement, delicacy, and vigour. Never were love-adventures, broken hearts, and broken heads, so plentiful. The novelty of the scene, the excitement of departure, the lover's farewell, the rapture of return, the pilgrim's tale, the jumble of war and devotion, laurels and palm-trees—all these matters inflamed the imagination of the troubadour, and ennobled the effusions of genius. Oriental landscape added a new charm to the creations of poetry, and the bard of chivalrous Europe, transported into the scenes of voluptuous Asia, acquired a new stock of imagery; an additional chord would vibrate on his lyre. Thiébauld, comte de Champagne, who swayed the destinies of the kingdom under Queen Blanche, while St. Louis was in Palestine, distinguished himself not only by his patronage of the tuneful tribe, but by his own original compositions; many of which I have overhauled among the MSS. of the King's Library, when I was in Paris. Richard Cœur de Lion, whose language, habits, and character, belonged to Normandy, was almost as clever at a ballad as at the battle-axe: his faithful troubadour, Blondel, acknowledges his master's competency in things poetical. But it was reserved for the immortal René d'Anjou, called by the people of Provence *le bon roy René*, to confer splendour and *éclat* on the gentle craft, during a reign of singular usefulness and popularity. He was, in truth, a rare personage, and well deserved to leave his

memory embalmed in the recollection of his fellow-countrymen. After having fought in his youth under Joan of Arc, in rescuing the territory of France from the grasp of her invaders, and subsequently in the wars of Scander Beg and Ferdinand of Arragon, he spent the latter part of his eventful life in diffusing happiness among his subjects, and making his court the centre of refined and classic enjoyment. Aix in Provence was then the seat of civilisation, and the haunt of the Muses. While to René is ascribed the introduction and culture of the mulberry, and the consequent development of the silk-trade along the Rhone, to his fostering care the poetry of France is indebted for many of her best and simplest productions, the *rondeau*, the *madrigal*, the *triolet*, the *lay*, the *virelai*, and other measures equally melodious. His own ditties (chiefly church hymns) are preserved in the Bibliothèque du Roi, in his own handwriting, adorned by his royal pencil with sundry curious enluminations and allegorical emblems.

A rival settlement for the "sacred sisters" was established at the neighbouring court of Avignon, where the temporary residence of the popes attracted the learning of Italy and of the ecclesiastical world. The combined talents of churchmen and of poets shone with concentrated effulgence in that most picturesque and romantic of cities, fit cradle for the muse of Petrarca, and the appropriate resort of every contemporary excellence. The pontific presence shed a lustre over this crowd of meritorious men, and excited a spirit of emulation in all the walks of science, unknown in any other European capital: and to Avignon in those days might be applied the observation of a Latin poet concerning that small town of Italy which the residence of a single important personage sufficed to illustrate:

"Veios habitante Camillo,
Illic Roma fuit."

LUCAN.

The immortal sonnets of Laura's lover, written in the polished and elegant idiom of Lombardy, had a perceptible effect in softening what was harsh, and refining what was uncouth, in the love-songs of the Troubadors, whose language (not altogether obsolete in Provence at the present time) bears a

close affinity to the Italian. But this "light of song," however gratifying to the lover of early literature, was but a sort of crepuscular brightening, to herald in that full dawn of true taste and knowledge which broke forth at the appearance of Francis I. and Leo X. Then it was that Europe's modern minstrels, forming their lyric effusions on the imperishable models of classical antiquity, produced, for the bower and the banquet, for the court and the camp, strains of unparalleled sweetness and power. I have already enriched my papers with a specimen of the love-ditties which the amour of Francis and the unfortunate Comtesse de Chateaubriand gave birth to. The royal lover has himself recorded his chivalrous attachment to that lady in a song which is preserved among the MSS. of the Duke of Buckingham, in the Bibliothèque du Roi. It begins thus :

"Ores que je la tiens sous ma loy,
Plus je regne amant que roy,
Adieu, visages de cour," &c. &c.

Of the songs of Henri Quatre, addressed to Gabrielle d'Etrées, and of the ballads of Mary Stuart, it were almost superfluous to say a word ; but in a professed essay on so interesting a subject, it would be an unpardonable omission not to mention two such illustrious contributors to the minstrelsy of France.

From crowned heads the transition to Maître Adam (the poetic carpenter) is rather abrupt ; but he deserves most honourable rank among the tuneful brotherhood. Without quitting his humble profession of a joiner, he published a volume of songs (Rheims, 1650) under the modest title of "Dry Chips and Oak Shavings from the Workshop of Adam Billaud." Many of his staves are right well put out of hand. But he had been preceded by Clement Marôt, a most cultivated poet, who had given the tone to French versification. Malherbe was also a capital lyric writer in the grandiose style, and at times pathetic. Then there was Ronsard and Panard. Jean de Meun, who, with Guillaume de Lorris, concocted the "Roman de la Rose:" Villon, Charles d'Orléans, Gringoire, Alain Chartier, Bertaut, and sundry others of the old school, deservedly challenge the antiquary and critic's commendation. The subsequent glories of Voiture,

Scuderi, Dorat, Boufflers, Florian, Racan, and Chalieu, would claim their due share of notice, if the modern lyrics of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, André Chenier, Chateaubriand, and Delavigne, like the rod of the prophet, had not swallowed up the inferior spells of the magicians who preceded them. But I cannot for a moment longer repress my enthusiastic admiration of one who has arisen in our days, to strike in France, with a master-hand, the lyre of the troubadour, and to fling into the shade all the triumphs of bygone minstrelsy. Need I designate Béranger, who has created for himself a style of transcendent vigour and originality, and who has sung of *war*, *love*, and *wine*, in strains far excelling those of Blondel, Tyrtæus, Pindar, or the Teïan bard. He is now the genuine representative of Gallic poesy in her *convivial*, her *amatory*, her *warlike*, and her *philosophic* mood: and the plenitude of the inspiration that dwelt successively in the souls of all the songsters of ancient France seems to have transmigrated into Béranger, and found a fit recipient in his capacious and liberal mind:

“As some bright river, that, from fall to fall
In many a maze descending, bright in all,
Finds some fair region, where, each labyrinth past,
In one full lake of light it rests at last.”—*Lalla Rookh*.

Let me open the small volume of his *chansons*, and take at venture the first that offers. Good! it is about the grape. *Wine* is the grand topic with all poets (after the ladies); hear then *his* account of the introduction of the grape into Burgundy and Champagne, effected through the instrumentality of Brennus.

Brennus,

*Ou la Vigne plantée dans les
Gaules.*

Brennus disait aux bons Gaulois,
“Célébrez un triomphe insigne!
Les champs de Rome ont payé mes
exploits,
Et j'en rapporte un cep de vigne;
Privée de son jus tout-puissant,

The Song of Brennus,

*Or the Introduction of the Grape
into France.*

TUNE—“The Night before Larry.”

When Brennus came back here from
Rome,

These words he is said to have
spoken:

“We have conquered, my boys!
and brought home
A sprig of the vine for a token!



FIRST PLANTING OF THE VINE IN GAUL.

- Nous avons vaincu pour en boire ;
 Sur nos coteaux que le pampre naissant
 Serve à couronner la victoire.
- Un jour, par ce raisin vermeil
 Des peuples vous serez l'envie ;
 Dans son nectar plein des feux du soleil
 Tous les arts puiseront la vie.
 Quittant nos bords favorisés,
 Mille vaisseaux iront sur l'onde
 Chargés de vins et de fleurs pa-
 voises,
 Porter la joie autour du monde.
- Bacchus ! embellis nos destins !
 Un peuple hospitalier te prie,
 Fais qu'un proscrit, assis à nos
 festins,
 Oublie un moment sa patrie."
 Brennus alors bennit les Cieux,
 Creuse la terre avec sa lance,
 Plante la vigne ! et les Gaulois
 joyeux
 Dans l'avenir ont vu "La
 France !"
- Cheer, my hearties ! and welcome
 to Gaul
 This plant, which we won from
 the foeman ;
 'Tis enough to repay us for all
 Our trouble in beating the Ro-
 man ;
 Bless the gods ! and bad
 luck to the geese !
- O ! take care to treat well the fair
 guest,
 From the blasts of the north to
 protect her ;
 Of your hillocks, the sunniest and
 best
 Make them hers, for the sake of
 her nectar.
 She shall nurse your young Gauls
 with her juice ;
 Give life to 'the arts' in liba-
 tions ;
 While your ships round the globe
 shall produce
 Her goblet of joy for all nations—
 E'en the foeman shall
 taste of our cup.
- The exile who flies to our hearth
 She shall soothe, all his sorrows
 redressing ;
 For the vine is the parent of mirth,
 And to sit in its shade is a bless-
 ing."
 So the soil Brennus dug with his
 lance,
 'Mid the crowd of Gaul's war-
 riors and sages ;
 And our forefathers grim, of gay
 France
 Got a glimpse through the vista
 of ages—
 And it gladdened the
 hearts of the Gauls !

Such is the classical and genial range of thought in which Béranger loves to indulge, amid the unpretending effusions of a professed drinking song ; embodying his noble and patriotic aspirations in the simple form of an historical anecdote, or a light and fanciful allegory. He abounds in

philanthropic sentiments and generous outbursts of passionate eloquence, which come on the feelings unexpectedly, and never fail to produce a corresponding excitement in the heart of the listener. I shall shortly return to his glorious canticles; but meantime, as we are on the chapter of wine, by way of contrast to the style of Béranger, I may be allowed to introduce a drinking ode of a totally different character, and which, from its odd and original conceptions, and harmless jocularities, I think deserving of notice. It is, besides, of more ancient date; and gives an idea of what songs preceded those of Béranger.

Les Éloges de l'Eau.

Wine Debtor to Water.

AIR—"Life let us cherish."

Il pleut ! il pleut enfin !
Et la vigne altérée
Va se voir restaurée
Par un bienfait divin.
De l'eau chantons la gloire,
On la méprise en vain,
C'est l'eau qui nous fait boire
Du vin ! du vin ! du vin !

C'est par l'eau, j'en conviens,
Que Dieu fit le déluge ;
Mais ce souverain Juge
Mit le mal près du bien !
Du déluge l'histoire
Fait nôtre le raisin ;
C'est l'eau qui nous fait boire
Du vin ! du vin ! du vin !

Ah ! combien je jouis
Quand la rivière apporte
Des vins de toute sorte
Et de tous les pays !
Ma cave est mon armoire—
A l'instant tout est plein ;
C'est l'eau qui nous fait boire
Du vin ! du vin ! du vin !

Par un tems sec et beau
Le meunier du village,
Se morfond sans ouvrage,
Il ne boit que de l'eau ;

Rain best doth nourish
Earth's pride, the budding vine !
Grapes best will flourish
On which the dewdrops shine.
Then why should water meet with scorn,
Or why its claim to praise resign ?
When from that bounteous source is born
The vine ! the vine ! the vine !

Rain best disposes
Earth for each blossom and each bud ;
True, we are told by Moses,
Once it brought on "a flood ;"
But while that flood did all immerse,
All save old Nosh's holy line,
Pray read the chapter and the verse—
The vine is there ! the vine !

Wine by water-carriage
Round the globe is best conveyed ;
Then why disparage
A path for old Bacchus made ?
When in our docks the cargo lands
Which foreign merchants here consign,
The wine's red empire wide expands—
The vine ! the vine ! the vine !

Rain makes the miller
Work his glad wheel the livelong day ;
Rain brings the siller,
And drives dull care away :

Il rentre dans sa gloire Quand l'eau rentre au moulin ; C'est l'eau qui lui fait boire Du vin ! du vin ! du vin !	For without rain he lacks the stream, And fain o'er watery cups must pine ; But when it rains, he courts, I deem, The vine ! the vine ! the vine !*
Faut-il un trait nouveau ? Mes amis, je le guette ; Voyez à la guinguette Entrer ce porteur d'eau ! Il y perd la mémoire Des travaux du matin ; C'est l'eau qui lui fait boire Du vin ! du vin ! du vin !	Though all good judges Water's worth now understand, Mark yon chiel who drudges With buckets in each hand ; He toils with <i>water</i> through the town, Until he spies a certain "sign," Where entering, all his labour done, He drains thy juice, O vine !
Mais à vous chanter l'eau Je sens que je m'altère ; Donnez moi vite une verre Du doux jus du tonneau— Ce vin vient de la Loire, Ou bien des bords du Rhin ; C'est l'eau qui nous fait boire Du vin ! du vin ! du vin !	But pure water singing Dries full soon the poet's tongue ; So crown all by bringing A draught drawn from the bung Of yonder cask, that wine contains Of Loire's good vintage or the Rhine Queen of whose teeming margin reigns The vine ! the vine ! the vine !

A "water-poet" is a poor creature in general, and though limpid and lucid enough, the foregoing runs at a very low level. Something more lofty in lyrics and more in the Pindaric vein ought to follow ; for though the old Theban himself opens by striking a key-note about the excellence of that element, he soon soars upward far above low-water mark, and is lost in the clouds—

"*Multa Dirceum levat aura cycnum ;*"

yet, in his highest flight, has he ever been wafted on more daring and vigorous pinions than Béranger? This will be at once seen. Search the racing calendar of the Olympic turf for as many olympiads as you please, and in the horse-poetry you will find nothing better than the "Cossack's Address to his Charger."

* This idea, containing an apparent paradox, has been frequently worked up in the quaint writing of the middle ages. There is an old Jesuits' riddle, which I learnt among other wise saws at their colleges, from which it will appear that this *Miller* is a regular *Joe*.

Q. "Suave bibo vinum quoties mihi suppetit unda ;
Undaque si desit, quid bibo ?"

R. "Tristis aquam !"

Le Chant du Cosaque.

Viens, mon coursier, noble ami du Cosaque,
 Volc au signal des trompettes du nord ;
 Prompt au pillage, intrépide à l'attaque,
 Prête sous moi des ailes à la mort.
 L'or n'enrichit ni ton frein ni ta selle,
 Mais attends tout du prix de mes exploits :
 Hennis d'orgueil, ô mon coursier fidèle,
 Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les rois.

La paix qui fuit m'abandonne tes guides,
 La vieille Europe a perdu ses remparts ;
 Viens de trésors combler mes mains avides,
 Viens reposer dans l'asile des arts,
 Retourne boire à la Seine rebelle,
 Où, tout sanglant, tu t'es lavé deux fois :
 Hennis d'orgueil, ô mon coursier fidèle,
 Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les rois.

Comme en un fort, princes, nobles, et prêtres,
 Tous assiégés par leurs sujets souffrans,
 Nous ont crié : Venez, soyez nos maîtres—
 Nous serons serfs pour demeurer tyrans !
 J'ai pris ma lance, et tous vont devant elle
 Humilier, et le sceptre et la croix :
 Hennis d'orgueil, ô mon coursier fidèle,
 Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les rois.

J'ai d'un géant vu le fantôme immense
 Sur nos bivouacs fixer un œil ardent ;
 Il s'écria : Mon règne recommence ;
 Et de sa hache il montrait l'Occident ;
 Du roi des Huns c'était l'ombre immortelle ;
 Fils d'Attila, j'obéis à sa voix
 Hennis d'orgueil, ô mon coursier fidèle,
 Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les rois.

Tout cet éclat dont l'Europe est si fière,
 Tout ce savoir qui ne la défend pas,
 S'engloutira dans les flots de poussière
 Qu'autour de moi vont soulever tes pas
 Efface, efface, en la course nouvelle,
 Temples, palais, mœurs, souvenirs, et lois
 Hennis d'orgueil, ô mon coursier fidèle,
 Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les rois.

The Song of the Cossack.

Come, arouse thee up, my gallant horse, and hear thy rider on!
The comrade thou, and the friend, I trow, of the dweller on the
Don.

Pillage and Death have spread their wings! 'tis the hour to hie
thee forth,

And with thy hoofs an echo wake to the trumpets of the North!

Nor gems nor gold do men behold upon thy saddle-tree;

But earth affords the wealth of lords for thy master and for thee.

Then fiercely neigh, my charger grey! — thy chest is proud and
ample;

Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her
heroes trample!

Europe is weak—she hath grown old—her bulwarks are laid low;

She is loath to hear the blast of war—she shrinketh from a foe!

Come, in our turn, let us sojourn in her goodly haunts of joy—

In the pillar'd porch to wave the torch, and her palaces destroy!

Proud as when first thou slak'dst thy thirst in the flow of conquer'd
Seine,

Aye shalt thou lave, within that wave, thy blood-red flanks again.

Then fiercely neigh, my gallant grey! — thy chest is strong and
ample!

Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her
heroes trample!

Kings are beleaguer'd on their thrones by their own vassal crew;

And in their den quake noblemen, and priests are bearded too;

And loud they yelp for the Cossacks' help to keep their bondsmen
down,

And they think it meet, while they kiss *our* feet, to wear a tyrant's
crown!

The sceptre now to my lance shall bow, and the crosier and the cross
shall bend alike, when I lift my pike, and aloft THAT SCEPTRE
toss!

Then proudly neigh, my gallant grey! — thy chest is broad and
ample;

Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her
heroes trample!

In a night of storm I have seen a form!—and the figure was a GIANT,
And his eye was bent on the Cossack's tent, and his look was all de-
fiant;

Kingly his crest—and towards the West with his battle-axe he
pointed;

And the "form" I saw *was* ATTILA! of this earth the scourge
anointed.

From the Cossack's camp let the horseman's tramp the coming crash
 announce ;
 Let the vulture whet his beak sharp set, on the carrion field to pounce ;
 And proudly neigh, my charger grey!—O! thy chest is broad and
 ample ;
 Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her
 heroes trample !

What hoots old Europe's boasted fame, on which she builds reliance,
 When the North shall launch its *avalanche* on her works of art and
 science ?
 Hath she not wept her cities swept by our hordes of trampling
 stallions ?
 And tower and arch crush'd in the march of our barbarous battalions ?
 Can we not wield our fathers' shield ? the same war-hatchet handle ?
 Do our blades want length, or the reapers' strength, for the harvest
 of the Vandal ?
 Then proudly neigh, my gallant grey, for thy chest is strong and
 ample ;
 And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of
 her heroes trample !

In the foregoing glorious song of the Cossack to his Horse, Béranger appears to me to have signally evinced that peculiar talent discoverable in most of his lyrical impersonations, which enables him so completely to identify himself with the character he undertakes to portray, that the poet is lost sight of in the all-absorbing splendour of the theme. Here we have the mind hurried away with irresistible grasp, and flung down among the wild scenery of the river Don, amid the tents of the Scythians and an encampment of the North. If we are sufficiently dull to resist the impulse that would transport our rapt soul to the region of the poet's inspiration, still, even on the quiet tympanum of our effeminate ear, there cometh the sound of a barbarian cavalry, heard most fearfully distinct, thundering along the rapid and sonorous march of the stanza ; the terrific spectre of the King of the Huns frowns on our startled fancy : and we look on this sudden outpouring of Béranger's tremendous poetry with the sensation of Virgil's shepherd, awed at the torrent that sweeps down from the Apennines,—

“ Stupet inscius alto
 Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor.”

There is more where that came from. And if, instead of

oriental imagery and "barbaric pearl and gold," camels, palm-trees, bulbuls, houris, frankincense, silver veils, and other gewgaws with which Tom Moore has glutted the market of literature in his "Lalla Rookh," we could prevail on our poetasters to use sterner stuff, to dig the iron mines of the North, and send their Pegasus to a week's training among the Cossacks, rely on it we should have more vigour and energy in the bone and muscle of the winged animal. Drawing-room poets should partake of the rough diet and masculine beverage of this hardy tribe, whose cookery has been described in "Hudibras," and of whom the swan of Mantua gently singeth with becoming admiration :

"Et lac concretum cum sanguine potat equino."

Lord Byron is never more spirited and vigorous than when he recounts the catastrophe of Mazeppa; and in the whole of the sublime rhapsody of "Childe Harold," there is not a line (where *all* breathes the loftiest enthusiasm) to be compared to his northern slave,

"Butchered to make a Roman holyday!"

He is truly great, when, in the fulness of prophetic inspiration, he calls on the Goths to "arise and glut their ire!" However, let none woo the muse of the North, without solid capabilities: if Moore were to present himself to the nymph's notice, I fear he would catch a Tartar.

The "Songs of France," properly so called, exhibit a fund of inexhaustible good-humour, at the same time that they are fraught with the most exalted philosophy. Addison has written a "commentary" on the ballad of "Chevy Chase;" and the public is indebted to him for having revealed the recondite value of that excellent old chant: but there is a French lyrical composition coeval with the English ballad aforesaid, and containing at least an equal quantity of contemporary wisdom. The opening verses may give a specimen of its wonderful range of thought. They run thus:

"Le bon roy Dagobert
 Avait mis sa culotte à l'envers :
 Le bon Saint Eloy

Lui dit, 'O mon roy !
 Votre majesté
 S'est mal culotté !'
 'Eh bien,' dit ce bon roy,
 'Je vais la remettre à l'endroit.'*"

I do not, as in other cases, follow up this French quotation by a literal version of its meaning in English, for several reasons ; of which the principal is, that I intend to revert to the song itself in my second chapter, when I shall come to treat of "frogs" and "wooden shoes." But it may be well to instruct the superficial reader, that in this apparently simple stanza there is a deep blow aimed at the imbecility of the then reigning monarch ; and that under the *culotte* there lieth much hidden mystery, explained by one Sartor Resartus, Professor Teufelsdröckh, a German philosopher.

Confining myself, therefore, for the present, to *wine and war*, I proceed to give a notable *war-song*, of which the tune

* Dagobert II., king of Australasia, was conveyed away in his infancy to Ireland, according to the historians of the country, by orders of a designing *maire du palais*, who wished to get rid of him. (See Mezeray, *Hist. de Fran.* ; the Jesuit Daniel, *Hist. Franc.* ; and Abbé Mac Geoghegan, *Hist. d'Irlande*.) He was educated at the school of Lismore, so celebrated by the venerable Bede as a college of European reputation. His peculiar manner of wearing his trowaera would seem to have been learned in Cork. St. Eloi was a brassfounder and a tinker. He is the patron of the Dublin corporation guild of amitha, who call him (ignorantly) St. Loy. This saint was a good Latin poet. The king, one day going into his chariot, a clumsy contrivance, described by Boileau—

"Quatre bœufs attelés, d'un pas tranquille et lent,
 Promenaient dans Paris le monarque indolent"—

was, as usual, attended by his favourite, Eloi, and jokingly asked him to make a couplet *extempore* before the drive. Eloi stipulated for the wages of song ; and having got a promise of the two oxen, launched out into the following—

"Ascendit Dagobert, veniat bos unus et alter
 In nostrum stabulum, carpere ibi pabulum !"

King Dagobert was not a bad hand at Latin verbae himself, for he is supposed to have written that exquisite elegy sung at the dirge for the dead—

"Dies iræ, dies illa
 Solvet sæclum in favillâ,
 Teste David cum sibyllâ," &c.

is well known throughout Europe, but the words and the poetry are on the point of being effaced from the superficial memory of this flimsy generation. By my recording them in these papers, posterity will not be deprived of their racy humour and exquisite *naïveté* : nor shall a future age be reduced to confess with the interlocutor in the "Eclogues," "*numeros memini, si verba tenerem.*" Who has not hummed in his lifetime the immortal air of MALBROUCK? Still, if the best antiquary were called on to supply the original poetic composition, such as it burst on the world in the decline of the classic era of Queen Anne and Louis XIV., I fear he would be unable to gratify the curiosity of an eager public in so interesting an inquiry. For many reasons, therefore, it is highly meet and proper that I should consign it to the imperishable tablets of these written memorials : and here, then, followeth the song of the lamentable death of the illustrious John Churchill, which did *not* take place, by some mistake, but was nevertheless celebrated as follows :

Malbrouck.

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
On n'sçait quand il reviendra. [*ter.*

Il reviendra à Pâques,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
Il reviendra à Pâques,
Ou à la Trinité. [*ter.*

La Trinité se passe,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
La Trinité se passe,
Malbrouck ne revient pas. [*ter.*

Madame à sa tour monte,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
Madame à sa tour monte,
Leplushantqu'on peut monter. [*ter.*

Elle voit venir un page,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
Elle voit venir un page
De noir tout habillé. [*ter.*

Malbrouck.

Malbrouck, the prince of commanders,
Is gone to the war in Flanders ;
His fame is like Alexander's ;
But when will he come home ? [*ter.*

Perhaps at Trinity Feast, or
Perhaps he may come at Easter.
Egad! he had better make haste, or
We fear he may never come. [*ter.*

For "Trinity Feast" is over,
And has brought no news from
Dover ;
And Easter is past, moreover ;
And Malbrouck still delays. [*ter.*

Milady in her watch-tower
Spends many a pensive hour,
Not well knowing why or how her
Dear lord from England stays. [*ter.*

While sitting quite forlorn in
That tower, she spies returning
A page clad in deep mourning,
With fainting steps and slow. [*ter.*

Mon pagé, ô mon beau page,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
Mon page, ô mon beau page,
Quelle nouvelle apportez ? [ter.]

"O page, prithee, come faster
What news do you bring of your
master?
I fear there is some disaster,
Your looks are so full of woe." [ter.]

La nouvelle que j'apporte,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
La nouvelle que j'apporte
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer. [ter.]

"The news I bring, fair lady,"
With sorrowful accent said he,
"Is one you are not ready
So soon, alas! to hear." [ter.]

Monsieur Malbrouck est mort,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
Monsieur Malbrouck est mort,
Est mort et enterré.* [ter.]

But since to speak I'm hurried,"
Added this page, quite flurried,
"Malbrouck is dead and buried!"—
(And here he shed a tear.) [ter.]

Je l'ai vu porter en terre,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
Je l'ai vu porter en terre
Par quatrez' officiera. [ter.]

"He's dead! he's dead as a herring!
For I beheld his 'berring,'
And four officers transferring
His corpaes away from the field." [ter.]

L'un portait son grand sabre,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
L'un portait son grand sabre,
L'autre son bouclier. [ter.]

One officer carried his sabre,
And he carried it not without la-
bour,
Much envying his next neighbour,
Who only bore a shield. [ter.]

Le troisième son casque,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
Le troisième son casque,
Panache renversé. [ter.]

The third was helmet-bearer—
That helmet which on its wearer
Filled all who saw with terror,
And covered a hero's brains. [ter.]

L'autre, jene sçai pas bien,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
L'autre, je ne sçai pas bien,
Mais je crois qu'il ne portait rien. [ter.]

Now, having got so far, I
Find that (by the Lord Harry!)
The fourth is left nothing to carry;
So there the thing remains." [ter.]

Such, O phlegmatic inhabitants of these countries! is the celebrated funeral song of Malbrouck. It is what we would in Ireland call a *keen* over the dead, with this difference, that the lamented deceased is, among us, generally dead outright, with a hole in his skull; whereas the subject of the pathetic elegy of "Monsieur" was, at the time of its composition, both alive and kicking all before him. It may not be uninteresting to learn, that both the tune and the words were composed as a "lullaby" to set the infant Dau-

* Κείται Πατροκλος νεκρος δη αμφιμαχονται
Γυμνου' αταρ τα γε τευχε' εχει κορυθαιολος 'Εκτωρ.

phin to sleep; and that, having succeeded in the object of soporific efficacy, the poetess (for some make Madame de Sevigné the authoress of "Malbrouck," she being a sort of L. E. L. in her day) deemed historical accuracy a minor consideration. It is a fact, that this tune is the only one relished by the South Sea islanders, who find it "most musical, most melancholy." Chateaubriand, in his *Itineraire de Jerusalem*, says the air was brought from Palestine by Crusaders.

As we have just given a war-song, or a lullaby, I shall introduce a different subject, to avoid monotony. I shall therefore give the poet Béranger's famous ode to Dr. Lardner, concerning his Cyclopædia. The occasion which gave rise to this lyrical effusion was the recent trip of Dionysius Lardner to Paris, and his proposal (conveyed through Dr. Bowring) to Béranger, of a handsome remuneration, if the poet would sing or say a good word about his "Cabinet Cyclopædia," which Dr. Bowring translated as "son Encyclopédie des Cabinets" (*d'aisance*?) Lardner gave the poet a dinner on the strength of the expected commendatory poem, when the following song was composed after the third bottle:

L'Épée de Damocles.

De Damocles l'épée est bien connue,
En songe à table il m'a semblé la
voir:
Sous cette épée et menaçante et
nue,
Denis l'ancien me forçait à m'as-
seoir.
Je m'écriais que mon destin s'a-
chève—
La coupe en main, au doux bruit
ces concerts,
O vieux Denis, je me ris de ton
glaive,
Je bois, je chante, et je siffle tes
vers!

"Que du mépris la haine au moins
me sauve!"
Dit ce pédant, qui rompt un fil
leger;

The Dinner of Dionysius.

O! who hath not heard of the sword
which old Dennis
Hung over the head of a Stoic?
And how the stern sage bore that
terrible menace
With a fortitude not quite he-
roic?
There's a Dennis the "tyrant of
Cecily"* hight,
(Most sincerely I pity his lady,
ah!)
Now this Dennis is doomed for his
sins to indite
A "Cabinet Cyclopædia."

He pressed me to dine, and he
placed on my head
An appropriate garland of poppies;

* Dr. L. had then a bill before the Lords for divorce from his first wife, Cecilia Flood, niece of the celebrated Irish orator.

Le fer pesant tombe sur ma tête chauve,	And, lo! from the ceiling there hung by a thread
J'entends ces mots, "Denis sçait se venger!"	A bale of unsaleable copies.
Me voilà mort et poursuivant mon rêve—	"Puff my writings," he cried, "or your skull shall be crushed!"
La coupe en main, je répète aux enfers,	"That I cannot," I answered, with honesty flushed.
O vieux Denis, je me ris de ton glaive,	"Be your name Dionysius or Thady, ah!
Je bois, je chante, et je siffle tes vers!	Old Dennis, my boy, though I were to enjoy But <i>one</i> glass and <i>one</i> song, still <i>one</i> laugh, loud and long, I should have at your Cyclopædia."

So adieu, Dr. Lardner, for the present, *ass in presenti*; and turn we to other topics of song.

The eye of the connoisseur has no doubt detected sundry latent indications of the poet's consummate drollery; but it is in ennobling insignificant subjects by reference to historical anecdote and classic allegory, that the delicate tact and singular ability of Béranger are to be admired. It will be in the recollection of those who have read the accomplished fabulist of Rome, Phædrus, that he commends Simonides of Cos for his stratagem, when hired to sing the praise of some obscure candidate for the honours of the Olympic race-course. The bard, finding no material for verse in the life of his vulgar hero, launched into an encomium on Castor and Pollux, twin-brothers of the olden turf. Béranger thus exemplifies his most homely subject by the admixture of Greek and Roman associations. The original is rather too long to be transcribed here; and as my translation is not, *in this case*, a literal version, the less it is confronted with its prototype the better. The *last* stanza I do not pretend to understand rightly, so I put it at the bottom of the page in a note,* supposing that my readers may not be so blind as I confess I am concerning this intricate and enigmatical passage of the ode.

* "Diogène! sous ton manteau,
Libre et content, je ris, je bois, sans gêne;
Libre et content, je roule mon tonneau!
Lanterne en main, dans l'Athènes moderne
Chercher un homme est un dessein fort beau!
Mais quand le soir voit briller ma lanterne,
C'est aux amours qu'elle sert de flambeau."

“**Good Dry Lodgings.**”

According to Béranger, Songster.

My dwelling is ample,
 And I've set an example
 For all lovers of wine to follow
 If my home you should ask,
 I have drain'd out a cask,
 And I dwell in the fragrant hollow!
 A disciple am I of Diogenes—
 O! his tub a most classical lodging is!
 'Tis a beautiful alcove for thinking;
 'Tis, besides, a cool grotto for drinking:
 Moreover, the parish throughout
 You can readily roll it about.
 O! the berth
 For a lover of mirth
 To revel in jokes, and to lodge in ease,
 Is the classical tub of Diogenes!

In politics I'm no adept,
 And into my tub when I've crept,
 They may canvass in vain for my vote.
 For besides, after all the great cry and hubbub,
 REFORM gave no “ten pound franchise” to my tub;
 So your “bill” I don't value a groat!
 And as for that idol of filth and vulgarity,
 Adorned now-a-days, and yclept Popularity,
 To my home
 Should it come,
 And my hogshead's bright aperture darken,
 Think not to such summons I'd hearken.
 No! I'd say to that goule grim and gaunt,
 Vile phantom, avaunt!
 Get thee out of my sight!
 For thy clumsy opacity shuts out the light
 Of the gay glorious sun
 From my classical tun,
 Where a hater of cant and a lover of fun
 Fain would revel in mirth, and would lodge in ease—
 The classical tub of Diogenes!

In the park of St. Cloud there stares at you
 A pillar or statue
 Of my liege, the philosopher cynical:
 There he stands on a pinnacle,

And his lantern is placed on the ground,
 While, with both eyes fixed wholly on
 The favourite haunt of Napoleon,
 "A MAN!" he exclaims, "by the powers, I have found!"
 But for me, when at eve I go sauntering
 On the boulevards of Athena, "Love" carries my lantern;
 And, egad! though I walk most demurely,
 For a man I'm not looking full surely;
 Nay, I'm sometimes brought drunk home,
 Like honest Jack Reeve, or like honest Tom Duncombe.
 O! the nest
 For a lover of jest
 To revel in fun, and to lodge in ease,
 Is the classical tub of Diogenes;

So much for the poet's capability of embellishing what is vulgar, by the magic wand of antique recollections: *proprie communita dicere*, is a secret as rare as ever. When Hercules took a distaff in hand, he made but a poor spinner, and broke all the threads, to the amusement of his mistress; Béranger would have gracefully gone through even that minor accomplishment, at the same time that the war-club and the battle-axe lost nothing of their power when wielded by his hand. Such is the versatility of genius!

Can any thing compare with the following ode of this very songster of "the tub," who herein shews strikingly with what facility he can diversify his style, vary his tone, run "through each mood of the lyre, a master in all!"

Le Pigeon Messenger.

Chanson, 1822.

L'Air brillait, et ma jeune maîtresse
 Chantait les dieux dans la Grèce
 oubliés;
 Nous comparions notre France à
 la Grèce,
 Quand un pigeon vint s'abattre
 à nos pieds.
 Næris découvre un billet sous son
 aile;
 Il le portait vers des foyers
 chéris—
 Bois dans ma coupe, O messenger
 fidèle!
 Et dors en paix sur le sein de
 Næris.

The Carrier-Dove of Athens.

A Dream, 1822.

Helen sat by my side, and I held
 To her lip the gay cup in my
 bower,
 When a bird at our feet we beheld,
 As we talked of old Greece in
 that hour;
 And his wing bore a burden of
 love,
 To some fair one the secret soul
 telling—
 O drink of my cup, carrier-dove!
 And sleep on the bosom of
 Helen.

- Il est tombé, las d'un trop-long
voyage ;
Rendons-lui vite et force et li-
berté.
D'un trafiquant remplit-il le mes-
sage ?
Va-t-il d'amour parler à la
beauté ?
Peut-être il porte au nid qui le
rappelle
Les derniers vœux d'infortunés
proscrits—
Bois dans ma coupe, O messager
fidèle !
Et dors en paix sur le sein de
Næris.
- Mais du billet quelques mots me
font croire
Qu'il est en France à des Grecs
apporté ;
Il vient d'Athènes ; il doit parler
de gloire ;
Lisons-le donc par droit de pa-
renté—
"Athène est libre !" Amis, quelle
nouvelle !
Que de lauriers tout-à-coup re-
fleuris—
Bois dans ma coupe, O messager
fidèle !
Et dors en paix sur le sein de
Næris.
- Athène est libre ! Ah ! buvons à la
Grèce !
Næris, voici de nouveaux demi-
dieux !
L'Europe en vain, tremblante de
viellesse,
Déséraitait ces aînés glorieux.
Ils sont vainqueurs ! Athènes, tou-
jours belle,
N'est plus vouée au culte des
débris !—
Bois dans ma coupe, O messager
fidèle !
Et dors en paix sur le sein de
Næris.
- Thou art tired—rest awhile, and
anon
Thou shalt soar, with new energy
thrilling,
To the land of that far-off fair one,
If such be the task thou'rt ful-
filling ;
But perhaps thou dost waft the
last word
Of despair, wrung from valour
and duty—
Then drink of my cup, carrier-
bird !
And sleep on the bosom of
Beauty.
- Ha ! these lines are from Greece !
Well I knew
The loved idiom ! Be mine the
perusal.
Son of France, I'm a child of Greece
too ;
And a kinsman will brook no
refusal.
"Greece is free !" all the gods have
concurred
To fill up our joy's brimming
measure—
O drink of my cup, carrier bird !
And sleep on the bosom of Plea-
sure.
- Greece is free ! Let us drink to that
land,
To our elders in fame ! Did ye
merit
Thus to struggle alone, glorious
band !
From whose sires we our free-
dom inherit ?
The old glories, which kings
would destroy,
Greece regains, never, never to
lose 'em !
O drink of my cup, bird of joy !
And sleep on my Helen's soft
bosom.

Athène est libre ! O, muse des Pindares,

Reprends ton sceptre, et ta lyre,
et ta voix !

Athène est libre, en dépit des barbares !

Athène est libre, en dépit de nos rois !

Que l'univers toujours, instruit par elle,

Retrouve encore Athènes dans Paris—

Bois dans ma coupe, O messager fidèle !

Et dors en paix sur le sein de Næris.

Beau voyageur du pays des Hellènes,

Répose-toi ; puis vole à tes amours !

Vole, et bientôt, reporté dans Athènes,

Reviens braver et tyrans et vautours.

A tant des rois dont le trône chancelle,

D'un peuple libre apporte encore les cris—

Bois dans ma coupe, O messager fidèle !

Et dors en paix sur le sein de Næris.

Muse of Athens! thy lyre quick resume!

None thy anthem of freedom shall hinder:

Give Anacreon joy in his tomb,
And gladden the ashes of Pindar.

Helen! fold that bright bird to thy breast,

Nor permit him henceforth to desert you—

O drink of my cup, winged guest!
And sleep on the bosom of Virtue.

But no, he must hie to his home,
To the nest where his bride is awaiting;

Soon again to our climate he'll come,

The young glories of Athens relating,

The baseness of kings to reprove,
To blush our vile rulers compelling!—

Then drink of my goblet, O dove!
And sleep on the breast of my Helen.*

After this specimen of Béranger's poetic powers in the sentimental line, I shall take leave of him for the remainder of this chapter; promising, however, to draw largely on his inexhaustible exchequer when next I levy my contributions on the French. But I cannot get out of this refined and delicate mood of quotations without indulging in the luxury of one more ballad, an exquisite one, from the pen of my favourite Millevoye. Poor young fellow! he died when full of promise, in early life; and these are the last lines his pale hand traced on paper, a few days before he expired in the pretty village of Neuilly, near Paris, whither he had been ordered by the physician, in hopes of prolonging, by country air, a life so dear to the Muses. Listen to the notes of the swan!

* It would be an insult to the classic scholar to remind him that Béranger has taken the hint of this song from Anacreon's *Ερασμῆ πελεια, ποθεν, ποθεν πετασσαι*, ode 15, (*juxta cod. Vatic.*)—PROUT.

Priez pour Moi. Romance.*Neuilly, Octobre, 1820.*

Dans la solitaire bourgade,
 Revant à ses maux tristement,
 Languissait un pauvre malade,
 D'un mal qui le va consumant :
 Il disait, " Gens de la chaumière,
 Voici l'heure de la prière,
 Et le tintement du befrei ;
 Vous qui priez, priez pour moi !

Mais quand vous verrez la cascade
 S'ombrager de sombres rameaux,
 Vous direz, ' Le jeune malade
 Est délivré de tous ses maux.'
 Alors revenez sur cette rive,
 Chanter la complainte naïve,
 Et quand tintera le befrei,
 Vous qui priez, priez pour moi !

Ma compagne, ma seule amie,
 Digne objet d'un constant amour !
 Je lui avais consacré ma vie,
 Hélas ! je ne vis qu'un jour !
 Plaignez-la, gens de la chaumière,
 Lorsque, à l'heure de la prière,
 Elle viendra sous le befrei ;
 Vous qui priez, priez pour moi !"

Simple, unaffected, this is true poetry, and goes to the heart. One ballad like the foregoing is worth a cart-load of *soi-disant* elegies, monodies, soliloquies, and "bards' legacies." *Apropos* of melodies, I just now recollect one in Tom's own style, which it would be a pity to keep from him. To save him the trouble of appropriating it, I have done the

Pray for Me. A Ballad.*By Millevoye, on his Death-bed at the Village of Neuilly.*

Silent, remote, this hamlet seems—
 How hush'd the breeze ! the eve
 how calm !
 Light through my dying chamber
 beams,
 But hope comes not, nor heal-
 ing balm.
 Kind villagers ! God bless your
 shed !
 Hark ! 'tis for prayer—the even-
 ing bell—
 Oh, stay ! and near my dying bed,
 Maiden, for me your rosary tell !

When leaves shall strew the water-
 fall,
 In the sad close of autumn drear,
 Say, "The sick youth is freed from
 all
 The pangs and wo he suffered
 here."
 Somayye speak of him that's gone ;
 But when your belfry tolls my
 knell,
 Pray for the soul of that lost one—
 Maiden, for me your rosary tell !

Oh ! pity her, in sable robe,
 Whoto my grassy grave will come:
 Nor seek a hidden wound to probe—
 She was my love !—point out my
 tomb ;
 Tell her my life should have been
 hers—
 'Twas but a day !—God's will !—
 'tis well :
 But weep with her, kind villagers !
 Maiden, for me your rosary tell !

job; and it may challenge competition with his best *conceits* and most far-fetched *similes*. It is from an old troubadour called Pierre Ronsard, from whom he has picked up many a good thing ere now.

Le Sable.

La poudre qui dans ce cristal
Le cours des heures nous retrace,
Lorsque dans un petit canal
Souvent elle passe et repasse.

Fut Ronsard, qui, un jour, morhieu!
Par les beaux yeux de sa Clytandre
Soudain fut transformé en feu,
Et il n'en reste que la cendre.

Cendre! qui ne t'arrêtes jamais,
Tu témoigneras une chose,
C'est qu'ayant vu de tels attraits,
Le cœur onqués ne repose.

The Hour-Glass.

Dear Tom, d'ye see the rill
Of sand within this phial?
It runs like in a mill,
And tells time like a dial.

That sand was once Ronsard,
Till Bessy D*** look'd at him.*
Her eye burnt up the hard—
He's pulverised! an atom!

Now at this tale so horrid,
Pray learn to keep your smile hid,
For Bessy's zone is "torrid,"
And fire is in her eyelid.†

Who, after this sample of French gallantry, will refuse to that merry nation the sceptre of supremacy in the department of love-songs? Indeed, the language of polite courtship is so redolent among us of French origin, that the thing speaks for itself. The servant-maid in the court of Pilate found out Peter to be from Galilee by his accent; and so is the dialect of genuine Gaul ever recognized by the fair. *Petits soins—air distingué—faite au tour—naïveté—billet doux—affaire de cœur—boudoir*, &c. &c., and a thousand other expressions, have crept, in spite of us, into our

* A gipsy had cautioned M. de la Mothe Vayer against going too near a dyke; but in defiance of the prophecy he married a demoiselle
De la Fosse :

"In *foveâ* qui te moriturum dixit haruspex
Non mentitus erat; conjugis illa fuit!"

O. Y.

† Ronsard has no claim to this ingenious *conceit*: it is to be found among the poems of Jerome Amalthei, who flourished in the 14th century.

"Perspicuo in vitro pulvis qui dividit horas,
Et vagus angustum sæpè recurrit iter,
Olim erat Alcippus, qui, Gallæ ut vidit ocellos,
Arsit, et est cæco factus ab igne cinis.
Irrequiete cinis! miserum testabere amantem
More tuo nullâ posse quiete frui."



"Meet me by Moonlight alone:"

1871

every-day usage.* It was so with the Romans in reference to *Greek*, the favourite conversational vehicle of gallantry among the loungers along the *Via Sacra*: at least we have (to say nothing of Juvenal) the authority of that excellent critic, Quintilian, who informs us that his contemporaries, in their sonnets to the Roman ladies, stuffed their verses with Greek terms. I think his words are: "Tanto est sermo Græcus Latino jucundior, ut nostri poetæ, quoties carmen dulce esse voluerunt, illorum id nominibus exornent." (Quint. xii. cap. 10; sec. 33.) And again, in another passage, he says (lib. x. cap. 1), "Ita ut mihi sermo Romanus non recipere videatur illam solis concessam Atticis Venerem." This is the ἈΤΤΙΚΟΝ ΒΛΕΠΟΣ, Aristophanes (*Nubes*, 1176). Addison, in his "Spectator," complains of the great number of military terms imported, during the Marlborough campaigns, from the fighting dictionary of France: the influx of this slang he considered as a great disgrace to his fellow-countrymen, a humiliating badge of foreign conquest not to be tolerated. Nevertheless, *chevaux de frise*—*hors de combat*—*aide de camp*—*dépôt*—*etat major*—*brigade*— and a host of other locutions, have taken such root in our soil, that it were vain to murmur at the circumstance of their foreign growth.

By way of reprisals, since we have inflicted on them our budget of steamboat and railway nomenclature, I think it but fair to make some compensation to the French for all the sentimental matters derived from their vocabulary; and I therefore conclude this first essay on their Songs by giving *them* a specimen of our own love-ditties, translated as well as my old hand can render the young feelings of passionate endearment into appropriate French expression:

Augustus Wade.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale
Must be told by the light of the
moon,
In the grove at the end of the
vale.

Abbe De Prout.

Viens au bosquet, ce soir, sans
témoin,
Dans le vallon, au clair de la
lune;
Ce que l'on t'y dira n'a besoin
Ni de jour ni d'oreille impor-
tune.

* In King James I.'s reign a Latin play, enacted at Westminster School, has in the prologue, "hic habes frencham quâ possis vincere whencham."

O remember! be sure to be there;
 For though dearly the moon-
 light I prize,
 care not for all in the air,
 If I want the sweet light of
 thine eyes.
 Then meet me by moonlight
 alone.

Daylight was made for the gay,
 For the thoughtless, the heart-
 less, the free;
 But there's something about the
 moon's ray
 That is dearer to you, love, and
 me.
 Oh! be sure to be there! for I said
 I would shew to the night-
 flowers their queen.
 Nay, turn not aside that sweet
 head—
 'Tis the fairest that ever was
 seen.
 Then meet me by moonlight
 alone.

Mais surtout rends-toi là sans
 faillir,
 Car la lune a bien moins de lu-
 mière
 Que l'amour n'en sçait faire jaillir
 De ta languissante paupière.
 Sois au bosquet au clair de la
 lune.

Pour les cœurs sans amour le jour
 luit,
 Le soleil aux froids pensers pré-
 side;
 Mais la pale clarté de la nuit
 Favorise l'amant et le guide.
 Les fleurs que son disque argentin
 Colore, en toi verront leur reine.
 Quoi! tu baisses ce regard divin,
 Jeune beauté, vraiment souve-
 raine?
 Rends-toi là donc au clair de
 la lune.

If an English love-song can be so easily rendered into the plastic language of France by one to whom that flexible and harmonious idiom was not *native* (though *hospitable*), what must be its capabilities in the hands of those masters of the Gallic lyre, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Delavigne, and Béranger? To their effusions I shall gladly dedicate a few more papers; nor can I imagine any literary pursuit better calculated to beguile, in a pleasant and profitable fashion, the winter-evenings that are approaching.

No. VIII.

THE SONGS OF FRANCE.

ON WINE, WAR, WOMEN, WOODEN SHOES, PHILOSOPHY,
FROGS, AND FREE TRADE.

CHAPTER II.—WOMEN AND WOODEN SHOES.

“Nell’ estate all’ ombra, nel inverno al fuoco,
Pinger’ per gloria, e poetar’ per ginoco.”

Salvator Rosa.

Cool shade is summer’s haunt, fireside November’s;
The red red rose then yields to glowing embers:
Etchings by Dan Maclise then place before us!
Drawings of Cork! to aid Prout’s Gallic chorus.

O. Y.

IN this gloomy month our brethren of the “broad sheet,” resigned to the anticipated casualties of the season, keep by them, in stereotype, announcements which never fail to be put in requisition; viz. “Death by Drowning,” “Extraordinary Fog,” “Melancholy Suicide,” “Felo de se,” with doleful headings borrowed from Young’s “Night Thoughts,” Ovid’s “Tristia,” Hervey on Tombs, and Zimmerman on Solitude. There is much punctuality in this recurrence of the national dismals. Long ago, Guy Faux considerably selected the fifth of November for despatching the stupid and unreformed senators of Great Britain: so cold and comfortless a month being the most acceptable, he thought, that could be chosen for warming their honourable house with a few seasonable faggots and barrels of gunpowder. Philanthropic citizen! Neither he nor Sir William Congreve, of rocket celebrity—nor Friar Bacon, the original concocter of “villanous saltpetre”—nor Parson Malthus, the patentee of the “preventive check”—nor Dean Swift, the author of “A Modest Proposal for turning into Salt Provisions the Offspring of the Irish Poor”—nor Brougham, the originator of the new *reform* in the poor

laws—nor Mr. O'Connell, the Belisarius of the poor-box, and the staunch opponent of any provision for his half-starved tributaries—will ever meet their reward in this world, nor even be appreciated or understood by their blind and ungrateful fellow-countrymen. Happily, however, for some of the above-mentioned worthies, there is a warm *corner* reserved, if not in Westminster Abbey, most certainly in “another place;” where alone (God forgive us!), we incline to think, their merits can be suitably acknowledged.

Sorrowful, indeed, would be the condition of mankind, if, in addition to other sources of sublunary desolation over which we have no control, Father Prout were, like the sun, to obnubilate his disk, and withdraw the light of his countenance from a disconsolate world :

“Caput obscurâ nitidum ferrugine textit,
Impiaque æternam timuerunt sæcula noctem.”

Then, indeed, would unmitigated darkness thicken the already “palpable” obscure ; dulness place another pad—“Lock on the human understanding,” and knowledge be at one grand entrance fairly shut out. But such “disastrous twilight” shall not befall our planet, as long as there is MS. in “the chest” or shot in the locker. Generations yet unborn shall walk in the blaze of Prout's wisdom, and the learned of our own day shall still continue to light the pipe of knowledge at the focus of this luminary. So essential do we deem the continuance of his essays to the happiness of our contemporaries, that were we (*quod Deus avertat!*) to put a stop to our accustomed issues of “Prout paper,” forgeries would instantly get into circulation ; a false paper currency would be attempted ; there would arise *Pseudo-Prouts* : but they would deceive no one, much less *the elect*. Farina of Cologne is obliged to caution the public, in the envelope of his long bottles, against spurious distillations of his wonderful water : “Rowland,” of Hatton Garden, finds more than one “Oliver” vending a counterfeit “Macassar.” We give notice, that no “Prout paper” is the *real* thing unless with label signed “OLIVER YORKE.” There is a Bridgewater Treatise in circulation, said to be from the pen of one Doctor Prout ; 'tis a sheer hoax. An *artist* has also taken up the name ; but he must be an im-

postor, not known on Watergrasshill. Owing to the law of celibacy, "the Father" can have left behind him no children, or posterity whatever: therefore, none but himself can hope to be his parallel. We are perfectly aware that he may have "nephews," and other collateral descendants; for we admit the truth of that celebrated placard, or lampoon, stuck on Pasquin's statue in the reign of Pope Borghese (Paul IV.):

"Cum factor rerum privaret semine clerum,
In Satanæ votum successit turba nepotum!"—i. e.

"Of bantlings when our clergymen were freed from having beves,
There next arose, a crowd of woes, a multitude of *nevies*!"

But should any audacious thief attempt to palm himself as a son of this venerable pastor, let him look sharp; for Terry Callaghan, who is now in the London police (through the patronage of Feargus O'Connor), will quickly collar the ruffian in the most inaccessible garret of Grub Street: to profane so respectable a signature, the fellow must be what Terry calls "a bad mimber intirely;" what we English call a "jail-bird;" what the French denominate a "*vrai gibier de grève*;" termed in Latin, "*corvus patibularius*;" and by the Greeks, *κακου κοραλος κακον ων*.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of a communication, referring to our "Songs of France," from the pen of the facetious knight, Sir Charles Wetherell. Great men's peculiarities attract no small share of public attention: thus, *ex. gr.* Napoleon's method of plunging his fore-finger and thumb into his waistcoat pocket, in lieu of a snuff-box, was the subject of much European commentary; and one of the twelve Cæsars was nicknamed Caligula from a peculiar sort of Wellington boot which he happened to fancy. (*Suet. in vitâ.*) Some poet has not scrupled to notice a feature in our learned correspondent's habiliment, stating him to be

"Much famed for length of mind sagacious speeches,
More still for brevity of braceless b——s,"

—a matter not quite irrelevant to the topic on which Sir Charles has favoured us with a line.

"Aix-la-Chapelle, October 7.

"DEAR YORKE,

"I've just been here paying my devotions to the tomb of Charlemagne, and on my return to my hotel I

find your last number on my table. What the deuce do you mean by giving a new and unheard-of version of the excellent song on "Le bon Roy Dagobert," who, you say, "avait mis sa culotte à l'envers;" whereas all good editions read "*de travers*;" which is quite a different sense, *lectic longè emendatior*; for he wore the garment, not *inside out*, but *wrong side foremost*. Again, it was not of Australasia that he was king, but of "Gallia braccata." Pray avoid similar blunders.

"Yours in haste,
"C. W."

Wishing him a pleasant tour through the Germanic confederation, and hoping it may be long ere he reach that goal of all human pilgrimage, the *diet of Worms*, we bow to the baronet's opinion, and *stand corrected*.

OLIVER YORKE.

Nov. 1st, 1834.

Watergrasshill, Nov. 1833.

"ILLE ego qui quondam," is a formula, first used to connect the epic cantos of the *Æneid* with a far more irreproachable poem, its agricultural predecessor. Virgil (like Lord Althorp when he thinks posterity will forgive his political blunders in consideration of his breed of cattle) sought to bolster up the imperfections of his heroic characters by a reference to the unexceptionable Melibœus, and to that excellent old Calabrian farmer whose bees hummed so tunefully under the "lofty towers of *Cæbalia*." Now, in referring to a previous paper on the "Songs of France," *my* object is not similar. Unknown to my contemporaries, it is when I am mouldering in the quiet tomb where my rustic parishioners shall have laid me, that these papers will start into life, and bask in the blaze of publicity. Some paternal publisher—perchance some maternal magazine—will perhaps take charge of the deposit, and hatch my eggs with successful incubation. But let there be care taken to keep each batch separate, and each *brood* distinct. The *French hen's* family should not be mixed up with

the chickens of the *Muscovy duck*; and each series should be categorically arranged, "Series juncturaque pollet" (Hor.) For instance: the present essay ought to come after one bearing the date of "October," and containing songs about "wine;" such topic being appropriate to that mellow month, which, from time immemorial (no doubt because it rhymes with "sober"), has been set apart for jollification. The Germans call it "weinmonath."

These effusions are the offspring of my leisure; nor do I see any cause why such hours should be refused to the pursuits of literature. The sonnets of Francis Petrarca were not deemed a high misdemeanour at the papal court of Avignon, though written by an archdeacon. Nor was Vida a worse bishop in his diocese of Albi, for having sung the silk-worm ("Bombyces," Bâle, 1537), and the game of chess ("Schiaccia Ludus," Romæ, 1527). Yet I doubt not that there may be found, when I am dead, in some paltry provincial circle, creatures without brains, who will stigmatize my writings, as unbecoming the character of an aged priest. Their short-sightedness I deplore, their rancorous malevolence I contemplate not in anger, but in sorrow. I divest myself of all community of feeling with such people. I cast them off! When a snake in the island of Malta entwined itself round the arm of Paul, with intent to sting the teacher of the Gentiles, he gently shook the viper from his wrist; and was not to blame if the reptile fell into the fire.

To return to the interesting subject of literary researches. Full gladly do I resume the pleasant theme, and launch my simple skiff on the wide expanse of song—

"Once more upon the waters; yea, once more!"

The minstrelsy of France is happily inexhaustible. The admirers of what is delicate in thought, or polished in expression, will need no apology for drawing their attention to these exquisite trifles: and the student of general literature will acknowledge the connecting-link which unites, though unseen, the most apparently remote and seemingly dissimilar departments of human knowledge. "Omnes enim artes, quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum," says Cicero. But in the present case

the link is one of positive consanguinity. To what class of readers, since the conquest of this fair island and its unfortunate sister by the chivalrous Normans, can the songs of that gallant race of noble marauders and glorious pirates be without thrilling interest? Not to relish such specimens of spirit-stirring poesy, the besotted native must be only fit to herd among swine, with the collar round his neck, like the Saxon serf of Cedric; or else be a superficial idiot, like "Wamba, the son of Wit-less the jester." Selecting *one* class of the educated public, by way of exemplification, where *all* are concerned,—the Bar,—the language of France and her troubadours cometh in the character of a professional requirement. By submitting to their perusal these ballads, I shall, mayhap, reconcile them to the many tedious hours they are doomed to spend in conning over what must otherwise appear the semi-barbarous terms of jurisprudence bequeathed by William le Roux with the very structure of his Hall, and coeval with its oak roof and its cobwebs. In reference to the Gallic origin of our law and its idiom, it was Juvenal who wrote (*Sat. XV. v. 110*)—

"Gallia caudicos docuit facunda Britannos :"

furnishing an incontestable proof that poetry akin to prophecy, with "eye in a fine frenzy rolling," can discover the most improbable future event in the womb of time.

A knowledge of the ancient vocabulary of France is admitted to be of high importance in the perusal of our early writers on history, as well as on legislation: in poetry and prose, as well as in Chancery and Doctors' Commons. An old song has been found of consequence in elucidating a disputed construction; and, in point of fact, the only title-deed the Genoese can put forward to claim the invention of the mariners' compass is the lay of a French troubadour.* Few are aware to what extent the volatile literature of our merry neighbours has pervaded the mass of British authorship, and by what secret influences of imitation and of reminiscence the spirit of Norman song has flitted through the conquered island of Britain. From Geoffrey Chaucer to Tom

* A ballad, "La Bible," from the pen of Guyot de Provins, dated A.D. 1190, and commencing, "De nostre père l'apostoile." It is a *pasquinade* against the court of Rome.

Moore (a vast interval!), there is not one, save the immortal Shakespeare perhaps, whose writings do not betray the secret working of this foreign essence, mixed up with the crude material of Saxon growth, and causing a sort of gentle fermentation. Take Oliver Goldsmith, whom every critic calls an *eminently English* writer of undoubted originality; now place in juxtaposition with an old French song his "Elegy on a Mad Dog," and the "Panegyric of Mrs. Mary Blaze," and judge for yourself:

Goldsmith.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there lived a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

De la Monnoye.

Messires, vous plaist-il d'ouïr,
L'air du fameux La Palisse?
Il pourra vous réjouir,
Pourvu qu'il vous divertisse.

Il était affable et doux,
De l'humeur de feu son père;
Il n'était guère en courroux,
Si ce n'est dans sa colère.

Bien instruit dès le berceau,
Onquès, tant était honnête,
Il ne mettait son chapeau,
Qu'il ne se couvrit la tête.

The final catastrophe, and the point which forms the sting of the whole "Elegy," is but a literal version of a long-established Gallic epigram, viz.:

Quand un serpent mordit Aurele, Que crois-tu qu'il en arriva? Qu'Aurele mourut?—bagatelle! Ce fut <i>le serpent</i> qui creva.	But soon a wonder came to light, That shewed the rogues they lied; The <i>man</i> recovered from the bite, The <i>dog</i> it was that died.
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Then as to Mrs. Blaze; I regret to say that *her* virtues and accomplishments are all second-hand; the gaudy finery in which her poet has dressed her out is but the cast-off frippery French. *Ex. gr. :*

Goldsmith.

The public all, of one accord,
Lament for Mrs. Blaze;
Who never wanted a good word
From those who spoke her praise.

De la Monnoye.

Il brillait comme un soleil,
Sa chevelure était blonde;
Il n'eut pas eu de pareil,
S'il eut été seul au monde.

At church, in silks and satins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size,
 She never slumbered in her pew
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux and more ;
 The king himself has followed her
 When she has walked before.

Let us lament in sorrow sore ;
 For Kent street well may say,
 That, had she lived a twelvemonth
 more,
 She had not died to-day.*

Monté sur un cheval noir,
 Les dames le minaudèrent
 Et c'est là qu'il ce fit voir,
 A ceux qui le regardèrent.

Dans un superbe tournoi,
 Prest à fournir sa carrière,
 Quand il fut devant le roi,
 Certes il ne fut pas derrière.

Il fut, par un triste sort,
 Blessé d'une main cruelle ;
 On croit, puisqu'il en est mort,
 Que la playe étoite mortelle.

It is not without a certain degree of concern for the character of Goldsmith, that I have brought to light this instance of petty larceny. Why did he not acquaint us with the source of his inspiration? Why *smuggle* these French wares, when he might have imported them lawfully by paying the customary duty of acknowledgment? The Roman fabulist, Phædrus, honestly tells the world how *he* came by his wonderful stock-in-trade :

“Æsopus auctor quam materiam reperit,
 Hanc ego polivi versibus senariis.”

Such is the sign-board he hangs out in the prologue to his book, and no one can complain of unfair dealing. But to return to the connexion between our literature and that of France.

Pope avowedly modelled his style and expression on the writings of Boileau ; and there is perceptible in his didactic essays a most admirable imitation of the lucid, methodical, and elaborate construction of his Gallic origin. Dryden appears to have read with predilection the works of Corneille and Malherbe : like them, he is forcible, brilliant, but unequal, turgid, and careless. Addison, it is apparent, was intimately conversant with the tasteful and critical writings of the Jesuit Bouhours ; and Sterne is but a *rifacimento* of the Vicar of Meudon, the reckless Rabelais.

* This joke is as old as the days of St. Jerome, who applies it to his old foe, Ruffinus. “Grunnius Corocotta, porcellus, vixit annos DCCCXCIX. : quòd si semis vixisset, M. annos implèset.”

Who will question the influence exercised by Molière over our comic writers—Sheridan, Farquhar, and Congreve? Indeed, our theatre seems to have a prescriptive right to import its comedies from France, wholesale and duty free. At the brilliant and dazzling torch of La Fontaine, Gay humbly lit his slender taper; and Fielding would be the first to admit his manifold obligations to Le Sage, having drunk deep at the fountain of “Gil Blas.” Hume the historian is notorious for his Gallicisms; and perhaps it was owing to his long residence abroad that the pompous period of Gibbon was attuned to the melody of Massillon. If I do not mention Milton among our writers who have profited by the perusal of Gallican models, it is because the *Italian* school was that in which *he* formed his taste and harmonised his rhythmic period.

But, to trace the vestiges of French phraseology to the very remotest paths of our literary domain, let us examine the chronicles of the Plantagenets, and explore the writings of the incomparable Froissart. His works form a sort of connecting link between the two countries during the wars of Cressy and Agincourt: he was alternately a page at the court of Blois, a minstrel at the court of Wincelas in Brabant, a follower of the French King Charles, and a *suivant* of Queen Philippa of England. Though a clergyman, he was decidedly to be classified under the *genus* troubadour, partaking more of that character than of any ecclesiastical peculiarities. For, lest I should do injustice to his life and opinions, I shall let him draw his own portrait:

“Au boire je prends grand plaisir,
 Aussi fais-je en beau draps vestir :
 Oïr de ménestrel parolles,
 Vecir danses et carolles ;
 Violettes en leur saison,
 Et roses blanches et vermeilles ;
 Voye volontiers, car c'est raison,
 Jeux, et danses, et longues veilles,
 Et *chambres pleines de candeilles.*”

Now this jolly dog Froissart was the boon comrade of our excellent Geoffrey Chaucer; and no doubt the two worthy *clerks* cracked many a bottle together, if not in Cheapside, at least on this side of the Channel. How far Geoffrey was

indebted to the Frenchman for his anecdotes and stories, for his droll style of narrative, and the pungent salt with which he has seasoned that primitive mess of porridge, the "Canterbury Tales," it would be curious to investigate. But it is singular to find the most distinguished of France, England, and Italy's contemporary authors met shortly after, as if by mutual appointment, in Provence, the land of song. It was on the occasion of a Duke of Clarence's visit to Milan to marry the daughter of Galeas II.; a ceremony graced by the presence of the Count of Savoy and the King of Cyprus, besides a host of literary celebrities. Thither came Chaucer, Froissart, and Petrarca, by one of those chance dispositions of fortune which seem the result of a most provident foresight, and as if the triple genius of French, English, and Italian literature had presided over their *réunion*. It was a literary *congress*, of which the consequences are felt to the present day, in the common agreement of international feeling in the grand federal republic of letters. Of that eventful colloquy between these most worthy representatives of the three leading literatures of Europe, nothing has transpired but the simple fact of its occurrence. Still, one thing is certain, viz., that there were then very few features of difference in even the languages of the three nations which have branched off, since that period, in such wide divergency of idiom :

"When shall we three meet again!"

Chaucer has acknowledged that it was from Petrarch he learned, on that occasion, the story of Griselda; which story Petrarch had picked up in Provence, as I shall shew by and by, on producing the *original French ballad*. But here is the receipt of Chaucer, duly signed, and most circumstantial :

"I wol you tel a tale, the which that I
Lerned at Padowe, of a worthy clerke,
As proved by his wordes and his werk.
He is now dead, and nailed in his chest,
I pray to God to geve his sowle rest.
Frauncis Petrark, the laureat poete,
Hight was this clerke, whose rhetoricke so swete
Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie."

Prologue to Griselidis, in "Cant. Tales."

We learn from William of Malmesbury (lib. iii.), and from various contemporary sources, that the immediate successors of the Conqueror brought over from Normandy numbers of learned men, to fill the ecclesiastical and other beneficial employments of the country, to the exclusion of the native English, who were considered dunces and unfit for office. Any one who had the least pretension to be considered a *çavant clerc*, spoke French. In the reign of Henry III. we have Robert Grossetête, the well-known bishop of Lincoln (who was born in Suffolk), writing a work in French called "Le Chasteau d'Amour;" and another, "Le Manuel des Péchés." Of this practice Chaucer complains, somewhat quaintly, in his "Testament of Love" (ed. 1542): "Certes there ben some that speke thyr poysy mater in Ffrench, of whyche speche the Ffrenchmen have as gude a fantasye as we have in hearing of Ffrench mennes Englyshe." Tanner, in his "Biblioth. Brit.," hath left us many curious testimonies of the feeling which then prevailed on this subject among the jealous natives of England. See also the Harleian MS. 3869.

But the language of the troubadours still remained common to both countries, when, for all the purposes of domestic and public life, a new idiom had sprung up in each separate kingdom. Extraordinary men! These songsters were the favourites of every court, and the patronised of every power. True, their life was generally dissolute, and their conduct unscrupulous; but the mantle of poetic inspiration seems to have covered a multitude of sins. I cannot better characterise the men, and the times in which they lived, than by introducing a ballad of Béranger—the "Dauphin:"

La Naissance Du Dauphin.

Du bon vieux tems souffrez que je vous parle.

Jadis Richard, troubadour renommé,

Avait pour Roy Jean, Louis, Philippe, ou Charle,

Ne sçais lequel, mais il en fut aimé.

D'un gros dauphin on fêtait la naissance;

Richard à Blois était depuis un jour:

Il apprit là le bonheur de la France.

Pour votre roi chantez, gsi troubadour!

Chantez, chantez, jeune et gai troubadour!

La harpe en main Richard vient sur la place :
 Chacun lui dit, "Chantez notre garçon!"
 Dévotement à la Vierge il rend grace,
 Puis au dauphin conaacre une chanson.
 On l'applaudit; l'auteur était en veine:
 Mainte beauté le trouve fait au tour,
 Disant tout baa, "*Il doit plaire à la reine!*"
 Pour votre roi chantez, gai troubadour!
 Chantez, chantez, jeune et gai troubadour

Le chant fini, Richard court à l'église;
 Qu'y va-t-il faire? Il cherche un confesaeur.
 Il en trouve un, gros moine à barbe grise,
 Des mœura du tema inflexible censeur.
 "Ah, sauvez moi des flammae éternelles!
 Mon père hélas! c'est un vilain aejour."
 "Qu'avez-vous fait?" "J'ai trop aimé les belles!"
 Pour votre roi chantez, gai troubadour!
 Chantez, chantez, jeune et gai troubadour!

"Le grand malheur, mon père, c'est qu'on m'aime!"
 "Parlez, mon fils; expliquez-vous enfin."
 "J'ai fait, hélas! narguant le diadème,
 Un gros péché! car j'ai fait—un dauphin!"
 D'abord le moine a la mine ébahie:
 Mais il reprend, "Vous-etes bien en cour?—
 Pourvoez-vous d'une riche abbaye."
 Pour votre roi chantez, gai troubadour!
 Chantez, chantez, jeune et gai troubadour!

Le moine ajoute; "Eut-on fait à la reine
 Un prince ou deux, on peut être sauvé.
 Parlez de nous à notre souveraine:
 Allez, mon fils! vous direz cinq Ave."
 Richard absous, gagnant la capitale,
 Au nouveau-né voit prodiguer l'amour;
 Vive à jamais notre race royale!
 Pour votre roi chantez, gai troubadour!
 Chantez, chantez, jeune et gai troubadour!

The Dauphin's Birthday.

Let me sing you a song of the good old times,
 About Richard the troubadour,
 Who was loved by the king and the queen for his rhymes;
 But by *which* of our kings I'm not sure.

Now a dauphin was born while the court was at Blois,
 And all France felt a gladness pure ;
 Richard's heart leapt for joy when he heard 'twas a boy.
 Sing for your king, young and gay troubadour !
 Sing well you may, troubadour young and gay !

So he went with his harp, on his proud shoulder hung,
 To the court, the resort of the gay ;
 To the Virgin a hymn of thanksgiving he sung,
 For the dauphin a new "*rondelay*."
 And our nobles flocked round at the heart-stirring sound,
 And their dames, dignified and demure,
 Praised his bold, gallant mien, and said "*He'll please the queen!*"
 Sing for your king, young and gay troubadour !
 Oh, sing well you may, troubadour young and gay !

But the song is now hushed, and the crowd is dispersed :
 To the abbey, lo ! Richard repairs,
 And he seeks an old monk, in the legend well versed,
 With a long flowing beard and grey hairs.
 And "Oh, save me !" he cries, "holy father, from hell ;
 'Tis a place which the soul can't endure !"
 "Of your shrift tell the drift ;" "*J'ai trop aimé les belles!*"
 Sing for your king, young and gay troubadour !
 Sing well you may, troubadour, young and gay !

"But the worst is untold !" "Haste, my sonne, and be shriven ;
 Tell your guilt—its results—how you sinned, and how often."
 "Oh, my *guilt* it is great!—can my *sin* be forgiven—
 Its *result*, holy monk ! is—alas, 'tis a DAUPHIN !"
 And the friar grew pale at so startling a tale,
 But he whispered, "For us, sonne, procure
 (She will grant it, I mean) abbey land from the queen."
 Sing for your king, young and gay troubadour !
 Sing well you may, troubadour young and gay !

Then the monk said a prayer, and the sin, light as air,
 Flew away from the penitent's soul ;
 And to Paris went Richard to sing for the fair,
 "Virelai," sonnet gay, and "carolle :"
 And he mingled with joy in the festival there.
 Oh ! while beauty and song can allure,
 May our old royal race never want for an heir!
 Sing for your king, young and gay troubadour !
 Sing well you may, troubadour young and gay !

It does not enter into my plan to expatiate on the moral conclusion or political *επιμυθιον* which this ballad suggests, and which with sarcastic ingenuity is so adroitly insinuated. It is, in fact, a lyrical epigram on the admirers

of hereditary legislation. To the venerable owls who roost in Heralds' College, this is startling matter: in sooth, it sheds a quiet ray on the awful sublimities of genealogical investigation. It may serve as a commentary on the well-known passage of Boileau (pilfered unceremoniously by Pope), in which the current of princely blood is said to flow "de Lucrece en Lucrece;" but we do not expect an edition of the song to be published "in usum Delphini." *Vive Henri Cinq!* concerning whose birth the song was written.

On all matters in which the characters of the ladies may be involved, I recommend constant caution and the most scrupulous forbearance to both poets and historians. The model of this delicate attention may be found among the troubadours. I more particularly allude to the Norman school of French poesie; for I regret to state, that in Provence there was not always the same veneration and mysterious homage paid to the gentler sex, whose very frailties should be shrouded by the poet, and concealed from the vulgar gaze of the profane. In Normandy and the adjacent provinces, the spirit of chivalry was truly such as described by our hot-headed Irish orator, when, speaking of Marie Antoinette, he fancies ten thousand swords ready to leap from their scabbards at the very suspicion of an insult. The instinctive worship of beauty seems to have accompanied that gallant race of noble adventurers from their Scandinavian settlements beyond the Elbe and the Rhine; for we find the sentiment attributed to their ancestors by Tacitus, in his admirable work "De Moribus Germanorum," where he writes, as well as I can recollect, as follows: "Inesse quinetiam fœminis sanctum aliquid et providum putant." The ballad of "Griselidis," to which I have made allusion in talking of the "Canterbury Tales," and which I then promised to give in its original old Norman simplicity, finely illustrates all that is noble and chivalrous in their respect for female loveliness and purity. My version runs in the old ballad idiom, as nearly as that quaint style can be revived.

Grisleidis.*Romance.*

Escoutez icy jouvencelles,
 Ecoutez aussy damoiseaux,
 Vault mieux estre bone que belle,
 Vault mieux estre loyal que beau !
 Beauté passe, passe jeunesse,
 Bonté reste et gagne les cœurs ;
 Avec douceur et gentillesse
 Espines se changent en fleurs.

Belle, mais pauvre et souffreteuse,
 Vivoit jadis Griaeledis ;
 Alloit aux champs, estoit glaneuse,
 Filoit beau lin, gardoit hrebis ;
 N'estoit fylle de hault parage,
 N'avoit comté ny joyaux d'or,
 Mais avoit plus, car estait sage—
 Mieulx vault sagesse que trésor !

Ung jour qu'aux champs estoit
 seulette,
 Vinst à passer Sire Gaultier,
 Las ! sans chien estoit la pauvrete,
 Sans page estoit le chevalier ;
 Mais en ce siècle, où l'innocence
 N'avoit à craindre aucun danger,
 Vertu veilloit, dormoit prudence,
 Beaulx tema n'auriez pas du
 changer !

Tant que sommeille la bergère,
 Beau sire eust le tems d'admirer,
 Mais dès qu'entr'ouvrist la pau-
 pière,
 Fust forcé de s'en amoureux ;
 "Belle," dit-il, "serez ma mie,
 Si voulez venir à ma cour ?"
 "Nenny, seigneur, vous remercie,
 Honneur vault bien playsir
 d'amour ?"

Griselda.*A Romaunt.*

List to my ballad, for 'twas made ex-
 prease,
 Damsels, for you ;
 Better to be (beyond all loveliness)
 Loyall and true !
 Fadeth fair face, bright beauty blooms
 awhile,
 Soon to departe ;
 Goodness abydeh aye ; and gentle
 smyle
 Gaineth y^e hearte.

There lived a maiden, beautiful but
 poore,
 Gleaning y^e fields ;
 Poor pittaunce shepherd's crook upon
 y^e moor,
 Or distaff yields !
 Yet tho' no castel hers had ever been,
 Jewells nor golde,
 Kindnesse she hadde and virtue ;
 thyngs, I ween,
 Better fowr folde !

One day a cavalier, Sir Walter hight,
 Travelled that way ;
 Nor dogge y^e shepherdesse, nor page
 y^e knight
 Hadde on that day.
 But in those times of innocence and
 truth,
 Virtue alone
 Kept vigil in our land ; bright days,
 in sooth,
 Where are ye gone ?

Long on y^e maiden, as she slept, he
 gazed—
 Could gaze for months !
 But when awaking, two soft eyelids
 raised,
 Loved her at once !
 "Fair one, a knight's true love canst
 thou despise,
 With golden store ?"
 "Sir Knight, true love I value, but
 I prize
 Honour far more !"

"Vertu, dit-il, passe noblesse!
 Serez ma femme dès ce jour—
 Serez dame, serez comtesse,
 Si me jurez, au nom d'amour,
 De m'obeir quand devrai, même
 Bien durement, vous ordon-
 ner ?"
 "Sire, obeir à ce qu'on aime
 Est bien plus doux que com-
 mander ?"

Ne jura pour estre comtesse,
 Mais avoit vu le chevalier ;
 A l'amour seul fist la promesse :
 Puis monta sur son destrier.
 N'avoit besoin de bienséances
 Le tems heureux des bonnes
 mœurs ;
 Fausses étoient les apparances,
 Nobles et vrais estoient les
 cœurs !

Tant chevachèrent par la plaine
 Qu'arrivèrent à la cité ;
 Griseledis fust souveraine
 De ce riche et puissant comté ;
 Chascun l'aima ; sous son empire
 Chascun ressentit ses bienfaits :
 Beauté prévient, douceur attire
 Bonté gagne et fixe à jamais !

"I too prize honour above high de-
 scent
 And all beside ;
 Maiden, be mine ! yea, if thou wilt
 consent,
 Be thou my bride !
 Swear but to do y^e bidding of thy
 liege
 Faithful and fond."
 "Tell not of oaths, Sir Knight ; is
 not *love's* pledge
 A better bond ?"

Not for his castel and his broad do-
 main,
 Spoke so y^e maid,
 But that she loved y^e handsome
 knight—Love fain
 Would be obeyed.
 On y^e same charger with the knight
 she rodde,
 So passed along ;
 Nor blame feared she, for then all
 hearts were good ;
 None dreamed of wrong.

And they rodde on untill rose on y^e
 sight
 His castel towers ;
 And there that maiden lived with
 that good knight
 In marriage bowers,
 Diffusing blessings among all who
 dwelt
 Within that vale :
 Goodness abydeh aye—her smile is
 felt,
 Tho' beauty fail !

Lives there one with soul so dead as not to admire the genuine high-mindedness of these primitive times, expressed in this pleasing record of what was no romance, but matter of frequent occurrence in the days of chivalry ? The ballad has got into many languages, and is interwoven with the traditional recollections of many a noble house ; but the original is undoubtedly the above. Moore has twisted it into a melody, "You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride;" and he seeks to connect the story with "an interesting tale

told of a certain noble family in England.”* Unfortunately for such attempts, the lays of the Norman troubadours, like the Government ropes in the dock-yard at Portsmouth, have in their texture a certain twist by which they are recognised when they get into the possession of thieves.

These Normans were a glorious race! No, neither the sons of Greece in their palmiest days of warlike adventure (*οχλος Αχαιων*), nor the children of the Tiber, that miscellany of bandits and outlaws (*turba Remi*), ever displayed such daring energy as the tribe of enterprising Northerners who, in the seventh, eighth, and subsequent centuries, affrighted and dazzled the world with the splendour of their achievements. From the peninsula of Jutland, their narrow home on the Baltic, they went forth to select the choicest and the fairest provinces of the south for their portion: the banks of the Seine,† the kingdom of Naples, the island of Sicily, the Morea, Palestine, Constantinople, England, Ireland,—they conquered in succession. The proudest names in each land through which they passed glory in tracing up a Norman origin; and while their descendants form the truest and most honourable aristocracy in Europe, their troubadours still reign paramount, and unsurpassed in every mode and form of the tuneful mystery. Their architectural remains are not more picturesque and beautiful than the fragments of their ballads and their war-songs; and Bé-ranger himself (by-the-by, a Norman patronymic, and an evidence of the poet’s excellent lineage) has but inherited the lyre of that celebrated minstrel who is described in a contemporary poem on the conquest of this island:

Taillefer ki mult bien cantout, Dan Tallyfer, who sang right well,
Sur ung cheval ki tost allout, Borne on a goodly haridelle,

* Meaning, of course, the marriage of Henry, Earl of Exeter, to Sarah Hoggins, of the village of Hodnet, in Shropshire, Oct. 3, 1791. Queer materials for an *Irish* melody.

† Such was the terror with which they inspired the natives of France before Duke Rollo’s conversion to Christianity, that there is in the office of the Parisian Breviary a hymn, composed about that period, and containing a prayer against the Normans—

“Auferte gentem perfidam
Credentium de finibus,” &c. &c.;

which remains to this day a memorial of consternation.

Devant le host allout cantant
De Karlemain e de Rollant.

Pranced in the van and led the train,
With songs of Roland and Charle-
maine.

But I venture to say, that never was Charlemagne sung by his ablest troubadour in loftier strains than those in which Béranger has chanted the great modern inheritor of his iron crown, anointed like him by a Pope, and like him the sole arbitrator of European kingdoms and destinies.

Les Souvenirs du Peuple.

Béranger.

On parlera de sa gloire
Sous le chaume bien long-
tempa ;
L'humble toit, dans cinquante
ans,
Ne connaîtra plus d'autre histoire.
Là viendront les villageois
Dire alors à quelque vieille ;
Par des récits d'autrefois,
Mère, abrégez notre veille :
Bien, dit-on, qu'il nous ait nui,
Le peuple encor le revère,
Où, le revère.
Parlez-nous de lui, grand'mère !
Parlez-nous de lui !

“ Mes enfans, dans ce village,
Suivi de rois, il passa,
Voilà bien long-tempa de ça :
Je venais d'entrer en ménage.
A pied grim pant le côteau,
Où pour voir je m'étais mise ;
Il avait petit chapeau,
Avec redingote griae.
Près de lui je me troublai,
Il me dit, ‘ Bonjour, ma chère !
Bonjour, ma chère ! ’”
Il vous a parlé, grand'mère !
Il vous a parlé !

Popular Recollections of

Buonaparte.

They'll talk of HIM for years to come,
In cottage chronicle and tale ;
When for aught else renown is dumb,
His legend shall prevail !
Then in the hamlet's honoured chair
Shall sit some aged dame,
Teaching to lowly clown and villager
That narrative of fame.
'Tis true, they'll say, his gorgeous
throne
France bled to raise ;
But he was all our own !
Mother ! say something in his praise—
O speak of him always !

“ I saw him pass : his was a host :
Countless beyond your young ima-
ginings—
My children, he could boast
A train of conquered kings !
And when he came this road,
'Twas on my bridal day.
He wore, for near to him I stood,
Cocked hat and surcoat grey.
I blushed ; he said, ‘ Be of good cheer !
Courage, my dear ! ’
That was his very word.”—
Mother ! O then this really occurred,
And you his voice could hear !

- "L'an d'après, moi pauvre
 femme,
 A Paris étant un jour,
 Je le vis avec sa cour ;
 Il se rendait à Notre-Dame.
 Tous les cœurs étaient contens ;
 On admirait son cortège,
 Chacun disait, 'Quel beau
 tems !
 Le Ciel toujours le protège.'
 Son sourire était bien doux,
 D'un fils Dieu le rendait père,
 Le rendait père !"—
 Quel beau jour pour vous,
 grand'mère !
 Quel beau jour pour vous !
- "A year rolled on, when next at
 Paris I,
 Lone woman that I am,
 Saw him pass by,
 Girt with his peers, to kneel at Notre
 Dame.
 I knew by merry chime and signal gun,
 God granted him a son,
 And O ! I wept for joy !
 For why not weep when warrior-men
 did,
 Who gazed upon that sight so splen-
 did,
 And blest th' imperial boy ?
 Never did noonday sun shine out so
 bright !
 O what a sight !"—
 Mother ! for you that must have been
 A glorious scene !
- "Mais quand la pauvre Cham-
 pagne
 Fut en proie aux étrangers,
 Lui, bravant tous les dangers,
 Semblait seul tenir la campagne.
 Un soir, tout comme aujourd-
 'hui,
 J'entends frapper à la porte ;
 J'ouvre, bon Dieu ! C'ETAIT
 LUI !
 Suivi d'une faible escorte.
 Il s'asseoit où me voilà,
 S'écriant : 'Oh, quelle guerre !
 Oh, quelle guerre !"—
 Il s'est assis là, grand'mère !
 Il s'est assis là !
- "But when all Europe's gathered
 strength
 Burst o'er the French frontier at
 length,
 'Twill scarcely be believed
 What wonders, single-handed, he
 achieved.
 Such general ne'er lived !
 One evening on my threshold stood
 A guest—'T'WAS HE ! Of warriors
 few
 He had a toil-worn retinue.
 He flung himself into this chair of
 wood,
 Muttering, meantime, with fearful
 air,
 'Quelle guerre ! oh, quelle guerre !"—
 Mother ! and did our emperor sit there,
 Upon that very chair ?
- "J'ai faim,' dit-il ; et bien vite
 Je sers piquette et pain bis.
 Puis il sèche ses habits ;
 Même a dormir le feu l'invite.
 Au réveil, voyant mes pleurs,
 Il me dit : "Bonne espérance !
 Je cours de tous ses malheurs
 Sous Paris venger la France !
- "He said, 'Give me some food.'—
 Brown loaf I gave, and homely wine,
 And made the kindling fireblocks
 shine,
 To dry his cloak with wet bedewed.
 Soon by the bonny blaze he slept,
 Then waking chid me (for I wept) ;
 'Courage !' he cried, 'I'll strike for all
 Under the sacred wall
 Of France's noble capital !'

- Il part ; et comme un trésor
 J'ai depuis gardé son verre,
 Gardé son verre."—
 Vous l'avez encor, grand'
 mère !
 Vous l'avez encor !
- Those were his words : I've treasured
 up
 With pride that same wine-cup ;
 And for its weight in gold
 It never shall be sold !"—
 Mother ! on that proud relic let us
 gaze.
 O keep that cup always !
- " Le voici. Mais à sa perte
 Le héros fut entraîné.
 Lui, qu'UN PAPE a couronné,
 Est mort dans un île déserte.
 Long-temps aucun ne l'a cru ;
 On disait : Il va paraître.
 Par mer il est accouru ;
 L'étranger va voir son maître.
 Quand d'erreur on nous tira,
 Ma douleur fut bien amère.
 Fut bien amère."—
 Dieu vous bénira, grand'mère ;
 Dieu vous bénira !
- " But, through some fatal witchery,
 He, whom A POPE had crowned and
 blest,
 Perished, my sons ! by foulest treach-
 ery :
 Cast on an isle far in the lonely
 West.
 Long time sad rumours were afloat—
 The fatal tidings we would spurn,
 Still hoping from that isle remote
 Once more our hero would return.
 But when the dark announcement
 drew
 Tears from the virtuous and the
 brave—
 When the sad whisper proved too true,
 A flood of grief I to his memory
 gave.
 Peace to the glorious dead !"—
 Mother ! may God his fullest blessing
 shed
 Upon your aged head !

Such songs embalm the glories of a conqueror in the hearts of the people, and will do more to endear the memory of Napoléon to posterity than all the efforts of the historian. The government of the imbecile Charles X. had the folly to pick a personal quarrel with this powerful master of the lyre, and to provoke the wrath of genius, which no one yet aroused and got off unscathed by its lightning. Béranger was prosecuted before the *cour d'assizes* for a song ! And nothing, perhaps, contributed more to the catastrophe that soon overtook the persecutor of the Muses than the disgrace and ridicule which covered the royal faction, in consequence of this attack on the freedom of that freest of all trades, the craft of the troubadour. The prophecy contained in the ode was realised to the letter : even the allusion to that old Gallic



"J'ai gardé son verre"

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emblem *the cock*, which *Louis Philippe* made the ornament of the restored tricolor, confirms the fact of inspiration.

Le vieux Drapeau.

The Three-Coloured Flag.

*Béranger.**(A prosecuted Song.)*

De mes vieux compagnons de gloire
 Je viens de me voir entouré ;
 Nos souvenirs m'ont enivré,
 Le vin m'a rendu la mémoire.
 Fier de mes exploits et des leurs,
 J'ai mon drapeau dans ma chaudière—
*Quand secourai-je la poussière
 Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs !*

Comrades, around this humble board,
 Here's to our banner's by-gone splendour.
 There may be treason in that word—
 All Europe may the proof afford—
 All France be the offender ;
 But drink the toast
 That gladdens most,
 Fires the young heart and cheers the old—
*" May France once more
 Her tri-color
 Blest with new life behold !"*

Il est caché sous l'humble paille
 Où je dors, pauvre et mutilé,
 Lui qui, sûr de vaincre, a volé
 Vingt ans de bataille en bataille ;
 Chargé de lauriers et de fleurs,
 Il brilla sur l'Europe entière—
*Quand secourai-je la poussière
 Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs !*

List to my secret. That old flag
 Under my bed of straw is hidden,
 Sacred to glory ! War-worn rag !
 Thee no *informers* thence shall drag,
 Nor dastard *spy* say 'tis forbidden.
 France, I can vouch,
 Will, from its couch,
 The dormant symbol yet unfold,
*And wave once more
 Her tri-color
 Through Europe, uncontrolled !*

Ce drapeau payait à la France
 Tout le sang qu'il nous a coûté ;
 Sur la sein de la liberté
 Nos fils jouaient avec sa lance ;
 Qu'il prouve encor aux oppresseurs
 Combien la gloire est roturière—
*Quand secourai-je la poussière
 Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs !*

For every drop of blood we spent,
 Did not that flag give value plenty ?
 Were not our children as they went,
 Jocund, to join the warrior's tent,
 Soldiers at ten, heroes at twenty ?
 FRANCE ! who were then
 Your noblemen ?
 Not *they* of parchment-must and mould !
*But they who bore
 Your tri-color
 Through Europe, uncontrolled !*

- Son *aigle* est resté dans la poudre, Leipsic hath seen our eagle fall,
 Fatigué de lointains exploits ; Drunk with renown, worn out with
 Rendons-lui le *coq* des Gaulois, glory ;
 Il sçut aussi lancer la foudre. But, with the emblem of old Gaul
 La France, oubliant ses dou- Crowning our standard, we'll recall
 leurs, The brightest days of *Valmy's* story !
 Le rebénira libre et fière— With terror pale
 Quand secourai-je la poussière Shall despots quail,
 Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs ! When in their ear the tale is told,
 Of France once more
 Her tri-color
 Preparing to unfold !
- Las d'errer avec la victoire, Trust not the *lawless* ruffian chiel,
 Des LOIS il deviendra l'appui ; Worse than the vilest monarch he !
 Chaque soldat fut, grace à lui, Down with the dungeon and Bastille !
 CITOYEN aux bords de la Loire. But let our country never kneel
 Seul il peut voiler nos mal- To that grim idol, *Anarchy* !
 heurs, Strength shall appear
 Déployons-le sur la frontière— On our frontier—
 Quand secourai-je la poussière France shall be Liberty's strong-
 Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs ! hold !
 Then earth once more
 The tri-color
 With blessings shall behold !
- Mais il est la près de mes armes ! O my old flag ! that liest hid,
 Un instant osons l'entrevoir ; There where my sword and musket
 Vieux, mon drapeau ! viens, lie—
 mon espoir ! Banner, come forth ! for tears unbid
 C'est à toi d'essuyer mes larmes ! Are filling fast a warrior's lid,
 D'un guerrier qui verse des Which thou alone canst dry.
 pleurs A soldier's grief
 Le Ciel entendra la prière— Shall find relief ;
 Qui, je secouerai la poussière A veteran's heart shall be consoled—
 Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs ! *France shall once more*
 Her tri-color
 Triumphantly unfold !

After this glorious dithyramb, worthy of the days when the chivalry of France took solemnly the oriflame from the Abbey of St. Denis, to bear it foremost in the fight, for the defence of their native land, or the conquest of the land of Palestine ; it may be gratifying to produce a specimen of the earlier military songs of that gallant country. I select for that purpose a very striking lyric effusion from the pen of old Marôt, which is particularly deserving of attention, from its marked coincidence in thought and expression with

the celebrated *Marseillaise Hymn*, composed at the distance of three centuries; but it would be hard to say which produced on the *wooden-shoed* men of France the greater impression in its day.

Au Duc d'Alençon,

Commandant l'Avant Garde de l'Armée Française, 1521.

Di vers Hainsault, sur les fins de champagne,
Est arrivé le bon Duc d'Alençon,
Aveque honneur qui toujours l'accompagne
Comme le sien propre et vrai ecusson :
Là peut on veoir sur la grande plaine unie
Do bons soudars son enseigne munie,
Près d'employer leurs bras fulminatoire,
A repousser dedans leurs territoire
L'ours Hanvier, gent, rustique, et brutalle,
Voulant marcher sans raison péremptoire
Sur les climats de France occidentale.

Prenez hault cœur, donques, France et Bretagne !
Car si en ce camp tenez fiere façon,
Fondre verrez devsnt vous l'Allemagne,
Comme au soleil blanche niege et glaçon :
Fiffres ! tambours ! sonnez en harmonie ;
Aventuriers ! que la pique on manie
Pour les choquer et mettre en accessoire,
Car déjà sont au roysl possessoire :
Mais comme je crois destinée fstalle
Veult ruiner leur outrageuse gloire
Sur les climats de France occidentale.

Donques piétons marchans sur la campagne,
Foudroyez tout sans rien prendre a rançon ;
Preux chevaliers, puisqu'honneur on y gagne,
Vos ennemies poussez hors de l'arçon,
Faites rougir du sang de Germanie
Les clairs ruisseaux dont la terre est garnie ;
Si seront mis vos hauts noms en histoire :
Frappez donc tous de main gladiatoire,
Qu'après leur mort et deffaicte totale
Vous rapportiez la palme de victoire
Sur les climats de France occidentale.

Prince ! rempli de haut los méritoire,
Faisons les tous, si vous me voulez croire,
Aller humer leur cervoise et godalle ;— (*good ale ?*)
Car de nos vins ont grand desir de boire
Sur les climats de France occidentale.

Address to the Vanguard of the French

Under the Duke d'Alençon, 1521.

CLEMENT MAROT.

Soldiers! at length their gathered strength our might is doomed to feel—

Spain and Brabant comilitant—Bavaria and Castile.

Idiots, they think that France will abrink from a foe that rushes on,
And terror damp the gallant camp of the bold Duke d'Alençon!

But wail and wo betide the foe that waits for our assault!

Back to his lair our pikes shall scare the wild boar of Hainault.

La Meuse shall flood her banks with blood, ere the sons of France resign
Their glorious fields—the land that yields the olive and the vine!

Then draw the blade! be our ranks arrayed to the sound of the martial
fife;

In the foeman's ear let the trumpeter blow a blast of deadly strife;

And let each knight collect his might, as if there hung this day
The fate of France on his single lance in the hour of the coming fray:

As melts the snow in summer's glow, so may our helmets' glare

Consume their host; so folly's boast vanish in empty air.

Fools! to believe the sword could give to the children of the Rhine

Our Gallic fields—the land that yields the olive and the vine!

Can Germans face our Norman race in the conflict's awful shock—

Brave the war-cry of "BRITANNY!" the shout of "LANGUEDOC!"

Dare they confront the battle's brunt—the fell encounter try

When dread Bayard leads on his guard of stout gendarmerie?

Strength be the test—then breast to breast, ay, grapple man with man;

Strength in the ranks, strength on both flanks, and valour in the van.

Let war efface each softer grace; on stern Bellona's shrine

We vow to shield the plains that yield the olive and the vine!

Methinks I see bright Victory, in robe of glory drest,

Joyful appear on the French frontier to the chieftain she loves best;

While grim Defeat, in contrast meet, scowls o'er the foeman's tent,

She on our duke smiles down with look of blythe encouragement.

E'en now, I ween, our foes have seen their hopes of conquest fail;

Glad to regain their homes again, and quaff their Saxon ale.

So may it be while chivalry and loyal hearts combine

To lift a brand for the bonnie land of the olive and the vine!

And now let us give truce to war, and, turning to calmer subjects, smoke for awhile the calumet of peace with a poet of gentler disposition. Poor Millevoeye! it is with a melancholy pleasure that again I turn to his pure and pathetic page; but he was a favourite of the Muse and, need I add.

of mine? Who can peruse this simple melody without feeling deeply interested in the fate of its author?

La Chute Des Feuilles.

Par Millevoye.

De la dépouille de nos bois
L'automne avait jonché la terre,
Le bocage était sans mystère,
Le rossignol était sans voix.
Trieste et mourant à son aurore,
Un jeune malade, à pas lents,
Parcourait une fois encore
Le bois cher à ses premiers ans.

"Bois que j'aime, adieu! je succombe—
Ton deuil m'avertit de mon sort;
Et dans chaque feuille qui tombe
Je vois un présage de mort.
Fatal oracle d'Epidaure,
Tu m'as dit, '*Les feuilles des bois
A tes yeux jauniront encore,
Mais c'est pour la dernière fois!*'"

L'éternel cyprès se balance;
Déjà sur ma tête en silence
Il incline ses rameaux:
Ma jeunesse sera flétrie
Avant l'herbe de la prairie,
Avant le pampre des côtesaux!

Et je meurs! de leur froide haleine
M'ont touché les sombres autans,
Et j'ai vu comme une ombre vaine
S'évanouir mon beau printemps.

Tombe! tombe, feuille éphémère!
Couvre, hélas! ce triste chemin!
Cache au désespoir de ma mère
La place où je serai demain!

The Fall of the Leaves.

By Millevoye.

Autumn had stript the grove, and
strew'd
The vale with leafy carpet o'er—
Shorn of its mystery the wood,
And Philomel bade sing no more—
Yet *one* still hither comes to feed
His gaze on childhood's merry
path;
For him, sick youth! poor invalid!
Lonely attraction still it hath.

"I come to bid you farewell brief,
Here, O my infancy's wild haunt!
For death gives in each falling leaf
Sad summons to your visitant.
'Twas a stern oracle that told
My dark decree, '*The woodland
bloom
Once more 'tis given thee to behold,
Then comes th' inexorable tomb!*'"

Th' eternal cypress, balancing
Its tall form like some funeral thing
In silence o'er my head,
Tells me my youth shall wither fast,
Ere the grass fades—yea, ere the last
Stalk from the vine is shed.

I die! Yes, with his icy breath,
Fixed Fate has frozen up my
blood;
And by the chilly blast of Death
Nipt is my life's spring in the bud.

Fall! fall, O transitory leaf!
And coverwell this path of sorrow;
Hide from my mother's searching
grief
The spot where I'll be laid to-
morrow.

Mais si mon amante voilée
Vient dans la solitaire allée,
Pleurer à l'heure où le jour fuit;
Eveille, par un léger bruit,
Mon ombre un instant consolée!"

Il dit. S'éloigne et sans retour;
La dernière feuille qui tombe
A signalé son dernier jour;
Sous le chêne on creusa sa
tombe.
Mais son amante ne vint pas;—
Et la pâtre de la vallée
Troubla seul du bruit de ses pas
Le silence du mausolée.

But should my loved one's fairy
tread
Seek the sad dwelling of the dead,
Silent, alone, at eve;
O then with rustling murmur meet
The echo of her coming feet,
And sign of welcome give!"

Such was the sick youth's last sad
thought:
Then slowly from the grove he
moved;
Next moon that way a corpse was
brought,
And buried in the bower he loved.
But at his grave no form appeared,
No fairy mourner: through the
wood
The shepherd's tread alone was heard,
In the sepulchral solitude.

Attuned to the sad harmony of that closing stanza, and set to the same key-note of impassioned sorrow, are the following lines of Chateaubriand, which I believe have never appeared in print, at least in this country. They were composed on the occasion of a young and beautiful girl's premature death, the day her remains were, with the usual ceremony of placing a wreath of white roses on the bier, consigned to the earth.

Chateaubriand.

*Sur la Fille de mon Ami, enterrée hier devant moi au Cimetière de Passy,
16 Juin, 1832.*

Il descend ce cercueil! et les roses sans taches
Qu'un père y disposa, tribut de sa douleur:
Terre! tu les portas! et maintenant tu caches
Jeune fille et jeune fleur!
Ah! ne les rends jamais à ce monde profane,
A ce monde de dsuil, d'angoisse, et de malheur!
Le vent brise et flétrit, le soleil brûle et fane
Jeune fille et jeune fleur!
Tu dors, pauvre Elisa, si légère d'années!
Tu ne crains plus du jour le poids et la chaleur;
Elles ont achevé leurs fraîches matinées,
Jeune fille et jeune fleur!

Ere that coffin goes down, let it bear on its lid
 The garland of roses
 Which the hand of a father, her mourners amid,
 In silence deposes—
 'Tis the young maiden's funeral hour!
 From thy bosom, O earth! sprung that young budding rose
 And 'tis meet that together thy lap should enclose
 The young maid and the flower!

Never, never give back the two symbols so pure
 Which to thee we confide;
 From the breath of this world and its plague-spot secure,
 Let them sleep side by side—
 They shall know not its pestilent power!
 Soon the breath of contagion, the deadly mildew,
 Or the fierce scorching sun, might parch up as they grew
 The young maid and the flower!

Poor Eliza! for thee life's enjoyments have fled,
 But its pangs too are flown!
 Then go sleep in the grave! in that cold bridal bed
 Death may call thee his own—
 Take this handful of clay for thy dower!
 Of a texture wert thou far too gentle to last;
 'Twas a morning thy life! now the matins are past
 For the maid and the flower!

No. IX.

THE SONGS OF FRANCE.

ON WINE, WAR, WOMEN, WOODEN SHOES, PHILOSOPHY,
 FROGS AND FREE TRADE.

From the Prout Papers.

CHAPTER III.—PHILOSOPHY.

“Quando Gallus cantat, Petrus flet.”—*Sixtus V. Pont. Max.*

“Si de nos coqs la voix altièrè Troubla l'héritier de St. Pierre, Grâce aux annates aujourd'hui, Nos poules vont pondre pour lui.”	“If old St. Peter on his rock Wept when he heard the Gallic cock, Has not the good French hen (God bless her!) Laid many an egg for his succes- sor?”
BERANGER.	

BEFORE we plunge with Prout into the depths of French
 Philosophy, we must pluck a crow with the “Sun.” Not

often does it occur to us to notice a newspaper criticism; nor, indeed, in this case, should we condescend to wax angry at the discharge of the penny-a-liner's popgun, were it not that an imputation has been cast on the good father's memory, which cannot be overlooked, and *must* be wiped away. The caitiff who writes in the "Sun" has, at the instigation of Satan, thrown out a hint that these songs, and specifically his brilliant translation of "Malbrouck," were written "under vinous inspiration!" A false and atrocious libel. Great mental powers and superior cleverness are too often supposed to derive assistance from the bottle. Thus the virtue of the elder Cato (*prisci Catonis*) is most unjustifiably ascribed to potations by unreflecting Horace; and a profane French sophist has attributed Noah's escape from the flood to similar partiality:

"Noé le patriarche,
Si célébré par l'arche,
Aima fort le jus du tonneau;
Puisqu'il planta la vigne,
Convendez qu'était digne
De ne point se noyer dans l'eau!"

"To have drown'd an old chap,
Such a friend to 'the tap,'
The flood would have felt compunc-
tion:
Noah owed his escape
To his love for the grape;
And his 'ark' was an empty pun-
cheon."

The illustrious Queen Anne, who, like our own REGINA, encouraged literature and patronised wit, was thus calumniated after death, when her statue was put up where it now stands, with its back to Paul's church and its face turned towards that celebrated corner of the churchyard which in those days was a brandy-shop. Nay, was not our late dignified Lord Chancellor equally lampooned, without the slightest colour of a pretext, excepting, perhaps, "because his nose is red." Good reason has he to curse his evil genius, and to exclaim with Ovid—

"Ingenio perii NASO poeta meo!"

We were prepared, by our previous knowledge of history, for this outbreak of calumny in Prout's case; we knew, by a reference to the biography of Christopher Columbus, of Galileo, and of Dr. Faustus (the great inventor of the art of printing), that his intellectual superiority would raise up a host of adversaries prepared to malign him, nay, if neces-

sary, to accuse him of witchcraft. The writer in the "Sun" has not yet gone quite so far, contenting himself for the present with the assertion, that the father penned "these Songs of France" to the sound of a gurgling flagon—

"Aux doux gloux gloux que fait la bouteille."

The idea is not new. When Demosthenes shaved his head, and spent the winter in a cellar transcribing the works of Thucydides, 'twas said of him, on his emerging into the light of the *βῆμα*, that "his speeches smelt of oil." It was stated of that locomotive knight, Sir Richard Blackmore, whose epic poem on King Arthur is now (like Bob Montgomery's "Omnipresence") present nowhere, that he

"Wrote to the rumbling of his coach-wheels."

In allusion to Byron's lameness, it was hinted by some Zoilus that he penned not a few of his verses *stans pede in uno*. Even a man's genealogy is not safe from innuendo and inference; for Sam Rogers having discovered, from Béranger's song, "Le Tailleur et la Fée," that his father was a tailor, pronounced his parentage and early impressions to be the cause why he was such a capital hand at a hem-a-stich. If a similar analogy can hold good in Tom Moore's case (whose juvenile associations were of a grocer sort), it will no doubt become obvious why *his* compositions are so "highly spiced," his taste so "liquorish," and his muse so prodigal of "sugar-candy."

But is it come to this? must we needs, at this time of day, vindicate the holy man's character? and are we driven to take up the cudgels for his sobriety?—he, whose frugal life was proverbial, and whose zeal, *backed by personal example*, was all-powerful to win his parishioners from the seduction of barleycorn, and reduce them to a habit of temperance, *ad bonam frugem reducere!* He, of whom it might be predicated, that while a good conscience was the *juge convivium* of his mind, his corporeal banquet was a perpetual red-herring! *Water-cresses*, so abundant on that bleak hill, were his only luxury; for he belonged to that class of Pythagorean philosophers of whom Virgil speaks, in his description of the plague:

"Non illis epulæ nocuère repostæ:

Frondebis et victu pascuntur simplicis herbæ."—*Georg. III.*

Cicero tells us, in his Tusculan Questions (what he might have read in Xenophon), that water-cresses were a favourite diet in Persia. His words are: "Persæ nihil ad panem adhibebant præter nasturtium." (Tusc. Quæst. v. 140). I only make this remark, *en passant*, as, in comparing Ireland with what Tom calls

"that delightful province of the sun,
The land his orient beam first shines upon,"

it would seem that "*round towers*" and *water-cresses* are distinctive characteristics of both countries; a matter somewhat singular, since the taste for water-grass is by no means generally diffused among European nations. Pliny, indeed (lib. xix. cap. 8), goes so far as to state, that this herb creates an unpleasant titillation in the nose: "Nasturtium nomen accepit à narium tormento." But Spenser says of the native Irish, that "wherever they found a plot of sham-rocks or water-cresses, there they flocked as to a feast."—*State of Ireland*, A.D. 1580.

When we assert that Prout was thus a model of abstemiousness, we by no means intend to convey the notion that he was inhospitable. Is not his Carousal on record in the pages of REGINA? and will it not be remembered when the feast of O'Rourke is forgotten? If a friend chanced to drop into his hut on a frosty night, he felt no more scruple in cracking with his guest a few bottles of Medoc, than George Knapp, the redoubtable Mayor of Cork, in demolishing, with his municipal club, a mad-dog's pericranium. Nor were his brother-clergy in that diocese less remarkable for well-ordered conviviality. Horace, in his trip to Brundisium, says, that parish-priests are only bound (on account of their poverty) to supply a stranger with a fire-side of bog-wood, and potatoes and salt—

"Suppeditant parochi quod debent *ligna salemque* :"

whereas he foolishly imagines that nothing can surpass a bishop's hospitality—

"Pontificum potiore cœnis."

Were the poet now-a-days (A.D. 1830) to make a trip to Cork, he would find matters managed *vice versâ*.

From all we have said on this subject, and still more from what *we could add*, if inclined to be wrathful, Prout's calumniators may learn a lesson of forbearance and decorum. *His* paths are the paths of pleasantness and peace. But we are determined to protect him from assault. Far be it from us to throw an apple of discord; but Prout is the apple of our eye. Let the man in "the Sun" read how Daniel O'Rourke fell from "the moon;" let him recollect the Dutch ambassador's remark when the grand monarque shewed him his own royal face painted in the disc of an emblematic "Sol:" "*Je vois avec plaisir votre majesté dans le plus grand DES ASTRES.*"

OLIVER YORKE.

Dec. 1st, 1834.

Watergrasshill, Dec. 1833.

THE historian of Charles the Fifth, in that chapter wherein he discourseth of the children of Loyola, takes the opportunity of manifesting his astonishment that so learned a body of men should never have produced, among crowds of poets, critics, divines, metaphysicians, orators, and astronomers, "one single *philosopher!*" The remark is not original. The ingenious maggot was first generated in the brain of D'Alembert, himself an undeniable "philosopher." Every one, I imagine, knows what guess-sort of wiseacre France gave birth to in the person of that algebraic personage. I say France in general, a *wholesale* term, as none ever knew who his parents were in *detail*, he, like myself, having graduated in a foundling hospital. In the noble seminary *des Enfants Trouvés*, (that metropolitan magazine for anonymous contributions,) the future geometer was only known by the name of "Jean le Rond," which he exchanged in after-life for the more sonorous title of D'Alembert: not rendering himself thereby a whit more capable of finding the quadrature of the circle. To be sure, in the fancy for a high-sounding name he only imitated his illustrious fellow-labourer in the vineyard, François Arouet, whom mortals have learnt to call "Voltaire" by his own particular desire. Now Robertson, of the Kirk of Scotland, ought to have known, when he adopted, second-hand, this absurdity, that by philosopher the French infidel meant any thing but a well-regulated,

sound, and sagacious mind, reposing in calm grandeur on the rock of Revelation, and looking on with scornful pity while modern sophists go through all the drunken capers of emancipated scepticism. Does the historian, grave and thoughtful as he is, mean to countenance such vagaries of human reason? does he deem the wild mazes of the philosophic dance, in which Hobbes, Spinoza, Bolingbroke, David Hume, and Monboddo, join with Diderot, Helvetius, and the D'Holbac revellers, worthy of applause and imitation?

“Saltantes satyros imitabitur Alpheihæus?”

If such be the blissful vision of *his* philosophy, then, indeed, may we exclaim, with the poet of Eton College, “’Tis folly to be wise!” But if to possess an unrivalled knowledge of human nature—if to ken with intuitive glance all the secrets of men’s hearts—if to control the passions—if to gain ascendancy by sheer intellect over mankind—if to civilise the savage—if to furnish zealous and intelligent missionaries to the Indian and American hemisphere, as well as professors to the Universities of Europe, and “confessors” to the court of kings,—be characteristics of genuine philosophy and mental greatness, allow me to put in a claim for the Society that is no more; the downfall of which was the signal for every evil bird of bad omen to flit abroad and pollute the world—

“Obscenique canes, importunæque volucres.”

And still, though it may sound strange to modern democrats, the first treatise on the grand dogma of the sovereignty of the people was written and published in Spain by a Jesuit. It was Father Mariana who first, in his book “*De Institutione Regis*,” taught the doctrine, that kings are but trustees for the benefit of the nation, freely developing what was timidly hinted at by Thomas Aquinas. Bayle, whom the professor will admit to the full honours of a *philosophic* chair of pestilence,* acknowledges, in sundry passages, the superior sagacity of those pious men, under whom, by the way, he himself studied at Toulouse; and if, by accumulating

* “*Cathedra pestilentie*” is the Vulgate translation of what the authorised Church-version calls the “seat of the scornful,” Psalm i. 1.—O. Y.

doubts and darkness on the truths of Christianity, *he* has merited to be called the cloud-compelling Jupiter among philosophers, *νεφεληγεγετα Ζευς*, surely some particle of *philosophic* praise, equivocal as it is, might be reserved for those able masters who stimulated his early inquiries,—excited and fed his young appetite for erudition. But they sent forth from their schools, in Descartes, in Torricelli, and in Bossuet, much sounder specimens of reasoning and wisdom.

I hesitate not to aver, as a general proposition, that the French character is essentially unphilosophical. Of the Greeks it has been said, what I would rather apply to our merry neighbours, that they were “a nation of children,” possessing all the frolicsome wildness, all the playful attractiveness of that pleasaut epoch in life; but deficient in the graver faculties of dispassionate reflection: *Ἕλληνας αἰεὶ παῖδες, γερωὺν δὲ Ἕλληνα οὐδεὶς*.—(Plato, “*Timæus*.”) In the reign of Louis XIV., Père Bouhours gravely discusses, in his “*Cours de Belles Lettres*,” the question, “whether a native of *Germany* can possess wit?” The phlegmatic dwellers on the Danube might retort by proposing as a problem to the University of Göttingen, “*An datur philosophus inter Gallos?*” Certain it is, and I know them well, that the *calibre* of their mind is better adapted to receive and discharge “small shot” than “heavy metal.” That they are more calculated to shine in the imaginative, the ornamental, the refined and delicate departments of literature, than in the sober, sedate, and profound pursuits of philosophy; and it is not without reason that history tells of their ancestors, when on the point of taking the capitol, that they were foiled and discomfited by the solemn steadiness of a goose.

Cicero had a great contempt for the guidance of Greek philosophers in matters appertaining to religion, thinking, with reason, that there was in the Roman gravity a more fitting disposition of mind for such important inquiries: “*Cùm de religione agitur, Titum Coruncanium aut Publium Scævola, pontifices maximos, non Zenonem, aut Cleanthum, aut Chrysippum sequor.*” (*De Natura Deor.*) The terms of insulting depreciation, *Græculus* and *Græcia mendax*, are familiar to the readers of the Latin classics; and from Aristophanes we can learn, that *frogs*, a talkative, saltatory, and unsubstantial noun of multitude, was then applied to

Greeks, as now-a-days to Frenchmen. But of this more anon, when I come to treat of "frogs and free-trade." I am now on the chapter of philosophy.

Vague generalities, and sweeping assertions relative to national character, are too much the fashion with writers of the Puckler Muskaw and Lady Morgan school: wherefore I select at once an individual illustration of my theory concerning the French; and I hope I shall not be accused of dealing unfairly towards them when I put forward as a sample the Comte de Buffon. Of all the eloquent prose writers of France, none has surpassed in graceful and harmonious diction the great naturalist of Burgundy. His work combines two qualities rarely found in conjunction on the same happy page, viz., accurate technical information and polished elegance of style; indeed his maxim was "*Le style c'est l'homme*:" but when he goes beyond his depth—when, tired of exquisite delineations and graphic depicturings, he forsakes the "swan," the "Arabian horse," the "beaver," and the "ostrich," for "Sanconiathon, Berosus, and the cosmogony of the world," what a melancholy exhibition does he make of ingenious dotage! Having predetermined not to leave Moses a leg to stand on, he sweeps away at one stroke of his pen the foundations of Genesis, and reconstructs their terraqueous planet on a new patent principle. I have been at some pains to acquire a comprehensive notion of his system, and, aided by an old Jesuit, I have succeeded in condensing the voluminous dissertation into a few lines, for the use of those who are dissatisfied with the Mosaic statement, including Dr. Buckland:

1. In the beginning was the sun, from which a splinter was shot off by chance, and that fragment was our globe.

2. And the globe had for its nucleus melted glass, with an envelope of hot water.

3. And it began to twirl round, and became somewhat flattened at the poles.

4. Now, when the water grew cool, insects began to appear, and shell-fish.

5. And from the accumulation of shells, particularly oysters (tom. i., 4to. edit. p. 14), the earth was gradually

formed, with ridges of mountains, on the principle of the Monte Testaccio at the gate of Rome.

6. But the melted glass kept warm for a long time, and the arctic climate was as hot in those days as the tropics now are: witness a frozen rhinoceros found in Siberia, &c. &c. &c.

To all which discoveries no one will be so illiberal as to refuse the appropriate acclamation of "Very fine oysters!"*

As I have thus furnished here a compendious substitute for the obsolete book of Genesis, I think it right also to supply a few notions on astronomy; wherefore I subjoin a French song on one of the most interesting phenomena of the solar system, in which effusion of some anonymous poet there is about as much wisdom as in Buffon's cosmogony.

La Theorie des Eclipses.

(*Jupiter loquitur.*)

Je jure le Styx qui tournoie
 Dans le pays de Tartara,
 Qu'à "Colin-maillard" on jouera
 Or sus! tirez au sort, qu'on voie
 Lequel d'entre vous le sera.

Le bon Soleil l'avait bien dit—
 Le sort lui échut en partage:
 Chacun rit; et suivant l'usage,
 Aussitôt la Lune s'offrit
 Pour lui voiler son beau visage.

On Solar Eclipses.

(A NEW THEORY.)

For the use of the London University.

All heaven, I swear by Styx that rolls
 Its dark flood round the land of
 souls!

Shall play this day at "Blind
 man's buff."

Come, make arrangements on the
 spot;

Prepare the kerchief, draw the lot—
 So Jove commands! Enough!

Lot fell on SOL: the stars were struck
 At such an instance of ill luck.

Then Luna forward came,
 And bound with gentle, modest
 hand,

O'er his bright brow the muslin
 band:

Hence mortals learned the game.

It would be scandalous indeed, if the palm of absurdity, the bronze medal of impudence in philosophic discovery, were to be awarded to Buffon, when Voltaire stands a candidate in the same field of speculation. This great man, discoursing on a similar subject, in his profound "Questions

* Prout felt that dislike of geological induction common to old-fashioned churchmen—O.Y.

Encyclopédiques," labours to remove the vulgar presumption in favour of a general deluge, derived from certain marine remains and conchyliæ found on the Alps and Pyrenees. He does not hesitate to trace these shells to the frequency of pilgrims returning with scollops on their hats from St. Jago di Compostello across the mountains. Here are his words, *q. e.* (art. *Coquill.*): "Si nous faisons réflexion à la foule innombrable de pèlerins qui partent à pied de St. Jaques en Galice, et de toutes les provinces, pour aller à Rome par le Mont Cénis, chargés de coquilles à leurs bonnets," &c. &c.—a deep and original explanation of a very puzzling geological problem.

But let the patriarch of Ferney hide his diminished head before a late French *philosophic* writer, citoyen Dupuis, author of that sublime work, "De l'Origine des Cultes." This performance is a manual of deism, and deservedly has been commemorated by a poet from Gascony; who concludes his complimentary stanzas to the author by telling him that he has at last drawn up Truth from the bottom of the well to which the ancients had consigned her:

Vous avez bien mérité	Truth in a well was said to dwell,
De la patrie, Sire Dupuis :	From whence no art could pluck it ;
Vous avez tiré la vérité	But now 'tis known, raised by the loan
Du puits !	Of thy philosophic bucket.

Citizen Dupuis has imagined a simple method of explaining the rise and origin of Christianity, which he clearly shews to have been nothing at its commencement but an "astronomical allegory:" Christ standing for the Sun, the twelve apostles representing the twelve signs of the Zodiac, Peter standing for "Aquarius," and Didymus for one of "the twins," &c.; just with as much ease as a future historian of these countries may convert our grand Whig cabinet into an allegorical fable, putting Lord Althorp for the sign of *Taurus*, Palmerston for the *Goat*, Ellice for *Ursa Major*, and finding in Stanley an undeniable emblem of *Scorpio*.*

Volney, in his "Ruines," seems to emulate the bold theories of Dupuis; and the conclusion at which all arrive, by the devious and labyrinthine paths they severally tread,—whether, with Lamettrie, they adopt plain materialism; or,

* "Bear Ellice" and "Scorpion Stanley" were household words in 1830, as well as Lord Althorp's bucolic and Palmerston's erotic fame.



"The Night before Larry was stretched."

with Condillac, hint at the possibility of *matter* being capable of *thought*; or, with Diderot, find no difference between man and a dog but the clothes ("Vie de Sénèque")—is, emancipation from all moral tie, and contempt for all existing institutions. Their disciples fill the galleys in France, and cause our own Botany Bay to present all the agreeable varieties of a philosophical *hortus siccus*. But Ireland has produced a grander specimen of philosophy, exemplified in the calm composure, dignified tranquillity, and instructive self-possession, with which death may be encountered after a life of usefulness. For the benefit of the French, I have taken some pains to initiate them, through the medium of a translation, into the workings of an Irish mind unfettered by conscientious scruples on the threshold of eternity.

The Death of Socrates.

*By the Rev. Robt. Burrowes, Dean of
St. Finbar's Cathedral, Cork.*

The night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit;
A bit in their sacks, too, they fetched—
They sweated their duds till they
 riz it;

For Larry was always the lad,
When a friend was condemned to
 the squeezer,

But he'd pawn all the togs that he had,
Just to help the poor boy to a
 sneezer,

And moisten his gob 'fore he dicd.

"Pon my conscience, dear Larry,"
 says I,

"I'm sorry to see you in trouhle,
And your life's cheerful noggin run
 dry,

And yourself going off like its bub-
 ble!"

"Hould your tongue in that matter,"
 says he;

"For the neckcloth I don't care a
 button,

And by this time to-morrow you'll see
Your Larry will be dead as mutton:

All for what? 'kase his courage
 was good!"

La Mort de Socrate.

*Par l'Abbé de Prout, Curé du Mont-
aux-Cressons, près de Cork.*

A la veille d'être pendu,
Notr' Laurent reçut dans son
 gîte,

Honneur qui lui était bien dû,
De nombreux amis la visite;

Car chacun scavait que Laurent
A son tour rendrait la pareille,

Chapeau montre, et veste en-
 gageant,

Pour que l'ami put boire bou-
 teille,

Ni faire, à gosier sec, le saut.

"Hélas, notre garçon!" lui dis-je:
"Combien je regrette ton sort!

Te voilà fleur, que sur sa tige
Moissonne la cruelle mort!"—

"Au diable," dit-il, "le roi
 George!

Ça me fait la valeur d'un bou-
 ton;

Devant le boucher qui m'ergorge,
Je serai comme un doux mou-
 ton,

Et saurai montrer du courage!"

The boys they came crowding in fast ;
 They drew their stools close round
 about him,
 Six glims round his coffin they
 placed—
 He couldn't be well waked without
 'em.
 I axed if he was fit to die,
 Without having duly repented ?
 Says Larry, " That's all in my eye,
 And all by the clargy invented,
 To make a fat hit for themselves."

Then the cards being called for, they
 played,
 Till Larry found one of them
 cheated ;
 Quick he made a hard rap at his head—
 The lad being easily heated.
 " So ye chatea me bekase I'm in grief !
 O ! is that, by the Holy, the rason ?
 Soon I'll give you to know, you d—d
 thief !
 That you're cracking your jokes out
 of saason,
 And scuttle your nob with my
 fist."

Then in came the priest with his book,
 He spoke him so smooth and so
 civil ;
 Larry tipped him a Kilmainham look,
 And pitched his big wig to the divil.
 Then raising a little his head,
 To get a sweep drop of the bottle,
 And pitiful sighing he said,
 " O ! the hemp will be soon round
 my throttle,
 And choke my poor windpipe to
 death !"

So mournful these last words he spoke,
 We all vented our tears in a shower ;
 For my part, I thought my heart
 broke
 To see him cut down like a flower !

Des amis déjà la cohorte
 Rempliasait son étroit réduit ;
 " Six chandelles, ho ! qu'on ap-
 porte,
 Donnons du lustre à cette nuit !
 Alors je cherchai à connaître
 S'il s'était dûment repenti ?
 " Bah ! c'est les fourberies des
 prêtres ;
 Les gredins, ils en ont menti,
 Et leurs contes d'enfer sont
 faux !"

L'on demande les cartes. Au jeu
 Laurent voit un larron qui
 triehe ;
 D'honneur tout rempli, il prend
 feu,
 Et d'un bon coup de poign
 l'affiehe.
 " Ha, coquin ! de mon dernier
 jour
 Tu croyais profiter, peut-être ;
 Tu oses me jouer ce tour !
 Prends ça pour ta peine, vil
 traître !
 Et apprends à te bien con-
 duire."

Quand nous eûmes cessé nos
 ébats,
 Laurent, en ce triste repaire
 Pour le disposer au trépas,
 Voit entrer Monsieur le Vicaire.
 Après un sinistre regard,
 Le front de sa main il se frotte,
 Disant tout haut, " Venez plus
 tard !"
 Et tout bas, " Vilain' eolotte !"
 Puis son verre il vida deux
 fois.

Lors il parla de l'échafaud,
 Et de sa dernière cravate ;
 Grands dieux ! que ça paraissait
 beau
 De la voir mourir en Socrate !

<p>On his travels we watched him next day, O, the hangman I thought I could kill him! Not one word did our poor Larry say, Nor changed till he came to "King William :" Och, my dear! then his colour turned white!</p>	<p>Le trajet en chantant il fit— La chanson point ne fut un pseume ; Mais palit un peu quand il vit La statue du Roy Guillaume— Les pendants n'aiment pas ce roi!</p>
<p>When he came to the nubbling chit, He was tucked up so neat and so pretty; The rumbler jugged off from his feet, And he died with his face to the city. He kicked too, but that was all pride, For soon you might see 'twas all over ; And as soon as the noose was untied, Then at darkey we waked him in clover, And sent him to take a ground- sweat.</p>	<p>Quand fut au bout de son voyage, Le gibet fut prêt en un clin : Mourant il tourna le visage Vers la bonne ville de Dublin. Il dansa la carmagnole, Et mourut comme fit Mal- brouck ; Puis nous enterrâmes le drôle Au cimetière de Donnybrook. Que son ame y soit en repos!</p>

There has been an attempt by Victor Hugo to embody into a book the principles of Stoic philosophy, which Larry herein propounds to his associates; and the French poet has spun out into the shape of a long yarn, called "Le dernier Jour d'un Condamné," what my friend Dean Burrows had so ably condensed in his immortal ballad. But I suspect that Addison's tragedy of "Cato" furnished the original hint, in the sublime soliloquy about suicide—

"It must be so! Plato, thou reasonest well;"

unless we trace the matter as far back as Hamlet's conversation with the grave-digger.

The care and attention with which "the boys" paid the last funeral honours to the illustrious dead, anxious to testify their adhesion to the doctrines of the defunct philosopher by a glorious "wake," remind me of the pomp and ceremony with which the *sans culottes* of Paris conveyed the carcass of Voltaire and the ashes of Jean Jacques to the Panthéon in 1794. The bones of the cut-throat Marat were subsequently added to the relics therein gathered; and an

inscription bitterly ironical blazed on the front of the temple's gorgeous portico—

“Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante !”

The “Confessions” of Rousseau had stamped him a vagabond; the “Pucelle” of Voltaire, by combining an outrage on morals with a sneer at the most exalted instance of romantic patriotism on record in his own or any other country, had eminently entitled the writer to be “waked” by the most ferocious ruffians that ever rose from the kennel to trample on all the decencies of life, and riot in all the beatitude of democracy. But when I denounce their doings of 1793, there was a man in those days who deserved to live in better times; tho’ carried away by the frenzy of the season (for “madness ruled the hour”), he voted for the death of Louis XVI. That man was the painter David, then a member of the Convention; subsequently the imperial artist, whose glorious picturings of “The Passage of the Alps by Bonaparte,” of “The Spartans at Thermopylæ,” and “The Emperor in his Coronation Robes,” shed such radiance on his native land. The Bourbons had the bad taste not only to enforce the act of proscription in his case while he lived, but to prohibit his dead body from being interred in the French territory. His tomb is in Brussels; but his paintings form the ornament of Louvre and Luxemburg; while fortunate enough to be sung by Béranger.

Le Convoi de David,

Peintre de l'Empereur, ex-Membre de la Convention.

AIR—“De Roland.”

“Non! non! vous ne passerez pas!”

Crie un soldat sur la frontière,
A ceux qui de David, hélas!
Rapportaient chez nous la poussière.

“Soldat,” disent-ils dans leur deuil,

“Proscrit-on aussi sa mémoire?
Quoi, vous repoussez son cercueil!
Et vous héritez de sa gloire!”

“Non! non! vous ne passerez pas!”

Dit le soldat avec furie.—
“Soldat, ses yeux jusqu'au trépass
Se sont tournoés vers la patrie;
Il en soutenait la splendeur
Du fond d'un exil qui l'honore:
C'est par lui que notre grandeur
Sur la toile respire encore,”

“Non! non! vous ne passerez pas!”

Redit plus bas la sentinelle.—

“Le peintre de Léonidas
Dans la liberté n'a vu qu'elle:

On lui dut le noble appareil
Des jours de joie et d'espérance,
Où les beaux arts à leur réveil
Étaient le réveil de la France.”

“Non! non! vous ne passerez pas!”

Di le soldat; “c'est ma consigne.”

“Du plus grand de tous les soldats
Il fut le peintre le plus digne
A l'aspect de l'aigle si fier,
Plein d'Homère, et l'âme exaltée,
David crut peindre Jupiter—
Hélas! il peignit Prométhée.”

"Non! non! vous ne passerez pas!"

Dit le soldat, devenu triste.—

"Le héros après cent combats
Succombe, et l'on proscriit l'artiste!
Chez l'étranger la mort l'atteint—
Qu'il dut trouver sa coupe amère!
Aux cendres d'un génie éteint,
France! tends les bras d'une mère."

"Non! non! vous ne passerez pas!"

Dit la sentinelle attendrie.—

"Eh bien, retournons sur nos pas!
Adieu, terre qu'il à chérie!
Les arts ont perdu le flambeau
Qui fit pâlir l'éclat de Roms!
Allons mendier un tombeau
Pour les restes de ce grand homme!"

The Obsequies of David the Painter,

Ex-Member of the National Convention.

The pass is barred! "Fall back!" cries the guard; "cross not the French frontier!"

As with solemn tread, of the exiled dead the funeral drew near.

For the sentinelle hath noticed well what no plume, no pall can hide,

That yon hearse contains the sad remains of a banished regicide!

"But pity take, for his glory's sake," said his children to the guard;

"Let his noble art plead on his part—let a grave be his reward!

France knew his name in her hour of fame, nor the aid of his pencil scorned;

Let his passport be the memory of the triumphs he adorned!"

"That corpse can't pass! 'tis my duty, alas!" said the frontier sentinelle.—

"But pity take, for his country's sake, and his clay do not repel

From its kindred earth, from the land of his birth!" cried the mourners, in their turn.

"Oh! give to France the inheritance of her painter's funeral urn:

His pencil traced, on the Alpine waste of the pathless Mont Bernard,

Napoleon's course on the snow-white horse!—let a grave be his reward!

For he loved this land—ay, his dying hand to paint her fame he'd lend her:

Let his passport be the memory of his native country's splendour!"

"Ye cannot pass," said the guard, "alas! (for tears bedimmed his eyes)

Though France may count to pass that mount a glorious enterprise."—

"Then pity take, for fair Freedom's sake," cried the mourners once again:

"Her favourite was Leonidas, with his band of Spartan men;

Did not his art to them impart life's breath, that France might see

What a patriot few in the gap could do at old Thermopylæ?

Oft by that sight for the coming fight was the youthful bosom fired:

Let his passport be the memory of the valour he inspired!"

"Ye cannot pass."—"Soldier, alas! a dismal boon we crave—

Say, is there not some lonely spot where his friends may dig a grave?

Oh! pity take, for that hero's sake whom he gloried to portray

With crown and palm at Notre Dame on his coronation-day."

Amid that band the withered hand of an aged pontiff rose,
 And blessing shed on the conqueror's head, forgiving his own woes :—
 He drew that scene—nor dreamt, I ween, that yet a little while,
 And the hero's doom would be a tomb far off in a lonely isle !

“ I am charged, alas ! not to let you pass,” said the sorrowing sentinelle ;
 “ His destiny must also be a foreign grave !”—“ 'Tis well !—
 Hard is our fate to supplicate for his hones a place of rest,
 And to bear away his banished clay from the land that he loved best.
 But let us hence !—Sad recompense for the lustre that he cast,
 Blending the rays of modern days with the glories of the past !
 Our sons will read with shame this deed (unless my mind doth err) ;
 And a future age make pilgrimage to the painter's sepulchre !”

How poor and pitiful to visit on his coffin the error of his political career ! There is a sympathy in our nature that rises in arms against any act of persecution that vents itself upon the dead ; and genius in exile has ever excited interest and compassion. This feeling has been admirably worked upon by the author of the “ *Méditations Poétiques*,” a poet every way inferior to Béranger, but who, in the following effusion, has surpassed himself, and given utterance to some of the noblest lines in the French language.

La Gloire.

A un Poète Portugais exilé, par Alphonse de la Martine.

Généreux, favoris des filles de mémoire !
 Deux sentiers différents devant vous vont s'ouvrir—
 L'un conduit au bonheur, l'autre mène à la gloire ;
 Mortels ! il faut choisir.

Ton sort, O Manoël ! suivit la loi commune :
 La muse t'enivra de précoces faveurs ;
 Tes jours furent tissus de gloire et d'infortune,
 Et tu verses des pleurs !

Rougis, plutôt rougis, d'envier au vulgaire,
 Le stérile repos dont son cœur est jaloux ;
 Les dieux ont fait pour lui tous les biens de la terre,
 Mais la lyre est à nous.

Les siècles sont à toi, le monde est ta patrie ;
 Quand nous ne sommes plus, notre ombre a des autels,
 Où le juste avenir prépare à ton génie
 Des honneurs immortels.

Oui, la gloire t'attend ! mais arrête et contemple
 A quel prix on pénètre en ces parvis sacrés ;
 Vois, l'Infortune, assise à la porte du temple,
 En garde les degrés.

Ici c'est ce vieillard que l'ingrate Ionie
 A vu de mers en mers promener ses malheurs ;
 Aveugle, il mendiait, au prix de son génie,
 Un pain mouillé de pleurs.

Là le Tasse, brûlé d'une flamme fatale,
 Expiant dans les fers sa gloire et son amour,
 Quand il va recueillir la palme triomphale,
 Descend au noir séjour.

Par-tout des malheureux, des proscrits, des victimes,
 Luttant contre le sort, ou contre les bourreaux ;
 On dirait que le Ciel aux cœurs plus magnanimes
 Mésure plus de maux.

Impose donc silence aux plaintes de ta lyre—
 Des cœurs nés sans vertu l'infortune est l'écueil ;
 Mais toi, roi détrôné, que ton malheur t'inspire
 Un généreux orgueil.

Que t'importe, après tout, que cet ordre barbare
 T'enchaîne loin des bords qui furent ton berceau ?
 Que t'importe en quel lieu le destin te prépare
 Un glorieux tombeau ?

Ni l'exil ni le fer de ces tyrans du Tage
 N'enchaîneront ta gloire aux bords où tu mourras :
 Lisbonne la réclame, et voilà l'héritage
 Que tu lui laisseras.

Ceux qui l'ont méconnu pleureront le grand homme :
 Athène à des proscrits ouvre son Panthéon ;
 Coriolan expire, et les enfans de Rome
 Revendiquent son nom.

Aux rivages des morts avant que de descendre,
 Ovide lève au ciel ses suppliantes mains :
 Aux Sarmates barbares il a légué sa cendre,
 Et sa gloire aux Romains.

Consolation.

Addressed by Lamartine to his friend and brother-poet, Manoël, banished from Portugal.

If your bosom beats high, if your pulse quicker grows,
When in visions ye fancy the wreath of the Muse,
There's the path to renown—there's the path to repose—
Ye must choose! ye must choose!

Manoël, thus the destiny rules thy career,
And thy life's web is woven with glory and woe;
Thou wert nursed on the lap of the Muse, and thy tear
Shall unceasingly flow.

O, my friend! do not envy the vulgar their joys,
Nor the pleasures to which their low nature is prone;
For a nobler ambition *our* leisure employs—
Oh, the lyre is our own!

And the future is ours! for in ages to come,
The admirers of genius an altar will raise
To the poet; and Fame, till her trumpet is dumb,
Will re-echo our praise.

Poet! Glory awaits thee; her temple is thine;
But there's *one* who keeps vigil, if entrance you claim
'Tis MISFORTUNE! she sits in the porch of the shrine,
The pale portress of Fame!

Saw not Greece an old man, like a pilgrim arrayed,
With his tale of old Troy, and a staff in his hand,
Beg his bread at the door of each hut, as he strayed
Through his own classic land?

And because he had loved, though unwisely, yet well;
Mark what was the boon by bright beauty bestowed—
Blush, Italy, blush! for yon maniac's cell
It was Tasso's abode.

Hand in hand Woe and Genius must walk here below,
And the chalice of bitterness, mixed for mankind,
Must be quaffed by us all; but its waters o'erflow
For the noble of mind.

Then the heave of thy heart's indignation keep down;
Be the voice of lament never wrung from thy pride;
Leave to others the weakness of grief; take renown
With endurance allied.

Let them banish far off and proscribe (for they can)
Saddened Portugal's son from his dear native plains ;
But no tyrant can place the free soul under ban,
Or the spirit in chains.

No ! the frenzy of faction, though hateful, though strong,
From the banks of the Tagus can't banish thy fame :
Still the halls of old Lisbon shall ring with thy song
And resound with thy name.

When Dante's attainder his townsmen repealed—
When the sons stamped the deed of their sires with abhorrence,
They summoned reluctant Ravenna to yield
Back his fame to his Florence.

And with both hands uplifted Love's bard ere he breathed
His last sigh, far away from his kindred and home :
To the Scythians his ashes hath left, but bequeathed
All his glory to Rome.

Never does poetry assume a loftier tone than when it becomes the vehicle of calm philosophy or generous condolence with human sufferings ; but when honest patriotism swells the note and exalts the melody, the effect on a feeling heart is truly delightful. List to Béranger.

Le Violon brisé.

Viens, mon chien ! viens, ma pauvre bête ! Mange, malgré mon désespoir. Il me reste un gâteau de fête— Demain nous aurons du pain noir !	Combien, sous l'ombre ou dans la grange, Le Dimanche va s'embler long ! Dieu bénira-t-il la vengeance Qu'on ouvrira sans violon ?
Les étrangers, vainqueurs par ruse, M'ont dit hier, dans ce vallon ! " Fais-nous danser ! " moi je refuse ; L'un d'eux brise mon violon.	Il délassait des longs ouvrages ; Du pauvre étourdissait les maux ; Des grands, des impôts, des orages, Lui seul consolait nos hameaux.
C'était l'orchestre du village ! Plus de fêtes, plus d'heureux jours, Qui fera danser sous l'ombrage ? Qui réveillera les amours ?	Les haines il les faisait taire, Les pleurs amers il les sechait : Jamais sceptre n'a fait sur terre Autant de bien que mon archet.
Si corde vivement pressée, Dès l'aurore d'un jour bien doux, Annonçait à la fiancée Le cortège du jeune époux.	Mais l'ennemi, qu'il faut qu'on chasse, M'a rendu le courage aisé ; Qu'en mes mains un mousquet remplace Le violon qu'il a brisé !
Aux curés qui fosaient entendre Nos danses causaient moins d'effroi ; La gaieté qu'il sçavait répandre Eut déridé le front d'un roi.	Tant d'amis dont je me sèpare Diront un jour, si je péris, " Il n'a point voulu qu'un barbare Dansât gaîment sur nos débris ! "
S'il préluda dans notre gloire Aux chants qu'elle nous inspirait, Sur lui jamais pouvais-je croire, Que l'étranger se vengerait ?	Viens, mon chien ! viens, ma pauvre bête ! Mange, malgré mon désespoir. Il me reste un gâteau de fête— Demain nous aurons du pain noir !

The French Fiddler's Lamentation.

My poor dog! here! of yesterday's festival-cake
 Eat the poor remains in sorrow;
 For when next a repast you and I shall make,
 It must be on brown bread, which, for charity's sake,
 Your master must beg or borrow.

Of these strangers the presence and pride in France
 Is to me a perfect riddle;
 They have conquered, no doubt, by some fatal chance—
 For they haughtily said, "You *must* play us a dance!"
 I refused—and they broke my fiddle!

Of our village the orchestra, crushed at one stroke,
 By that savage insult perished!
 'Twas then that our pride felt the strangers' yoke,
 When the insolent hand of a foreigner broke
 What our hearts so dearly cherished.

For whenever our youth heard it merrily sound,
 A flood of gladness shedding,
 At the dance on the green they were sure to be found;
 While its music assembled the neighbours around
 To the village maiden's wedding.

By the priest of the parish its note was pronounced
 To be innocent "after service;"
 And gaily the wooden-shoe'd peasantry bounced
 On the bright Sabbath-day, as they danced undenounced
 By pope, or bonze, or dervis.

How dismally slow will the Sabbath now run,
 Without fiddle, or flute, or tabor—
 How sad is the harvest when music there's none—
 How sad is the vintage *sans* fiddle begun!—
 Dismal and tuneless labour!

In that fiddle a solace for grief we had got;
 'Twas of peace the best preceptor;
 For its sound made all quarrels subside on the spot,
 And its bow went much farther to soothe our hard lot
 Than the crosier or the sceptre.

But a truce to my grief!—for an insult so base
 A new pulse in my heart hath awoken!
 That affront I'll revenge on their insolent race;
 Gird a sword on my thigh—let a musket replace
 The fiddle their hand has broken.

My friends, if I fall, my old corpse in the crowd
 Of slaughtered martyrs viewing,
 Shall say, while they wrap my cold limbs in a shroud,
 'Twas not *his* fault if *some* a barbarian allowed
 To dance in our country's ruin!"

It would be a pity, while we are in the patriotic strain of sentiment, to allow the feelings to cool; so, to use a technical phrase, we shall *keep the steam up*, by flinging into the already kindled furnace of generous emotions a truly national ballad, by Casimir Delavigne, concerning a well-known anecdote of the late revolution, July 1830.

Le Chien du Louvre.

Casimir Delavigne.

Passant! que ton front se découvre!
 Là plus d'un brave est endormi!
 Des fleurs pour le martyr du Louvre,
 Un peu de pain pour son ami!

C'était le jour de la bataille,
 Il s'élança sous la mitraille,
 Son chien suivit;
 Le plomb tous deux vint les atteindre—
 Est-ce le martyr qu'il faut plaindre?
 Le chien survit.

Morne, vers le brave il se penche,
 L'appelle, et de sa tête blanche
 Le caressant;
 Sur le corps de son frère d'armes
 Laisse couler ses grosses larmes
 Avec son sang.

Gardien du tertre funéraire,
 Nul plaisir ne peut le distraire
 De son ennui;
 Et fuyant la main qui l'attire,
 Avec tristesse il semble dire,
 "Ce n'est pas lui!"

Quand sur ces touffes d'immortelles
 Brillent d'humides étincelles,

The Dog of the Three Days.

A Ballad, September 1831.

With gentle tread, with uncover'd head,
 Pass by the Louvre-gate,
 Where buried lie the "men of
 JULY!"
 And flowers are flung by the
 passers-by,
 And the dog howls desolate.

That dog had fought,
 In the fierce onslaught
 Had rushed with his master on:
 And both fought well;
 But the master fell—
 And behold the surviving one!

By his lifeless clay,
 Shaggy and grey,
 His fellow-warrior stood:
 Nor moved beyond,
 But mingled, fond,
 Big tears with his master's blood

Vigil he keeps
 By those green heaps,
 That tell where heroes be;
 No passer-by
 Can attract his eye,
 For he knows "it is not HE!"

At the dawn, when dew
 Wets the garlands new

Au point du jour,
 Son œil se ranime, il se dresse
 Pour que son maître le caresse
 A son retour.

Aux vents des nuits, quand la cou-
 ronne
 Sur la croix du tombeau frissonne,
 Perdant l'espoir,
 Il veut que son maître l'entende—
 Il gronde, il pleure, et lui demande
 L'adieu du soir.

Si la neige avec violence
 De ses flocons couvre en silence
 Le lit de mort,
 Il pousse un cri lugubre et tendre,
 On s'y couche pour le défendre
 Des vents du nord.

Avant de fermer la paupière,
 Il fait pour soulever la pierre
 Un vain effort ;
 Puis il se dit, comme la veille
 " Il m'appellera s'il s'éveille"—
 Puis il s'endort.

La nuit il rêve barricades—
 Son maître est sous la fusillade,
 Couvert de sang ;—
 Il l'entend qui siffle dans l'ombre,
 Se lève, et saute après son ombre
 En gémissant.

C'est là qu'il attend d'heure en
 heure,
 Qu'il aime, qu'il souffre, qu'il pleure,
 Et qu'il mourra.
 Quel fut son nom ? C'est un mys-
 tère ;
 Jamais la voix qui lui fut chère
 Ne le dira !

Passant ! que ton front se découvre !
 Là plus d'un brave est endormi ;
 Des fleurs pour le martyr du
 Louvre,
 Un peu de pain pour son ami !

That are hung in this place of
 mourning,
 He will start to meet
 The coming feet
 Of HIM whom he dreamt returning.

On the grave's wood-cross
 When the chaplets toss,
 By the blasts of midnight shaken,
 How he howleth ! hark !
 From that dwelling dark
 The slain, he would fain, awaken.

When the snow comes fast
 On the chilly blast,
 Blanching the bleak churchyard,
 With limbs outspread
 On the dismal bed
 Of his liege, he still keeps guard.

Oft in the night,
 With main and might,
 He strives to raise the stone :
 Short respite takes—
 " If master wakes,
 He'll call me"—then sleeps on.

Of bayonet-blades,
 Of barricades,
 And guns, he dreameth most ;
 Starts from his dream,
 And then would seem
 To eye a bleeding ghost.

He'll linger there
 In sad despair,
 And die on his master's grave.
 His name ? 'Tis known
 To the dead alone—
 He's the dog of the nameless
 brave !

Give a tear to the dead,
 And give some bread
 To the dog of the Louvre gate !
 Where buried lie the men of July,
 And flowers are flung by the
 passers-by,
 And the dog howls desolate.

When Diderot wrote that celebrated sentence, that *he* saw no difference between himself and a dog but the clothes, he, no doubt, imagined he had conferred a compliment on the dumb animal. I rather suspect, knowing the nature of a thorough-bred French philosopher, that the balance of dignity inclines the other way. Certain I am, that any thing like honest, manly, or affectionate feeling never had place in the breast of this contributor to the "Encyclopédie," and writer of irreligious and indecent romances.

There are sermons in stones, philosophy in a fiddle, and a deep undercurrent of ethical musing runs often beneath apparently shallow effusions. Yet I fear Beranger's are far from being sacred songs after the manner of Watts' hymns or Pompignan's *Poesies Sacrées* at which Voltaire sneered. "Sacrées elles sont car personne n'y touche." Of this class France can show the odes of *Jean Baptiste* Rousseau, the chorus hymns in *Esther* by Racine, and the old version of the Psalms with which Clement Marot comforted his brother Huguenots.

The *Noels*, or carols for Christmas tide, are also found in the French provinces, charming in thought and sentiment; in Brittany especially there are some current under the name of Abeldard (who was a born Breton), thè philosophic tone of which bespeaks a scholastic origin. As I write in December, and that solemn festivity is at hand, I do not hesitate to lay before my reader one of them. Druidical tradition had its stronghold in Bretagne, which accounts for Abeldard's choice of subject in the following *noel*.

The Mistletoe, a type of the Heaven-Born.

I.

A prophet sat by the Temple gate,
And he spake each passer by—
In thrilling tone—with word of
weight,
And fire in his rolling eye.
"Pause thee, believing Jew!
Nor move one step beyond,
Until thy heart hath ponder'd
The mystery of this wand."

And a rod from his robe he drew—
'Twas a withered bough torn
long ago
From the trunk on which it grew,
But the branch long torn show'd
a bud new born
That had blossomed there anew.
'Twas JESSE'S rod!
And the bud was the birth of
God.

II.

A priest of Egypt sat meanwhile
 Under a lofty palm,
 And gazing on his native Nile,
 As in a mirror calm,
 He saw a lowly Lotus plant—
 Pale orphan of the flood.
 And well did th' aged hierophant
 Mark the mysterious bud:
 For he fitly thought, as he saw it
 float

O'er the waste of waters wild,
 That the symbol told of the cradle
 boat
 Of the wondrous Hebrew child.
 Nor was that bark-like Lotus dumb
 Of a mightier infant yet to come,
 Whose graven skiff in hieroglyph
 Marks obelisk and catacomb.

III.

A Greek sat on Colonna's cape,
 In his lofty thoughts alone,
 And a volume lay on Plato's lap,
 For he was that lonely one.
 And oft as the sage gazed o'er the
 page
 His forehead radiant grew;
 For in Wisdom's womb of the Word
 to come,
 The vision blest his view.
 He broached that theme in the
 Academe,
 In the teachful olive grove;
 And a chosen few that secret knew
 In the Porch's dim alcove.

IV.

A Sybil sat in Cumæ's cave—
 'Twas the hour of infant Rome—
 And vigil kept, and warning gave
 Of the holy one to come.
 'Twas she who had culled the hal-
 lowed branch,

And sat at the silent helm
 When Æneas, sire of Rome, would
 launch
 His bark o'er Hades' realm.
 And now she poured her vestal soul
 Through many a bright illumined
 scroll;
 By priest and sage of an after-age
 Conned in the lofty capitol.

V.

A Druid stood in the dark oak wood
 Of a distant northern land;
 And he seemed to hold a sickle of
 gold
 In the grasp of his withered
 hand;
 And slowly moved around the girth
 Of an aged oak, to see
 If a blessed plant of wondrous birth
 Had clung to the old oak tree.
 And anon he knelt, and from his
 belt
 Unloosened his golden blade,
 Then rose and culled the MISTLE-
 TOE
 Under the woodland shade.

VI.

O, blessed bough! meet emblem
 thou
 Of all dark Egypt knew,
 Of all foretold to the wise of old,
 To Roman, Greek, and Jew.
 And long God grant, time-honoured
 plant,
 May we behold thee hung
 In cottage small, as in baron's hall,
 Banner and shield among.
 Thus fitly rule the mirth of Yule
 Aloft in thy place of pride;
 Still usher forth in each land of the
 north
 The solemn Christmas tide.

Such was the imaginative theory of the great scholastic
 with reference to symbolism and the mistletoe. The dust

of the schools is sometimes diamond dust, and fancy is often mixed up with metaphysics. That Abelard's orthodoxy should be damaged by his fantastic faculties was a natural result; as it also may prove in the case of a modern light of the Gallican church, likewise a native of Brittany, Abbé Lammenais. I see in his eloquent "*Essai sur l'indifférence en Religion*," the germ of much future aberration, and predict for him a career like that of the Abbé Raynal, whose "*History of European Commerce in the two Indies*," full of impassioned and brilliant passages, is as replete with anti-social and anti-christian sentiment as any contemporary declamation of D'Holbach or Diderot.

What though the pen of some among these sophists could occasionally trace eloquent words in the advocacy of their disastrous theories?—what care I for the

———"verdant spots that bloom
Around the crater's burning lips,
Sweetening the very edge of doom,"—

if the result be an eruption of all the evil passions of mankind to desolate the fair face of society.

It is with unaffected sorrow I find the noble faculties of Béranger devoted now and then to similar villainies; but in the following he has clothed serene philosophy in appropriate diction.

Les Etoiles qui filent.

"Berger! tu dis que notre étoile
Règle nos jours, et brille aux
cieux?"

"Oui, mon enfant! mais de son
voile

Lanuit la dérobe à nos yeux."—

"Berger! sur cet azur tranquille
De lire on te croit le secret;

Quelle est cette étoile qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparaît?"

Shooting Stars.

"Shepherd! they say that a star pre-
sides

Over life?"—"Tis a truth, my son!

Its secrets from men the firmament
hides,

But tells to some favoured one."—

"Shepherd! they say that a link un-
broken

Connects our fate with some favou-
rite star;

What may yon shooting light be-
token,

That falls, falls, and is quenched
afar?"

- "Mon enfant, un mortel expire !
 Son étoile tombe à l'instant ;
 Entre amis que la joie inspire
 Celui-ci buvait en chantant.
 Heureux, il s'endort immobile
 Auprès du vin qu'il célébrait."
 "Encore une étoile qui file,
 Qui file, file, et disparaît ?"
- "The death of a mortal, my son, who
 held
 In his banqueting-hall high revel ;
 And his music was sweet, and his wine
 excelled,
 Life's path seemed long and level :
 No sign was given, no word was
 spoken,
 His pleasure death comes to mar."
 "But what does yon milder light be-
 token,
 That falls, falls, and is quenched
 afar ?"
- "Mon enfant ! qu'elle est pure
 et belle !
 C'est celle d'un objet charmant ;
 Fille heureuse ! amante fidèle !
 On l'accorde au plus tendre
 amant ;
 Des fleurs ceignent son front
 nubils,
 Et de l'Hymen l'autel est prêt."
 "Encore une étoile qui file,
 Qui file, file, et disparaît ?"
- "'Tis the knell of beauty !—it marks
 the close
 Of a pure and gentle maiden ;
 And her cheek was warm with its
 bridal rose,
 And her brow with its bride-wreath
 laden :—
 The thousand hopes young love had
 woken
 Lie crushed, and her dream is past."
 "But what can yon rapid light be-
 token,
 That falls, falls, and is quenched so
 fast ?"
- "Mons fils ! c'est l'étoile rapide
 D'un tres-grand seigneur nou-
 veau-né ;
 Le berceau qu'il a laissé vide
 D'or et de pourpre était orné :
 Des poisons qu'un flatteur dis-
 tille,
 C'était à qui le nourrirait."
 "Encore une étoile qui file,
 Qui file, file, et disparaît ?"
- "'Tis the emblem, my son, of quick
 decay !
 'Tis a rich lord's child newly born :
 The cradle that holds his inanimate
 clay,
 Gold, purple, and silk adorn ;
 The panders prepared through life to
 haunt him
 Must seek some one else in his
 room."
 "Look, now ! what means yon dismal
 phantom
 That falls, falls, and is lost in
 gloom ?"
- "Mon enfant, quel éclair si-
 nistre !
 C'était l'astre d'un favori,
 Qui se croyait un grand ministre,
 Quand de nos maux il avait ri."
- "There, son ! I see the guilty thought
 Of a haughty statesman fail,
 Who the poor man's comforts sternly
 sought
 To plunder or curtail."

- Ceux qui servaient ce dieu fragile
 Ont déjà caché son portrait."
 "Encore une étoile qui file,
 Qui file, file, et disparaît."
- "Mon fils, quels pleurs sont les
 nôtres!
 D'un riche nous perdons l'ap-
 pui :
 L'indigence glane chez les autres,
 Mais elle moissonnait chez lui!
 Ce soir même, sûr d'un asyle,
 A son toit le pauvre accourait."
 "Encore une étoile qui file,
 Qui file, file, et disparaît?"
- "C'est celle d'un puissant mo-
 narque !
 Va, mon fils ! garde ta can-
 deur ;
 Et que ton étoile ne marque
 Par l'éclat ni par la grandeur.
 Si tu brillais sans être utile,
 A ton dernier jour on dirait,
 'Ce n'est qu'une étoile qui file,
 Qui file, file, et disparaît !'"
- His former sycophants have cursed
 Their idol's base endeavour."
 "But watch the light that now has
 burst,
 Falls, falls, and is quenched for
 ever !"
- "What a loss, O my son, was there !
 Where shall hunger now seek relief ?
 The poor, who are gleaners elsewhere,
 Could reap in *his* field full sheaf !
 On the evening he died, his door
 Was thronged with a weeping
 crowd."—
 "Look, shepherd ! there's one star more
 That falls, and is quenched in a
 cloud."
- "'Tis a monarch's star ! Do thou pre-
 serve
 Thy innocence, my child !
 Nor from thy course appointed swerve,
 But there shine calm and mild.
 Of *thy* star, if the sterile ray
 For no useful purpose shone,
 At thy death, 'See that star,' they'd
 say ;
 'It falls ! falls ! is past and gone !'"

The philosophic humour of the next ballad is not in so magnificent a vein ; but good sense and excellent wisdom it most assuredly containeth, being a commendatory poem on a much-abused and unjustly depreciated branch of the feathered family.

Les Oies (1810).

Des chansonniers damoiseaux
 J'abandonne les voies ;
 Quittant bosquets et réseaux,
 Je chante au lieu des oiseaux—
 Les oies !

Rossignol, en vain là bas
 Ton gosier se déploie ;
 Malgré tes brillants appas,
 En broche tu ne vaux pas
 Une oie !

A Panegyric on Geese (1810).

I hate to sing your hackney'd birds—
 So, doves and swans, a truce !
 Your nests have been too often stirred ;
 My hero shall be—in a word—
 A goose !

The nightingale, or else "bulbul,"
 By Tommy Moore let loose,
 Is grown intolerably dull—
 I from the the feathered nation cull
 A goose !

Strasbourg tire vanité De ses pâtés de foie ; Cette superbe cité Ne doit sa prospérité Qu'aux oies !	Can roasted Philomel a liver Fit for a pie produce ? Fat pies that on the Rhine's sweet river Fair Strasburg bakes. Pray who's the giver ? A goose !
On peut faire un bon repas D'ortolans, de lamproies— Mais Paris n'en produit pas ; Il s'y trouve à chaque pas Des oies !	An ortolan is good to eat, A partridge is of use ; But they are scarce—whcreas you meet At Paris, ay, in every street, A goose !
Les Grecs, d'un commun aveu, S'ennuyaient devant Troie ; Pour les amuser un peu, Ulysse inventa le jeu De l'oie.	When tired of war the Greeks became, They pitched Troy to the deuce, Ulysses, then, was not to blame For teaching them the noble "game Of goose !"
Sur un aigle, au vol brutal, Jupiter nous foudroie : Il nous ferait moins de mal S'il choisissait pour cheval Une oie.	May Jupiter and Buonaparte, Of thunder less profuse, Suffer their eagles to depart, Encourage peace, and take to heart A goose !

Wisdom openeth her mouth in parables ; so Béranger stigmatized the internal administration of France (1810) in his song *Le Roi d'Yvetot*. The oriental fashion of conveying a sober truth by allegorical narrative is occasionally (and gracefully) adopted by the poets of France, one of whom has left us this pretty line, containing in itself the precept and the exemplification :

“L'allegorie habite un palais diaphane !”

Here is one concerning love and his arch-enemy Time, by Count de Segur.

Le Temps et l'Amour.

A voyager passant sa vie,
Certain vieillard, nommé le Temps,
Près d'un fleuve arrive, et s'écrie,
“Prenez pitié de mes vieux ans !
Eh, quoi ! sour ces bords l'on m'oublie—
Moi, qui compte tous les instans ?
Jeunes bergeres ! je vous prie
Venez, venez, passer le Temps !”

De l'autre côté, sur la plage,
 Plus d'une fille regardait,
 Et voulait aider son passage
 Sur une barque qu' Amour guidait ;
 Mais l'une d'elles, bien plus sage,
 Leur répétait ces mots prudens—
 " Ah, souvent on a fait naufrage
 En cherchant à passer le Tems !"

Amour gaiment pousse au rivage—
 Il aborde tout près du Tems ;
 Il lui propose le voyage,
 L'embarque, et s'abandonne aux vents.
 Agitant ses rames légères,
 Il dit et redit en ses chants—
 " Vous voyez, jeunes bergères,
 Que l'Amour fait passer le Tems !"

Mais l'Amour bientôt se lasse
 Ce fut là toujours son défaut ;
 Le Tems prend la rame à sa place,
 Et dit, " Eh quoi ! quitter sitôt ?
 Pauvre enfant, quelle est ta foiblesse !
 Tu dors, et je chante à mon tour
 Ce vieux refrain de la sagesse,
 Le Tems fait passer l'Amour !"

Time and Love.

Old TIME is a pilgrim—with onward course
 He journeys for months, for years ;
 But the trav'ler to-day must halt perforce—
 Behold, a broad river appears !
 " Pass me over," Time cried ; " O ! tarry not,
 For I count each hour with my glass ;
 Ye, whose skiff is moored to yon pleasant spot—
 Young maidens, old TIME come pass !"

Many maids saw with pity, upon the bank,
 The old man with his glass in grief ;
 Their kindness, he said, he would ever thank,
 If they'd row him across in their skiff.
 While some wanted LOVE to unmoor the bark,
 One wiser in thought sublime :
 " Oft shipwrecks occur," was the maid's remark,
 " When seeking to pass old TIME !"

From the strand the small skiff LOVE pushed afloat—
 He crossed to the pilgrim's side,
 And taking old TIME in his well-trimmed boat,
 Dipt his oars in the flowing tide.

Sweetly he sung as he worked at the oar,
 And this was his merry song—
 "You see, young maidens who crowd the shore,
 How with LOVE Time passes along?"

But soon the poor boy of his task grew tired,
 As he often had been before ;
 And faint from his toil, for mercy desired
 Father TIME to take up the oar.
 In his turn grown tuneful, the pilgrim old
 With the paddles resumed the lay ;
 But he changed it and sung, "Young maids, behold
 How with TIME Love passes away!"

I close this paper by an ode on the subject of "time," by a certain Mr. Thomas. Its author, a contemporary of the philosophic gang alluded to throughout, was frequently the object of their sarcasm, because he kept aloof from their coteries. He is author of a panegyric on Marcus Aurelius, once the talk of all Paris, now forgotten. These are the concluding stanzas of an

Ode au Temps.

Si je devais un jour pour de viles
 richesses
 Vendre ma liberté, descendre à
 des bassesses—
 Si mon cœur par mes sens devait
 être amolli—
 O Temps, je te dirais, hâte ma der-
 nière heure,
 Hâte-toi que je meure :
 J'aime mieux n'être pas que de
 vivre avili.

Mais si de la vertu les géné-
 reuses flammes
 Doivent de mes écrits passer en
 quelques âmes—
 Si je dois d'un ami consoler les
 malheurs—
 S'il est des malheureux dont l'ob-
 scure indigence
 Languisse sans défense,
 Et dont ma faible main doit es-
 suyer les pleurs :—

Ode to Time.

If my mind's independence one day
 I'm to sell,
 If with Vice in her pestilent haunts
 I'm to dwell—
 Then in mercy, I pray thee, O
 TIME!
 Ere that day of disgrace and disho-
 nour comes on,
 Let my life be cut short!— better,
 better be gone
 Than live here on the wages of
 crime!

But if yet I'm to kindle a flame in the
 soul
 Of the noble and free—if my voice can
 console,
 In the day of despondency, some—
 If I'm destined to plead in the poor
 man's defence—
*If my writings can force from the na-
 tional sense
 An enactment of joy for his home :**

* Prout alludes to O'Connell's conduct on the Poor Law for Ireland.

O Temps! suspends ton vol! re- specte ma jeunesse!	Time! retard thy departure! and linger awhile—
Que ma mère long-tems, témoin de ma tendresse,	Let my "songs" still awake of my mother the smile—
Reçoive mes tributs de respect et d'amour!	Of my sister the joy, as she sings.
Et vous, GLOIRE! VERTU! dé- esses immortelles,	But, O GLORY and VIRTUE! your care I engage;
Que vos brillantes ailes	When I'm old—when my head shall be silvered with age,
Sur mes cheveux blanchis se re- posent un jour!	Come and shelter my brow with your wings!

No. X.

THE SONGS OF FRANCE.

ON WINE, WAR, WOMEN, WOODEN SHOES, PHILOSOPHY,
FROGS, AND FREE TRADE.

From the Prout Papers.

CHAPTER IV.—FROGS AND FREE TRADE.

"Cantano gli Francesi—pagaranno!"

CARDINAL MAZARIN.

"They sing? tax 'em!"

PROUT.

"Ranæ vagantes liberis paludibus,
Clamore magno regem petierunt à Jove,
Qui dissolutos mores vi compesceret."

PHÆDRI, *Fab. 2.*

England for fogs! the sister-isle for bogs!
France is the land for liberty and frogs!
Angels may weep o'er man's fantastic tricks;
But Louis-Philippe laughs at Charley Dix.
France for King "Loggy" now has got "a stork."
See Phædrus—also Æsop.

(Signed) O. YORKE.

THE more we develop these MSS., and the deeper we
plunge into the cavity of Prout's wondrous coffer, the fonder

we become of the old presbyter, and the more impressed with the variety and versatility of his powers. His was a tuneful soul! In his earthly envelop there dwelt a hidden host of melodious numbers; he was a walking store-house of harmony. The followers of Huss, when they had lost in battle their commander Zisca, had the wit to strip him of his hide; out of which (when duly tanned) they made unto themselves a drum, to stimulate by its magic sound their reminiscences of so much martial glory: *our* plan would have been to convert the epidermis of the defunct father into that engine of harmony which, among Celtic nations, is known by the name of the "bagpipe;" and thus secure to the lovers of song and melody an invaluable relic, an instrument of music which no Cremona fiddle could rival in execution. But we should not produce it on vulgar occasions: the ministerial accession of the Duke (1835), should alone be solemnised by a blast from this musico-cutaneous phenomenon; aware of the many accidents which might otherwise occur, such as, in the narrative of an Irish wedding, has been recorded by the poet,—

"Then the piper, a dacent gossoon,
 Began to play 'Eileen Aroon;'
 Until an arch wag
 Cut a hole in his bag,
 Which alas! put an end to the tune
 Too soon!
 The music blew up to the moon!"

Lord Byron, who had the good taste to make a claret-cup out of a human skull, would no doubt highly applaud our idea of preserving a skinful of Prout's immortal essence in the form of such an Æolian bagpipe.

In our last chapter we have given his opinions on the merit of the leading French philosophers—a gang of theorists now happily swept off the face of the earth, or most miserably supplanted in France by St. Simonians and Doctrinaires, and in this country by the duller and more plodding generation of "Utilitarians." To Denis Diderot has succeeded Dionysius Lardner, both toiling interminable at their cyclopædias, and, like wounded snakes, though trampled on by all who tread the paths of science, still rampant onwards in the dust and slime of elaborate authorship. Truly, since the days of the great St. Denis, who walked deliberately,

with imperturbable composure, bearing his head in his astonished grasp, from Montmartre to the fifth milestone on the northern road out of Paris; nay, since the still earlier epoch of the Sicilian schoolmaster, who opened a "university" at Corinth, omitting Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Dennis the critic who figures in the "Dunciad," never has the name been borne with greater *éclat* than by its great modern proprietor. His theories, and those of Dr. Bowring, are glanced at in the following paper, which concludes the Proutean series of the "Songs of France."

Far be it from us to imagine that either of these learned doctors will turn from their crude speculations and listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely; we know the self-opinionated tribe too well to fancy such a consummation as the result of old Prout's strictures: but, since the late downfall of Whiggery, we can afford to laugh at what must now only appear in the harmless shape of a solemn quiz. We would no more quarrel with them for hugging their cherished doctrines, than we would find fault with the Hussites above mentioned; who, when the Jesuit Peter Canisius came to Prague to argue them into conciliation, inscribed on their banner the following epigrammatic line:

"Tu procul esto 'Canis,' pro nobis excubat 'ANSER!'"

The term "*Huss*" being, from the peculiarity of its guttural sound, among Teutonic nations indicative of what we call a *goose*.

OLIVER YORKE.

Jan. 1st, 1835.

Watergrasshill, Jan. 1, 1832.

It is with nations as with individuals: the greater is man's intercourse with his fellow-man in the interchange of social companionship, the more enlightened he becomes; and, in the keen encounter of wit, loses whatever awkwardness or indolence of mind may have been his original portion. If the aggregate wisdom of any country could be for a mo-

ment supposed hermetically sealed from the interfusion of foreign notions, rely on it there would be found a most lamentable poverty of intellect in the land, a sad torpor in the public feelings, and a woful stagnation in the delicate "fluid" called thought. Peru, Mexico, and China—the two first at the period of Montezuma and the Incas, the last in our own day—have the degree of mental culture which may be expected from a collective body of men, either studiously or accidentally sequestered from the rest of the species; I suspect, the original stock of information derived from the first settlers constituted the entire intellectual wealth in these two secluded sections of the globe. On inquiry, it will perhaps be found, that Egypt (which has on all sides been admitted to have been our great-grandmother in art, science, and literature) was evidently but the dowager widow of *antediluvian Knowledge*; and that the numerous progeny which has since peopled the universe, all the offspring of intermarriage and frequent alliance, bears undoubted marks and features of a common origin. The literature of Greece and Rome reflects back the image of Hebrew and Eastern composition; the Scandinavian poets are not without traces of affinity to their Arabic brethren; the inspiration of Irish melody is akin to that of Persian song; and the very diversity of detail only strengthens the likeness on the whole:

"Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualis decet esse sororum."
OVID.

This is shown by the Jesuit Andrès, in his "*Storia di ogni Letteratura*," Parma, 1782.

St. Chrysostom, talking of the link which connects the Mosaic writings with the books of the New Testament, and the common agreement that is found between the thoughts of the prophet of Mount Carmel and those of the sublime solitary of the island of Patmos, introduces a beautiful metaphor; as, indeed, he generally does, when he wishes to leave any striking idea impressed on his auditory. "Christianity," quoth he, "struck its roots in the books of the Old Testament; it blossomed in the Gospels of the New:"

Ἐρριζώθη μὲν ἐν τοῖς βιβλίοις τῶν προφητῶν, ἐβλάστησε δὲ ἐν τοῖς εὐαγγελίοις τῶν ἀποστόλων.—*Homil. de Nov. et Vet. Test.*

To apply the holy bishop's illustration, I would say, that taste and refinement among modern writers are traceable to a growing acquaintance with the ancient classics; an intimacy which, though not possessed by each individual member of the great family of authors, still influences the whole, and pervades the general mass of our literature. A certain antique *bon ton* is unconsciously contracted even by our female contributors to the common fund of literary enjoyment; and I could mention one (L. E. L.) whom I presume innocent of Greek, but as purely Attic in style as if, instead of Cockney diet, she had fed in infancy on the honey of Mount Hymettus.

The eloquent French lawyer, De Marchangy, in his "Gaule Poétique," attributes—I know not how justly—the first rise of poetic excellence, in Provence, (where taste and scholarship made their first appearance with the troubadours,) to the circumstance of Marseilles having been a Grecian colony; and he ascribes the readiness with which the Provençal genius caught the flame, and kindled it on the fragrant hills of that beautiful coast of the Mediterranean, to a certain predisposition in the blood and constitutional habit of the people, derived from so illustrious a pedigree. "'Twas a glorious day!" exclaims the poetic attorney-general, going back in spirit to the epoch of that immigration of the Phocians into Gallia Narbonensis—" 'twas a noble spectacle to see those sons of civilisation and commerce land on our barbarous but picturesque and hospitable shore! to see the gallant children of Attica shake from their buskins on our territory the dust of the hippodrome, and entwine the myrtle of Gnidus with the mistletoe of Gaul! When their fleet anchored in our gladdened gulf of Provence, when their voices uttered sounds of cultivated import, when the music of the Lesbian lute and Teian lyre came on the charmed senses of our rude ancestors, a shout of welcome was heard from our hills; and our Druids hailed with the hand of fellowship the priests of Jove and of Apollo. Marseilles arose to the sound of harmonious intercourse, and to the eternal triumph of international commingling! You would have thought that a floating island of Greece, that one of the Cyclades, or Delos the wanderer of the Archipelago, had strayed away and taken root upon our coast,

crowned with its temples, filled with its inhabitants, its sacred groves, its arts, its laws, its perfume of refinement in love, and its spirit of freedom!"

"Free trade" in all the emanations of intellect has ever had a purely beneficial effect, blessing him who gave and him who received: it never can injure a nation or an individual to impart knowledge, or exchange ideas. This is admitted. From the sun, who lights up the planets and the "silver moon," to the Greenwich pensioner, whose pipe is lit at the focus of a neighbour's calumet, *fire*, and *flame*, and *brightness*, are of their nature communicable, without loss or diminution in the slightest way to the communicant. So it is with mind. But how stands the case with matter? are the same principles applicable, under existing circumstances, to the productions of manual toil and the distribution of employment through the different trades and crafts? Is it for the interest of the material and grosser world, who eat, drink, are clothed, and surrounded with household necessities—who are condemned to look for support through the troublesome medium of daily labour—is it fit or judicious, in the complicated state of the social frame now established in Europe, to lay level all the barriers which climate, soil, situation, and industry, have raised for the protection of the productive classes in each country; and, by the light of the new *aurora borealis*, which has arisen on our school of political economy, to confound all the elements of actual life, and try back on all the wisdom of antiquity? As sagacious and consistent would be a proposal to abolish the quarantine laws, that "free trade" might be enjoyed by the plague; to break down the dykes of Holland, that the ocean should be "free;" to abolish all the copyright and "patent-laws," that "piracy" may be free to the dull and the uninventive; the "game-laws," that all may shoot; "tolls," that all may go where they list unimpeded; "rent," that all may live scot-free; and, finally, the laws of property, the laws of marriage, and the laws of God, which are more or less impediments in the way of "free trade."

Fully aware that the advantages of rendering each nation dependent on foreign supply for objects of prime necessity, by establishing a nicely balanced equipoise in the commercial relations of every spot in the globe, have been luminously

vindicated, in many a goodly tome, pamphlet, and lengthy oration; I yet think the best practical treatise on the subject, and the most forcible recommendation of its benefits to all concerned, have come from the philosophic pen of Béranger, who has embodied the maxims of "free trade," as well as many other current doctrines, in the

Les Bohémiens.*Béranger.*

Sorciers, bateleurs, ou filoux !
 Reste immonde
 D'un ancien monde !
 Sorciers, bateleurs, ou filoux !
 Gais Bohémiens ! d'où venez-
 vous ?

D'où nous venons ? L'on n'en
 savait rien.
 L'hirondelle,
 D'où vous vient-elle ?
 D'où nous venons ? L'on n'en
 savait rien.
 Où nous irons le savait on bien.

Sans pays, sans prince, et sans
 lois,
 Notre vie
 Doit faire envie,
 Sans pays, sans prince, sans lois,
 L'homme est heureux un jour
 sur trois.

Tous indépendans nous naissons,
 Sans église
 Qui nous baptise :
 Tous indépendans nous naissons,
 Au bruit du fifre et des chansons.

Nos premiers pas sont dégagés
 Dans ce monde
 Où l'erreur abonde ;
 Nos premiers pas sont dégagés
 Du vieux maillot des préjugés.

**Political Economy of the
Gipsies.**

Sons of witchcraft ! tribe of thieves !
 Whom the villager believes
 To deal with Satan,
 Tell us your customs and your rules :
 Whence came ye to this land of fools,
 On whom ye fatten ?

" Whence do we come ? Whence comes
 the swallow ?
 Where does our home lie ? Try to fol-
 low
 The wild bird's flight,
 Speeding from winter's rude approach :
 Such home is ours. Who dare en-
 croach
 Upon our right ?

Prince we have none, nor gipsy throne,
 Nor magistrate nor priest we own,
 Nor tax nor claim ;
 Blithesome, we wander reckless, free,
 And happy two days out of three ;
 Who'll say the same ?

Away with church-enactments dismal !
 We have no liturgy baptismal
 When we are born ;
 Save the dance under greenwood tree,
 And the glad sound of revelry
 With pipe and horn.

At our first entrance on this globe,
 Where Falsehood walks in varied robe,
 Caprice, and whims,
 —Sophist or bigot, heed ye this !—
 The swathing-bands of prejudice
 Bound not our limbs.

Mais croyez en notre gaieté,
 Noble ou prêtre,
 Valet ou maître ;
 Mais croyez en notre gaieté,
Le bonheur c'est la liberté.

Your noblemen may talk of vassals,
 Proud of their trappings and their
 tassels ;
 But never heed them :
 Our's is the life of perfect bliss—
 Freedom is man's best joy, and this
 IS PERFECT FREEDOM !”

This gipsy code, in wisdom far outshining the “Pandects,” the “Digest,” or the “Code Napoléon,” is submitted to the disciples of Jeremy Bentham, as a guide whenever an experiment *in anima vili* is fairly to be made on the “vile body” of existing laws, by the doctors of destruction.

To arrive at this millennium is not an easy matter, and the chances are becoming every day more unfavourable. The relish of mankind for experimental innovation is dull in these latter days ; and great are the trials, lamentable the disappointments that await the apostles of popular enlightenment. “Co-operative theories” in England have gone to the grave unwept, unsung ; while in America Bob Owen's music of “New Harmony,” instead of developing its notes

“In many a bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,”

has snapped off most abruptly.

In France, after years of change, and the throes of constant convulsion, the early dream of young philosophy is still unrealised, and the shade of Anacharsis Clootz wanders through the “Elysian fields” dejected and dissatisfied. The son of Egalité fills her throne, and the monarchy has lost nothing of its controlling power, whatever it may have acquired of homeliness and vulgarity. The vague and confused ravings of 1790, after three years' saturnalia, aptly terminated in the demoniac rule of, and became incarnate in, Robespierre. The subsequent years condensed themselves into the substantive shape of military despotism, with the redeeming feature of glory in arms, and “all the walks of war.” That too passed away, a lull came o'er the spirit of the democratic dream, while old Louis XVIII. nodded in that elbow-chair which answered all the purposes of a throne ; the imbecile Charles furnished too tempting an opportunity, and it was seized with the avidity of truant schoolboys who get

up a "barring out;" but the triumph of the *barricades* met dim eclipse and disastrous twilight, the citizen king's opaque form arose between the *soleil de Juillet* and the disappointed republicans casting an ominous shade over the land of frogs. Still loud and incessant is the croaking of the dissatisfied tenants of the swamp, little knowing (*pauvres grenouilles!*) that, did not some such dense body interpose between the scorching luminary of July and their liquid dwelling, they would be parched, burnt up, and annihilated in the glow of republican fervour. Even so Aristophanes pictures Charon and his unruly mob, who refuse to cease their querulous outcry, though threatened with the splashing oar of the ferryman :

Αλλα μην κεκραξομεσθα γ'
 'Οποσον η φαρυγξ αν ημων
 Χανδανη δι' ημερας
 Βρεκεκεκεξ, κοαξ, κοαξ.

Βατραχ. Act i. Scene 5.

"In our own quagmire, 'tis provoking
 That folks should think to stop our croaking!
 Sons of the swamp, with lungs of leather,
 Now is our time to screech together!"

But I lose time in these extra-parochial discussions; and therefore, leaving them to chorus it according to their own view of the case, I return to the arbiter of song—Béranger. None of the heroes who accomplished this last revolution felt their discomfiture more than our poet, whose ideas are cast in the mould of Spartan republicanism. He resigns himself with philosophic patience to the melancholy result; and, indeed, if I may judge from a splendid embodying of his notions concerning Providence and the government of this sublunary world, in an ode, which (though tinged somewhat with Deism) contains impassioned poetic feeling, I should think that he still finds comfort in the retrospect of his own individual sincerity and disinterestedness. There is less of the Sybarite, however, in his philosophy than may be found in another "bard" who in

"pleasure's soft dream
 Has tried to forget what he never could heal."

Le Dieu Des bonnes Gens.

Il est un Dieu ; devant lui je m'incline,
 Pauvre et content, sans lui demander rien.
 De l'univers observant la machine,
 J'y vois du mal, et n'aime que le bien ;
 Mais le plaisir à ma philosophie
 Révèle assez de dieux intelligens.
 Le verre en main, gaiement je me confie
 Au Dieu des bonnes gens !

Dans mon réduit où l'on voit l'indigence
 Sans m'éveiller assise à mon chevet,
 Grace aux amours bercé par l'espérance,
 D'un lit plus doux je reve le duvet ;
 Aux dieux des cours qu'un autre sacrifie—
 Moi, qui ne crois qu'à des dieux indulgens,
 Le verre en main, gaiement je me confie
 Au Dieu des bonnes gens !

Un conquérant, dans sa fortune altière,
 Se fit un jeu des sceptres et des rois ;
 Et de ses pieds l'on peut voir la poussière
 Empreinté encor sur le bandeau des rois :
 Vous rampiez tous, O rois ! qu'on déifie—
 Moi, pour braver des maîtres exigeans,
 Le verre en main, gaiement je me confie
 Au Dieu des bonnes gens !

Dans nos palais, où près de la victoire
 Brillaient les arts, doux fruits des beaux climats,
 J'ai vu du nord les peuplades sans gloire
 De leurs manteaux secouer les frimats :
 Sur nos débris Albion nous défie ;
 Mais la fortune et les flots sont changeans—
 Le verre en main, gaiement je me confie
 Au Dieu des bonnes gens !

Quelle menace un prêtre fait entendre ?
 Nous touchons tous à nos derniers instans ;
 L'éternité va se faire comprendre,
 Tout va finir l'univers et le tems :
 Vous, chérubins, à la face bouffie,
 Réveillez, donc les morts peu diligens—
 Le verre en main, gaiement je me confie
 Au Dieu des bonnes gens !

Mais, quelle erreur ! non, Dieu n'est pas colere ;
 S'il créa tout, à tout il sert d'appui.
 Vins qu'il nous donne, amitié tutélaire,
 Et vous, amours, qui créés après lui,
 Prêtez un charme à ma philosophie,
 Pour dissiper des rêves affligeans !—
 Le verre en main, gaiement je me confie
 Au Dieu des bonnes gens !

The God of Beranger.

There's a God whom the poet in silence adores,
 But molests not his throne with importunate prayer ;
 For he knows that the evil he sees and abhors,
 There is blessing to balance, and balm to repair.
 But the plan of the Deity beams in the bowl,
 And the eyelid of beauty reveals his design :
 Oh ! the goblet in hand, I abandon my soul
 To the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and wine !

At the door of my dwelling the children of want
 Ever find the full welcome its roof can afford !
 While the dreams of the rich pain and poverty haunt,
 Peace awaits on my pillow, and joy at my board.
 Let the god of the court other votaries seek—
 No ! the idol of sycophants never was mine ;
 But I worship the God of the lowly and meek,
 In the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and wine !

I have seen die a captive, of courtiers bereft,
 Him, the sound of whose fame through our hemisphere rings ;
 I have marked both his rise and his fall : he has left
 The imprint of his heel on the forehead of kings.
 Oh, ye monarchs of Europe ! ye crawled round his throne—
 Ye, who now claim our homage, then knelt at his shrine ;
 But I never adored him, but turned me alone
 To the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and wine !

The Russians have dwelt in the home of the Frank ;
 In our halls from their mantles they've shaken the frost ;
 Of their war-boots our Louvre has echoed the clank,
 As they passed, in barbarian astonishment lost.
 O'er the ruins of France, take, O England ! take pride !
 Yet a similar downfall, proud land ! may be thine ;
 But the poet of freedom still, still will confide,
 In the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and wine !

This planet is doomed, by the priesthood's decree,
 To deserved dissolution one day, O ! my friends ;
 Lo ! the hurricane gathers ; the bolt is set free !
 And the thunder on wings of destruction descends.



"Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans"

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Of thy trumpet, archangel, delay not the blast ;
 Wake the dead in the graves where their ashes recline :
 While the poet, unmoved, puts his trust to the last
 In the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and wine !

But away with the night-mare of gloomy forethought !
 Let the goul Superstition creep back to its den ;
 Oh ! this fair goodly globe, filled with plenty, was wrought
 By a bountiful hand, for the children of men.
 Let me take the full scope of my years as they roll,
 Let me bask in the sun's pleasant rays while they shine ;
 Then, with goblet in hand, I'll abandon my soul
 To the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and wine !

Whatever may be the failings and errors of our poet, due to the disastrous days on which his youth has fallen, there is discernible in his writings the predominant character of his mind—frankness, single-heartedness, and candour. It is impossible not to entertain a friendly feeling towards such a man ; and I am not surprised to learn that he is cherished by the French people with a fervency akin to idolatry. *He* is no tuft-hunter, nor Whigling sycophant, nor trafficker in his merchandise of song. Neither has he sought to convert his patriotism into an engine for picking the pockets of the poor. *He* has set up no pretensions to nobility ; although, he could no doubt trump up a story of Norman ancestry, and convert some old farm-house on the sea-coast into an “abbey.” It is not with the affectation of a swindling demagogue, but with the heartfelt cordiality of one of themselves, that he glories in belonging to *the people*. What poet but Béranger ever thought of commemorating *the garret* where he spent his earlier days ?

Le Grenier de Béranger.

Je reviens voir l'asyle où ma jeunesse
 De la misère a subi les leçons :
 J'avais vingt ans, une folle maîtresse,
 De francs amis, et l'amour des chan-
 sons ;
 Bravant le monde, et les sots, et les
 sages,
 Sans avenir, riche de mon printemps,
 Leste et joyeux, je montais six étages—
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt
 ans !

The Garret of Béranger.

Oh ! it was here that Love his
 gifts bestowed
 On youth's wild age !
 Gladly once more I seek my
 youth's abode,
 In pilgrimage :
 Here my young mistress with her
 poet dared
 Reckless to dwell :
 She was sixteen, I twenty, and
 we shared
 This attic cell.

- C'est un grenier, point ne veux qu'on l'ignore :
 Là fut mon lit, bien chétif et bien dur ;
 Là fut ma table ; et je retrouve encore
 Trois pieds d'un vers charbonné sur le mur.
 Apparaissent, plaisirs de mon bel âge,
 Que d'un coup d'œil a fustigé le tems !
 Vingt fois pour vous j'ai mis ma montre en gage—
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !
- Lisette ici doit surtout apparaître,
 Vive, jolie, avec un frais chapeau ;
 Déjà sa main à l'étroite fenêtre
 Suspend son schale en guise de rideau :
 Sa robe aussi va parer ma couchette—
 Respecte, Amour ! ses plis longs et flottans :
 J'ai au depuis qui payait sa toilette—
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !
- A table un jour, jour de grande richesse,
 De mes amis les voix brillaient en chœur,
 Quand jusqu'ici monte un cri d'algègrease,
 Qu'à Marengo Bonaparte est vainqueur !
 Le canon gronde—un autre chant commence—
 Nous célébrons tant de faits éclatans ;
 Les rois jamais n'envahiront la France—
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !
- Quittons ce toit, où ma raison s'évapore—
 Oh, qu'ils sont loin ces jours si regrettés !
 J'échangerai ce qu'il me reste à vivre
 Contre un des jours qu'ici Dieu m'a comptés,
- Yea, 'twas a garret ! be it known to all,
 Here was Love's shrine :
 There read, in charcoal traced along the wall,
 Th' unfinished line—
 Here was the board where kindred hearts would blend.
 The Jew can tell
 How oft I pawned my watch, to feast a friend
 In attic cell !
- O ! my Lisette's fair form could I recall
 With fairy wand !
 There she would blind the window with her awawl—
 Bashful, yet fond !
 What though from whom she got her dress I've since
 Learnt but too well,
 Still in those days I envied not a prince
 In attic cell !
- Here the glad tidings on our banquet burat,
 Mid the bright bowls :
 Yea, it was here Marengo's triumph first
 Kindled our souls !
 Bronze cannon roared ; France with redoubled might
 Felt her heart swell !
 Proudly we drank our consul's health that night
 In attic cell !
- Dreams of my joyful youth ! I'd freely give,
 Ere my life's close,
 All the dull days I'm destined yet to live,
 For one of those !

Pour rêver gloire, amour, plaisir, folie,	Where shall I now find raptures
Pour dépenser sa vie en peu d'in-	that were felt,
stans,	Joys that befell,
D'un long espoir pour la voir em-	And hopes that dawned at twenty,
bellie—	when I dwelt
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à	In attic cell ?
vingt ans !	

Nothing can offer a more ludicrous image to the dispassionate observer of passing transactions, than the assumption of radical politics by some men whose essential nature is thoroughly imbued with contempt for the mob, while they are straining every nerve to secure its sweet voices. I could name many who *assume* such sentiments respecting the distinctions of hereditary rank in this country, yet would feel very acutely the deprivation of the rank and name they bear, or an inquiry into the devious and questionable title by which they retain them. The efforts they make to conceal their private feelings before the multitude recall a hint addressed to some "republicans who paraded the streets of Paris in 1793 :

" Mais enfoncez dans vos culottes
Le bout de linge qui pend !
On dira que les patriotes
Ont déployé le ' drapeau blanc.' "

Autobiography is the rage. John Galt, the Ettrick Hogg, the English Opium-eater, Sir Egerton Brydges, Jack Ketch, Grant-Thorburn, and sundry other personages, have lately adorned this department of our literature. In his song, the "Tailor and the Fairy," Béranger has acquitted himself of a task indispensable in modern authors. He was born the same year as T. Moore, 1780.

Le Tailleur et la Fée.

Dans ce Paris, plein d'or et de misère,
En l'an du Christ mil sept cent quatre-vingt,
Chez un tailleur, mon pauvre et vieux grand-père,
Moi nouveau-né, sachez ce qui m'advint.
Rien ne prédit la gloire d'un Orphée
A mon berceau, qui n'était pas de fleurs ;
Mais mon grand-père, accourant à mes pleurs,
Me trouve un jour dans les bras d'une fée.
Et cette fée, avec de gais refrains,
Calma le cri de mes premiers chagrins

“ Le bon viellard lui dit ; L'âme inquiète !
 A cet enfant quel destin est promis ? ”
 Elle répond : “ Vois le sous ma baguette,
 Garçon d'auberge, imprimeur, et commis ;
 Un coup de foudre* ajoute à mes présages—
 Ton fils atteint, va périr conaumé ;
 Dieu le regarde, et l'oiseau ranimé
 Vole en chantant braver d'autres orages.”
 Et puis la fée, avec de gaia refrains,
 Calmait le cri de mes premiers chagrins.

“ Tous les plaisirs, sylphes de la jeunesse,
 Eveilleront sa lyre au sein des nuits ;
 Au toit du pauvre il répand l'alégresse,
 A l'opulence il sauve des ennuis.
 Mais quel spectacle attriste son langage ?
 Tout s'engloutit et gloire et liberté !
 Comme un pêcheur qui rentre épouvanté,
 Il vient au port raconter leur naufrage.”
 Et puis la fée, avec de gaia refrains,
 Calmait le cri de mes premiers chagrins.”

The Autobiography of P. P. de Béranger.

Paris ! gorgeous abode of the gay ! Paris ! haunt of deapair !
 There befell in thy hoosom one day an occurrence most weighty,
 At the house of a tailor, my grandfather, under whose care
 I was nursed, in the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and eighty.
 By no token, 'tia true, did my cradle announce a young Horace—
 And the omens were such as might well lead astray the unwary ;
 But with utter amazement one morning my grandfather, Maurice,
 Saw his grandchild reclining asleep in the arms of a fairy !
 And thia fairy so handaome
 Assumed an appearance so striking,
 And for mo seemed to take such a liking,
 That he knew not what gift he should offer the dame for my ransom.
 Had he previously studied thy *Legends*, O rare Crofty Croker !
 He'd have learnt how to act from thy pagea—('tis there that the
 charm is !)
 But my guardian's first impulse was rather to look for the poker,
 To rescue his beautiful boy from her hands *vi et armis*.

* Béranger tells us in a note, that in early life he had well nigh perished by the electric fluid in a thunder-storm. The same is related of Luther, when at the university. The flash which, in Luther's case, changed the student into a monk, in Béranger's converted the tailor's goose into a swan.—PROUT.

Yet he paused in his plan, and adopted a milder suggestion,
 For her attitude, calm and unterrified, made him respect her
 So he thought it was best to be civil, and fairly to question,
 Concerning my prospects in life, the benevolent spectre.

And the fairy, prophetic,
 Read my destiny's book in a minute,
 With all the particulars in it :

And its outline she drew with exactitude most geometrical.

" His career shall be mingled with pleasure, though checkered with pain
 And some bright sunny hours shall succeed to a rigorous winter :
 See him first a *garçon* at a hostelry—then, with disdain
 See him spurn that vile craft, and apprentice himself to a printer.
 As a poor university-clerk view him next at his desk ;—
 Mark that flash !—he will have a most narrow escape from the light-
 ning :

But behold after sundry adventures, some bold, some grotesque,
 The horizon clears up, and his prospects appear to be brightening."
 And the fairy, caressing
 The infant, foretold that, ere long,
 He would warble unrivalled in song ;
 All France in the homage which Paris had paid acquiescing.

" Yes, the muse has adopted the boy ! On his brow see the laurel !
 In his hand 'tis Anacreon's cup !—with the Greek he has drank it.
 Mark the high-minded tone of his songs, and their exquisite moral,
 Giving joy to the cottage, and heightening the blaze of the banquet.
 Now the future grows dark—see the spectacle France has become !
 Mid the wreck of his country, the poet, undaunted and proud,
 To the public complaints shall give utterance : slaves may be dumb,
 But he'll ring in the hearing of despots defiance aloud !"
 And the fairy addressing
 My grandfather, somewhat astonished,
 So mildly my guardian admonished,
 That he wept while he vanished away with a smile and a blessing.

Such is the man whose works will form the most enduring monument of the literature of France during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. It is the pride of my old age to have recorded in these "papers" my admiration of this extraordinary writer ; and when, at a future period, commentators and critics shall feed on his ever-verdant pages, and disport themselves in the leaves of his immortal poetry, it will be perhaps mentioned by some votary of recondite lore, that an obscure clergyman, on a barren Irish hill, made the first effort to transplant hither some slips of that luxuriant tree ; though he fears that, like the "mulberry,"

it cannot be naturalized in these islands, and must still continue to form the exclusive boast and pride of a happier climate.

Next to the songster-laureate of France, posterity will hail in Victor Hugo the undoubted excellence of original thought, and the gift of glowing expression. Before these two lofty minds the minor poets, Lamartine and Chateaubriand, will sink into comparative insignificance. Thus Burns and Byron will be remembered and read when Bob Montgomery and Haynes Bayly will be swept away with the coteries who applauded them. "Opinionum commenta delet dies," quoth the undying Tully; "naturæ judicia confirmat." But, after all, what is fame? It is a question that often recurs to *me*, dwelling frequently, in sober pensiveness, on the hollow futility of human pursuits, and pondering on the narrow extent of that circle which, in its widest possible diffusion, renown can hope to fill here below. Never has a Pagan writer penned a period more replete with Christian philosophy than the splendid passage which memory brings me here in the natural succession of serious reflections that crowd on my mind:—"Igitur altè spectare si voles, et æternam domum contueri, neque te sermonibus vulgi dederis, neque in præmiis humanis spem posueris rerum tuarum. Quid de te alii loquantur, ipsi videant; loquentur tamen. Sermo autem omnis ille et angustiis cingitur iis regionum quas vides; nec unquam de ullo perennis fuit; et obruitur hominum interitu; et oblivione posteritatis extinguitur!"—CIC. *Som. Scip.*

To return to Victor Hugo. It would be unpardonable in me to have written a series of papers on the "Songs of France," and not to have given some specimens of *his* refined and delicate compositions. Hugo does not address himself so much to the popular capacity as his energetic contemporary: he is a scholar, and seeks "fitting audience, though few." The lyrical pieces, however, which I subjoin, will be felt by all in their thrilling appeal to our sensibilities.

Though I do not regret the space I have devoted to the beauties of Béranger, it is still with a feeling of embarrassment that I bring forward thus late, and towards the close of my lucubrations on this interesting subject, so deserving

a claimant on the notice of the public. Be that as it may, here goes! and, gentle reader, thou hast before thee two gems of the purest water. The first is an Oriental emerald.

Le Voile. Orientale.

Victor Hugo.

"Avez-vous fait votre prière ce soir, Desdémons?"—SHAKESPEARE.

LA SŒUR.

Qu'avez-vous, qu'avez-vous, mes frères?
Vous baissez des fronts soucieux;
Comme des lampes funéraires
Vos regards brillent dans vos yeux.

Vos ceintures sont déchirées!
Déjà trois fois hors de l'étui,
Sous vos doigts à demi tirées,
Les lames des poignards ont lui.

LE FRÈRE AÎNÉ.

N'avez-vous pas levé votre voile aujourd'hui?

LA SŒUR.

Je revenais du bain, mes frères;
Seigneurs, du bain je revenais,
Caché aux regards téméraires
Des Giaours et des Albanais.

En passant près de la mosquée,
Dans mon palanquin recouvert,
L'air de midi m'a suffoqué,
Mon voile un instant s'est ouvert.

LE SECOND FRÈRE.

Un homme alors passait? un homme en caftan vert?

LA SŒUR.

Oui?—peut-être—mais son audace
N'a pas vu mes traits dévoilés.—
Mais vous vous parlez à voix basse!
A voix basse vous vous parlez!

Vous faut-il du sang? sur votre âme,
Mes frères, il n'a pu me voir.
Grâce! Tuez-vous une femme,
Foibles et nus, en votre pouvoir?

LE TROISIÈME FRÈRE.

Le soleil était rouge à son coucher ce soir!

LA SŒUR.

Grâce! qu'si-je fait? Grâce! grâce!
Dieu! quatre poignards dans mon flanc!
Ah! par vos genoux que j'embrasse—
Oh, mon voile! oh, mon voile blanc!

Ne fuyez pas mes mains qui saignent,
Mes frères, soutenez mes pas!
Car sur mes regards qui s'éteignent
S'étend un voile de trépass.

LE QUATRIÈME FRÈRE.

C'en est un que du moins tu ne leveras pas!

The Veil. An Oriental Dialogue.

Victor Hugo.

"Have you pray'd to-night, Desdémons?"—SHAKESPEARE.

THE SISTER.

What has happened, my brothers? Your spirit to day
Some secret sorrow damps;
There's a cloud on your brow. What has happened? oh, say!
For your eyeballs glare out with a sinister ray,
Like the light of funeral lamps.

The blades of your poniards are half-unsheathed
In your zone—and ye frown on me!
There's a woe untold, there's a pang unbreathed,
In your bosom, my brothers three!

ELDEST BROTHER.

Gulnara, make answer! Hast thou, since the dawn,
To the eye of a stranger thy veil withdrawn?

THE SISTER.

As I came, O my brothers!—at noon—from the bath—
As I came—it was noon—my lords—
And your sister had then, as she constantly hath,
Drawn her veil close around her, aware that the path
Is beset by these foreign hordes.

But the weight of the noonday's sultry hour
Near the mosque was so oppressive,
That—forgetting a moment the eye of the Giaour—
I yielded to heat excessive.

SECOND BROTHER.

Gulnara, make answer! Whom, then, hast thou seen,
In a turban of white, and a caftan of green?

THE SISTER.

Nay, *he* might have been there; but I muffled me so,
He could scarce have seen my figure.—
But why to your sister thus dark do you grow?
What words to yourselves do you mutter thus low,
Of "blood," and "an intriguer?"

Oh! ye cannot of murder bring down the red guilt
On your souls, my brothers, surely!
Though I fear—from your hand that I see on the hilt,
And the hints you give obscurely.

THIRD BROTHER.

Gulnara! this evening when sank the red sun,
Hast thou marked how like blood in descending it shone?

THE SISTER.

Mercy! Allah! three daggers! have pity! oh, spare!
See! I cling to your knees repenting!
Kind brothers, forgive me! for mercy, forbear!
Be appeased at the voice of a sister's despair,
For your mother's sake relenting.

O God! must I die? They are deaf to my cries!
Their sister's life-blood shedding:
They have stabbed me again—and I faint—o'er my eyes
A VEIL OF DEATH is spreading!—

ELDEST BROTHER.

Gulnara, farewell! take *that* veil; 'tis the gift
Of thy brothers—a veil thou wilt never lift!

Hugo, in this Eastern scene, as well as in his glorious romance of "Notre Dame de Paris," seems to take delight in harrowing up our feelings by the invariably sad catastrophe of all his love adventures. The chord of sympathy for broken affections and shattered hearts seems to be a favourite one with this mighty master of the Gallic lyre. *Ex. gr.*

La Fiancée du Timbalier.*Victor Hugo.*

Monseigneur, le Duc de Bretagne,
A pour les combats neutriers,
Convoqué de Nante à Mortagne,
Dans la plaine, et sur la campagne,
L'arrière-ban de sea guerriers.

Ce sont des barons, dont les armes
Ornent des forts ceints d'un fossé,
Des preux vieilliss dans les alarmes,
Des écuyers, des hommes d'armes—
L'un d'entre eux est mon fiancé.

Il est parti pour l'Aquitaine
Comme timbalier, et pourtant
On le prend pour un capitaine,
Rien qu'à voir sa mine hautaine,
Et son pourpoint d'or éclatant.

Depuis ce jour l'effroi m'agite ;
J'ai dit, joignant son sort au mien,
"Ma patronne, Sainte Brigitte,
Pour que jamais il ne le quitte,
Surveillez son ange gardien !"

J'ai dit à notre abbé, "Messire,
Priez bien pour tous nos soldats !"
Et comme on savait qu'il le désire,
J'ai brûlé trois cierges de cire
Sur la châsse de Saint Gildas.

A Notre Dame de Lorette
J'ai promis, dans mon noir cha-
grin,
D'attacher sur ma gorgerette,
Fermée à la vue indiscrette,
Les coquilles du pèlerin.

The Bride of the Cymbalier.*A Ballad.*

My liege, the Duke of Brittany,
Has summon'd his vassals all,
The list is a lengthy litany!
Nor 'mong them shall ye meet any
But lords of land and hall.

Barons, who dwell in donjon-keep,
And mail-clad count and peer,
Whose fief is fenced with fossé
deep ;
But none excel in soldiership
My own loved cymbalier.

Clashing his cymbals forth he went,
With a bold and gallant bearing ;
Sure for a captain he was meant,
To judge from his accoutrement,
And the cloth of gold he's wear-
ing.

But in my soul since then I feel
A fear, in secret creeping ;
And to Saint Bridget oft I kneel,
That she may recommend his weal
To his guardian angel's keeping.

I've begged our abbot, Bernardine,
His prayers not to relax ;
And, to procure him aid divine,
I've burnt upon Saint Gilda's shrine
Three pounds of virgin wax.

Our Lady of Loretto knows
The pilgrimage I vow'd :
"To wear the scallop I propose,
If health and safety from the foes
My lover is allow'd."

Il n'a pu, par d'amoureux gages,
 Absent, consoler mes foyers ;
 Pour porter les tendres messages
 La vassale n'a point de pages,
 Le vassal n'a point d'écuyers.

Il doit aujourd'hui de la guerre
 Revenir avec monseigneur—
 Ce n'est plus un amant vulgaire ;
 Je lève un front baissé naguère,
 Et mon orgueil est du bonheur.

Le duc triomphant, nous rapporte
 Son drapeau dans les camps
 froissé ;
 Venez tous, sous la vieille porte,
 Voir passer la brillante escorte,
 Et le prince et mon fiancé !

Venez voir, pour ce jour de fête,
 Son cheval caparaçonné ;
 Qui sous son poids hennit, s'arrête,
 Et marche en secouant la tête,
 De plumes rouges couronné.

Mes sœurs, à vous parer trop lentes,
 Venez voir, près, de mon vain-
 queur,
 Ces timbales étincelantes
 Qui, sous sa main toujours trem-
 blantes,
 Sonnent, et font bondir le cœur.

Venez surtout le voir lui-même,
 Sous le manteau que j'ai brodé !
 Qu'il sera beau ! C'est lui que
 j'aime ;
 Il porte comme un diadème
 Son casque de crins inondés !

L'Egyptienne sacrilège,
 M'attirant derrière un pilier,
 M'a dit bien (Dieu me protège !)

No letter (fond affection's gage !)
 From him could I require,
 The pain of absence to assuage—
 A vassal-maid can have no page,
 A liegeman has no squire.

This day will witness, with the
 duke's,
 My cymbaleer's return :
 Gladness and pride beam in my
 looks,
 Delay my heart impatient brooks,
 All meaner thoughts I spurn.

Back from the battle-field elate,
 His banner brings each peer ;
 Come, let us see, at the ancient
 gate,
 The martial triumph pass in state,
 And the duke and my cymbaleer.

We'll see from the rampart-walls of
 Nantz
 What an air his horse assumes ;
 His proud neck swells, his glad
 hoofs prance,
 And on his head unceasing dance,
 In a gorgeous tuft, red plumes !

Be quick, my sisters ! dress in
 haste !
 Come, see him bear the bell,
 With laurels deck'd, with true-love
 graced ;
 While in his bold hand, fitly placed,
 The bounding cymbals swell !

Mark well the mantle that he'll
 wear,
 Embroider'd by his bride.
 Admire his burnish'd helmet's
 glare,
 O'ershadow'd by the dark horse-
 hair
 That waves in jet folds wide !

The gipsy (spiteful wench !) foretold
 With voice like a viper hissing,
 (Though I had cross'd her palm
 with gold),

Qu'à la fanfare du cortège
Il manqueroit un timbalier.

Mais j'ai tant prié que j'espère.
Quoique, me montrant de la main
Un sépulcre, son noir repaire,
La vieille, aux regards de vipère,
M'ait dit je l'attends là demain.

Volons ! plus de noires pensées !
Ce sont les tambours que j'en-
tends !
Voici les dames entassées,
Les tentes de pourpre dressées,
Les fleurs et les drapeaux flottans !

Sur deux rangs le cortège ondoie :
D'abord, les piquiers aux pas
lourds ;
Puis, sous l'étendard qu'on déploie,
Les barons, en robes de soie,
Avec leurs toques de velours.

Voici les chasubles des prêtres ;
Leshérauts sur un blanc coursier ;
Tous, en souvenir des ancêtres,
Portent l'écusson de leurs maîtres
Peint sur leur corselet d'acier.

Admirez l'armure Persanne
Des Templiers, craints de l'enfer ;
Et, sous la longue pertuisane,
Les archers velus de Lausanne,
Vêtus de buffle, armés de fer.

Le duc n'est pas loin : ses bannières
Flottent parmi les chevaliers ;
Quelques enseignes prisonnières,
Honteuses, passent les dernières.
Mes sœurs ! voici les timbaliers !"

Elle dit, et sa vue errante
Plonge, hélas ! dans les rangs
pressés ;
Puis, dans la foule indifférente
Elle tomba, froide et mourante !—
Les timbaliers étaient passés.

That from the ranks a spirit bold
Would he to-day found missing.

But I have pray'd so hard, I trust
Her words may prove untrue ;
Though in her case the hag accurst
Mutter'd "*Prepare thee for the
worst !*"
With a face of ghastly hue.

My joy her spells shall not prevent.
Hark ! I can hear the drums !
And ladies fair from silken tent
Peep forth, and every eye is bent
On the cavalcade that comes !

Pikemen, dividing on both flanks,
Open the pageantry ;
Loud, as they tread, their armour
clanks,
And silk-robed barons lead the
ranks,
The pink of gallantry !

In scarfs of gold, the priests admire ;
The herald on white steeds ;
Armorial pride decks their attire,
Worn in remembrance of a sire
Famed for heroic deeds.

Fear'd by the Paynim's dark divan,
The Templars next advance ;
Then the brave bowmen of Lau-
sanne,
Foremost to stand in battle's van,
Against the foes of France.

Next comes the duke with radiant
brow,
Girt with his cavaliers ;
Round his triumphant banner bow
Those of the foe. Look, sisters,
now !
Now come the cymbalers !"

She spoke—with searching eye sur-
vey'd
Their ranks—then pale, aghast,
Sunk in the crowd ! Death came
in aid—
'Twas mercy to that gentle maid :
The cymbalers had pass'd !"

By way of contrast to the Gothic reminiscences of the olden time, and the sentimental delicacy of the foregoing ballad, I subjoin a modern description of Gallic chivalry,—a poetical sketch of contemporary heroism. Nothing can be more striking than the change which seems to have come over the spirit of the military dreams of the French since the days of Lancelot and Bayard, if we are to adopt this as an authentic record of their present sentiments in matters of gallantry. I cannot tell who the author or authoress of the following dithyramb may be; but I have taken it down as I have heard it sung by a fair girl who would sometimes condescend to indulge an old *célibataire* with a snatch of merry music.

La Carrière Militaire

En France.

Ah, le bel état!
 Que l'état de soldat!
 Battre, aimer, chanter, et boire—
 Voilà toute notre histoire!
 Et, ma foi,
 Moi je crois
 Que cet état-là vaut bien
 Celui de tant de gens qui ne font
 rien!

Vainquers, entrons-nous dans une
 ville?
 Les autorités et les habitans
 Nous viennent, d'une façon fort
 civile,
 Ouvrir les portes à deux battans:
 C'est tout au plus s'ils sont con-
 tens;
 Mais c'est tout de même—
 Il faut qu'on nous aime—
 Ran, tan, plan!
 Ou bien qu'on en fasse semblant.
 Puis quand vient le clair de lune,
 Chacun choisit sa chacune,
 En qualité de conquérant.
 Ran, tan, plan!
 Ah, le bel état, etc.

The Military Profession

In France.

Oh, the plessant life a soldier leads!
 Let the lawyer count his fees,
 Let old women tell their beads,
 Let each booby squire breed cattle,
 if he please,
 Far better 'tis, I think,
 To make love, fight, and drink.
 Odds boddekin!
 Such life makes a man to a god
 skin.
 Do we enter any town?
 The portcullis is let down,
 And the joy-bells are rung by mu-
 nicipal authority;
 The gates are open'd wide,
 And the city-keys presented us
 beside,
 Merely to recognize our vast supe-
 riority.
 The married citizens, 'tis ten to
 one,
 Would wish us fairly gone;
 But we stay while it suits our good
 pleasure.
 Then each eve, at the rising of the
 moon,
 The fiddler strikes up a merry tune,
 We meet a buxom partner full soon,
 And we foot it to a military measure.
 [Chorus of drums.

Mais c'est quand nous quittons la ville

Qu'il faut voir l'effet des adieux ;
Et toutes les femmes à la file
Se lamenter à qui mieux, mieux—
C'est une rivière que leurs yeux.

“Reviens t'en bien vite !”

Oui da, ma petite !

Le plus souvent,

Le plus souvent,

Je ne suis pas pour le sentiment.

Ran, tan, plan !

Vive le régiment !

Et puis lorsqu'en marsude,

Chacun rôde alentour ;

On va, le sabre à la main, en fraude,

Faire la chasse à la basse-cour.

Faut bien que chaque victime ait son tour—

Pouilles innocentes !

Intéressantes !

Sans retour ! sans retour !

Helas ! voilà votre dernier jour !

Ran, tan, plan !

Cot ! cot ! cot ! la sentinelle

Vous appelle !

Elles passent la tête et caquetant,

Et s'en vont à la broche du régiment.

Puis, à notre retour en France,

Chaque village, en goguette, en danse,

Nous reçoit, cœur et tambour battans—

Tic, tsc, ran, tan, plan !

En l'honneur du régiment.

Ah, le bel état !

Que l'état de soldat !

When our garrison at last gets “the rout,”

Who can adequately tell
The regret of the fair all the city
throughout,

And the tone with which they bid
us “farewell ?”

Their tears would make a flood—a
perfect river :

And, to soothe her despair,

Each disconsolate maid entreats of
us to give her,

Ere we go, a single lock of our hair.

Alas ! it is not often

That my heart can soften

Responsive to the feelings of the fair !

[Chorus of drums.

On a march, when our gallant divisions

In the country make a halt,
Think not that we limit our provisions

To Paddy's fare, “potatoes and salt.”

Could such beggarly cheer

Ever answer a French grenadier ?

No ! we send a dragoon guard

To each neighbouring farm-yard,

To collect the choicest pickings—
Turkeys, sucking-pigs, and chickens.

For why should mere rustic rascals

fatten on such tit-bits,

Better suited to the spits

Of our hungry and valorous battalions ?

But, oh ! at our return

To our dear native France,

Each village in its turn,

With music, and wine, and merry dance,

Forth on our joyful passage comes ;
And the pulse of each heart beats

time to the drums.

[Chorus of drums.

Oh, the merry life a soldier leads !

The military songs of this merry nation are not all, however, of the light texture of the foregoing, in proof of which I subjoin an elegy on Colonel de Beaumanoir, killed in the defence of Pondicherry, when that last stronghold of French power in India was beleaguered by our forces under Coote. Beaumanoir belonged to an old family in Brittany, and had levied a regiment of his tenants and dependants to join the unfortunate Lally Tolendal when he sailed for India, in 1749: one of his retainers must have been the writer of the following lines descriptive of his hasty burial in the north bastion of the fortress where he fell. Nor is it necessary to add any translation of mine, the Rev. Mr. Wolfe having reproduced them on the occasion of Sir John Moore's falling at Corunna under similar circumstances.

Les Funerailles De Beaumanoir.

Commonly known as "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

Ni le son du tambour ni la marche funebre
 Ni le feu des soldats ne marqua son trepas,
 Mais du brave à la hate à travers les tenebres
 Mornes nous portâmes le cadavre au rampart.

De minuit c'était l'heure et solitaire et sombre
 La lune offrait à peine un dubile rayon
 La lanterne luisait peniblement dans l'ombre
 Quand de la bayonette on creusa le gazon.

D'inutile cercueil ni de drap funeraire,
 Nous ne daignâmes point entourer le heros,
 Il gisait dans les plis du manteau militaire,
 Comme un guerrier qui dort son heure de repos.

La prière qu'on fit fut de courte durée,
 Nul ne parla de deuil bien que le cœur fut plein,
 Mais on fixait du mort la figure adorée,
 Mais avec amertume on songeait au demain.

Au demain quand ici où sa fosse s'apprête
 Où son humide lit on dresse avec sanglots,
 L'ennemi orgueilleux pourra fouler sa tête,
 Et nous ses veterans serons loin sur les flots.

Ils terniront sa gloire! on pourra les entendre
 Nommer l'illustre mort d'un ton amer ou fol,
 Il les laissera dire, eh! qu'importe a sa cendre,
 Que la main d'un Breton a confiée au sol.



Beranger

L'œuvre durait encore quand retentit la cloche,
 Au sommet du Befroi et le canon lointain,
 Tiré par intervalle en annonçant l'approche,
 Signalait la fierté de l'ennemi hautain.

Et dans sa fosse alors le mîmes lentement
 Pres du champ où sa gloire a été consommée,
 Ne mîmes a l'endroit ni pierre ni monument,
 Le laissant seul a seul avec sa renommée.

But my page is filling fast, and my appointed measure is nearly replenished. Adieu, then, to the "Songs of France!" Reminiscences of my younger life! traditions of poetic Gaul! language of impassioned feeling! cultivated elegance of ideas and imagery! bold, gay, fantastic picturings of social existence!—farewell! You have been to me the source of much enjoyment, much mental luxury, much intellectual revelry,—farewell! Yet still, like Ovid quitting Rome for Scythia—

"Sæpè vale dicens, multùm sum deinde locutus;
 Et quasi discedens oscula summa dedi:
 Indulgens animo, pes mihi tardus erat"—

loath to depart, I have once more opened the volume of the enchanter, and must indulge myself in a last lingering look at one—perhaps the loftiest of Béranger's lays. It is addressed by him to a fair incognita; but in my version I have taken the liberty of giving a more intelligible and, I fear not to add, more appropriate direction to the splendid allegory.

L'Ange Frêle.

*A Corinne de L*****.*

Je veux pour vous prendre un tom moins frivole,
 Corinne! il fut des anges révoltés:
 Dieu sur leur front fait tomber sa parole,
 Et dans l'abîme, ils sont précipités.
 Doux, mais fragile, un seul dans leur ruine,
 Contre ses maux garde un puissant secours,
 Il reste armé de sa lyre divine—
 Ange aux yeux bleux, protégez-moi toujours!

L'enfer mugit d'un effroyable rire,
 Quand, dégoûté de l'orgueil des méchants,
 L'ange, qui pleure en accordant sa lyre,
 Fait éclater ses remords et ses chants.

Dieu d'un regard l'arrache au gouffre immonde,
 Mais ici bas veut qu'il charme nos jours ;
 La Poésie enivrera le monde—
 Ange aux yeux bleus, protégez-moi toujours !

Vers nous il vole, en secouant ses ailes,
 Comme l'oiseau que l'orage a mouillé ;
 Soudain la terre entend des voix nouvelles,
 Maint peuple errant s'arrête émerveillé.
 Tout culte alors n'était que l'harmonie—
 Aux cieux jamais Dieu ne dit, "Soyez sourds !"
 L'autel s'épure aux parfums du génie !—
 Ange aux yeux bleus, protégez-moi toujours !

En vain l'enfer, des clameurs de l'envie,
 Poursuit cet ange, échappé de ces rangs ;
 De l'homme inculte il adoucit la vie,
 Et sous le dais montre au doigt les tyrans.
 Tandis qu'à tout sa voix prêtant des charmes,
 Court jusqu'au pôle éveiller les sinours :
 Dieu compte au ciel ce qu'il sèche de larmes !—
 Ange aux yeux bleus, protégez-moi toujours !

Qui peut me dire où luit son auréole ?
 De son exil Dieu l'a-t-il rappelé ?
 Mais vous chantez, mais votre voix console—
 Corinne, en vous l'ange s'est dévoilé !
 Votre printemps veut des fleurs éternelles,
 Votre beauté de célestes atours ;
 Pour un long vol vous déployez vos ailes !—
 Ange aux yeux bleus, protégez-moi toujours !

The Angel of Poetry.

To L. E. L.

Lady! for thee a holier key shall harmonise the chord—
 In Heaven's defence Omnipotence drew an avenging sword ;
 But when the bolt had crush'd revolt, one angel, fair though frail,
 Retain'd his lute, fond attribute! to charm that gloomy vale.
 The lyre he kept his wild hand swept ; the music he'd awaken
 Would sweetly thrill from the lonely hill where he sat apart forsaken ;
 There he'd lament his banishment, his thoughts to grief abandon,
 And weep his full. 'Twas pitiful to see him weep, fair Landon !

He wept his fault ! Hell's gloomy vault grew vocal with his song ;
 But all throughout derision's shout burst from the guilty throng ;
 God pitying view'd his fortitude in that unhallow'd den ;
 Free'd him from hell, but bade him dwell amid the sons of men.

Lady! for us, an exile thus, immortal Poesy
 Came upon earth, and lutes gave birth to sweetest minstrelsy;
 And poets wrought their spellwords, taught by that angelic mind,
 And music lent soft blandishment to fascinate mankind.

Religion rose! man sought repose in the shadow of her wings;
 Music for her walked harbinger, and Genius touch'd the strings:
 Tears from the tree of Araby cast on her altar burn'd,
 But earth and wave most fragrance gave where Poetry sojourn'd.
 Vainly, with hate inveterate, hell labour'd in its rage,
 To persecute that angel's lute, and cross his pilgrimage;
 Unmov'd and calm, his songs pour'd balm on sorrow all the while;
 Vice he unmask'd, but virtue bask'd in the radiance of his smile.

O where, among the fair and young, or in what kingly court,
 In what gay path where Pleasure hath her favourite resort,
 Where hast thou gone, angelic one? Back to thy native skies?
 Or dost thou dwell in cloister'd cell, in pensive hermit's guise?
 Methinks I ken a denizen of this our island—nay,
 Leave me to guess, fair poetess! queen of the matchless lay!
 The thrilling line, lady! is thine; the spirit pure and free;
 And England views that angel muse, Landon! reveal'd in THEE!

No. XI.

THE SONGS OF ITALY.

CHAPTER I.

“Latiùs opinione disseminatùm est hoc malum: manavit non solum per Galliam, sed etiam transcendit Alpes, et obscure serpens multas jam provincias occupavit.”

CICERO in *Catilinam*, Or. IV.

Starting from France, across Mount Cenis,
 Prout visits Mantua and Venice;
 Through many a tuneful province strolls,
 “Smit with the love” of barcarolles.
 Petrarca's ghost he conjures up,
 And with old Dante quaffs a cup;
 Next, from her jar Etruscan, he
 Uncorks the muse of Tuscany.

O. Y.

FROM the contents of “the chest” hitherto put forth by us to the gaze of a discriminating public, the sagacious glance

of the critic, unless his eye happen to be somehow "by drop serene or dim suffusion veiled," must have scanned pretty accurately the peculiar cast and character of old Prout's genius. Though somewhat "Protean" and multi-form, delighting to make his posthumous appearance in a diversity of fanciful shapes, he is still discoverable by certain immutable features; and the identity of mind and purpose reveals itself throughout this vast variety of manifestation. An attentive perusal of his "Papers" (of which we have now drawn forth *eleven*, hoping next month to crack the *last* bottle of the sparkling dozen) will enable the reader to detect the secret workings of his spirit, and discover the "bee's wing" in the transparent decanter of his soul. Prout's candour and frankness, his bold, fearless avowal of each inward conviction, his contempt for quacks and pedants, his warm admiration of disinterested patriotism and intellectual originality, cannot but be recognised throughout his writings: he is equally enthusiastic in his predilections, and stanch in his antipathies. Of his classical namesake, Proteus, it has been observed by Virgil, that there was no catching him in any definite or tangible form; as he constantly shifted his position, and, with the utmost violation of consistency, became at turns "a pig," "a tiger," or "a serpent," to suit the whim of the moment or the scheme of the hour:

"Fiet enim subitò sus horridus, atrave tigris,
Squamosusve draco." *Georgic. IV.*

But in all the impersonations of the deceased P. P. of Watergrasshill the man is never lost sight of; it is still *he*, whether he be viewed shewing his tusks to Tommy Moore, or springing like a tiger on Dr. Lardner's wig, or lurking like a bottle-imp in Brougham's brandy-flask, or coiled up like a rattle-snake in the begging-box of O'Connell.

But still he delights to tread the peaceful paths of literature; and it is then, indeed, that he appears in his proper element. Of all the departments of that interesting province, he has selected the field of popular poetry for his favourite haunt. "*Smitten*," like old Milton, "*with the love of sacred song*," he lingers with "fond, reluctant, amorous delay," amid the tuneful "groves." Ballad-singing

was his predominant passion. In his youth he had visited almost every part of the continent; and though not unobservant of other matters, nor unmindful of collateral inquiries, he made the *songs* of each country the object of a most diligent investigation. Among the tenets of his peripatetic philosophy, he had adopted a singular theory, viz. that the true character of a people must be collected from their "songs." Impressed with this notion, to use the words of the immortal Edmund Burke, "he has visited all Europe; not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurement of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals, or to collate MSS.: but to pick up the popular tunes, and make a collection of song-books; to cull from the minstrelsy of the cottage, and select from the bacchanalian joviality of the vintage; to compare and collate the Tipperary bagpipe with the Cremona fiddle; to remember the forgotten and attend to the neglected ballads of foreign nations; and to blend in one harmonious system the traditionary songs of all men in all countries. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of melody."

Lander and Mungo Park have traced the course of the Niger: Bruce and Belzoni the sources of the Nile; Sterne journeyed in pursuit of the *sentimental*, Syntax in search of the *picturesque*; Eustace made a "classical" tour through Italy, Bowring an "utilitarian" excursion through France: but we greatly miscalculate if the public do not prefer, for all the practical purposes of life, Prout's "tuneful" pilgrimage. Any accession to the general stock of harmony, anything to break the monotonous sameness of modern literature, must be hailed with a shout of welcome; and in the Watergrasshill chest we possess an engine of melodious power, far preferable to the hackneyed barrel-organs that lull and stultify the present generation. The native Irish have at all times been remarkable for a keen perception of musical enjoyment, and it therefore is not astonishing that the charms of sweet sound should have so fascinated the youthful mind of our hero, as to lead him captive from land to land—a willing slave, chained to the triumphal chariot

of Polyhymnia. His case has been graphically put by a modern writer (not Hogg)—

“When I was a boy in my father’s mud edifice,
Tender and bare as a pig in a sty,
Out of the door as I looked, with a steady phiz,
Who but Thade Murphy the piper went by!

‘Arrah, Thady! the drone of your pipe so comes over me,
Naked I’ll wander wherever you goes;
And if my poor parents should want to discover me,
Sure it wont be by describing my clothes!’

“Journeying with this intent,” our excellent divine (as may be seen in the last four numbers of REGINA) hath not been idle in France; having wreathed a garland of song, culled where those posies grew wild on the boulevards of Paris, the fields of Normandy, and the fragrant hills of Provence—land of troubadours. We have now to follow him through other scenes: to view him seated in a gondola, and gliding under the “Bridge of Sighs;” or wandering on the banks of the Po; or treading, with pensive step, the Miltonic glen of Vallombrosa. Each guardian spirit of that hallowed soil, each tutelary *genius loci*, the dryades of the grove and the naiades of the flood, exult at the approach of so worthy a visitant, sent with a special mission on an errand of the loftiest consequences, and gifted with a soul equal to the mighty task; a modern by birth, but an old Roman in sentiment—

“Redonavit Quiritem
Dis patriis Italoque cœlo!”—HOR. lib. ii. ode 7.

It has been the misfortune of that beautiful peninsula, ever since the decline and fall of the Roman empire, to have been invaded by a succession of barbarians from the North. Longobards and Ostrogoths, Alaric and Genseric, Sam Rogers and Frederick Barbarossa, Attila king of the Huns, and Leigh Hunt king of the Cockneys, have already spread havoc and consternation through that delightful country; but the vilest and most unjustifiable invasion of Italy has been perpetrated by Lady Morgan. We know not to what extent impunity may be claimed by “the sex,” for running riot and playing the devil with places and things consecrated by

the recollections of all that is noble in our nature, and exalted in the history of mankind; but we suppose that her Irish ladyship is privileged to carry on her literary orgies in the face of the public, like her fair countrywoman, Lady Barrymore, of smashing notoriety. Heaven knows, she has often enough been "pulled up" before the tribunals of criticism for her misdemeanours; still, we find her repeating her old offences with incorrigible pertinacity,—and Belgium is now the scene of her pranks. She moreover continues to besprinkle her pages with Italian, of which she knows about as much as of the language of the Celestial Empire; for, let her take our word for it, that, however acquainted she may possibly be with the "Cruiskeen lawn," she has but a very slight intimacy with the "Vocabulario della Crusca."

OLIVER YORKE.

Feb. 1, 1835.

Watergrasshill, Feb. 1830.

DURING these long wintry nights, while the blast howls dismally outside this mountain-shed, and all the boisterous elements of destruction hold a "radical" meeting on yonder bog,—seated before a snug turf-fire, and having duly conned over the day's appointed portion of the Roman breviary, I love to give free scope to my youthful recollections, and wander back in spirit to those sunny lands where I spent my early years. Memory is the comforter of old age, as Hope is the guardian-angel of youth. To me my past life seems a placid, a delightful dream; and I trust that when I shall, at no distant moment, hear the voice which will bid me "awake" to the consciousness of enduring realities, and the enjoyment of immortal existence, *memory* still may remain to enhance, if possible, the fruition of beatitude.

But a truce to these solemn fancies, which, no doubt, have been suggested to my mind by those homilies of Chrysostom and soliloquies of Augustin which I have just now been perusing, in this day's office of our ancient liturgy. And to resume the train of ideas with which I commenced, a few minutes ago, this paper of "night-thoughts,"—gladly do I recur to the remembrance of that fresh and active period of my

long career, when, buoyant with juvenile energy, and flushed with life's joyous anticipations, I passed from the south of France into the luxuriant lap of Italy. Full sixty years now have elapsed since I first crossed the Alpine frontier of that enchanting province of Europe; but the image of all I saw, and the impression of all I felt, remains indelible in my soul. My recollections of gay France are lively and vivid, yet not so deeply imprinted, nor so glowingly distinct, as the picturings which an Italian sojourn has left on the "tablets of memory." I cherish both; but each has its own peculiar attributes, features, and physiognomy. The *spirituelle* Madame de Sevigné and the impassioned Beatrice Cenci are two very opposite impersonations of female character, but they pretty accurately represent the notion I would wish to convey of *my* Italy and *my* France. There is not more difference between the "Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" of Milton. France rises before me in the shape of a merry-andrew jingling his bells, and exhibiting wondrous feats of agility; Italy assumes the awful shape of the spectre that stood before Brutus in the camp, and promised to meet him at Philippi.

In those days a Franciscan friar, called Ganganelli (Clement XIV.), sat in the pontific chair; and, sorrowful to tell, being of a cringing, time-serving, and worldly-minded disposition, did considerable damage to the church over which, in evil hour, he was appointed to preside. The only good act of his I am disposed to recognise is the addition to the Vatican gallery, called after him the "Museum Clementinum:" but that was but a poor compensation for the loss which literature and science sustained (through his ineffable folly) in the unwarrantable destruction of that unrivalled "order" of literati, the Jesuits.* The sacrifice was avowedly meant to propitiate the demon of Irreligion, then first exhibiting his presence in France; but, like all such concessions to an evil spirit, it only provoked further exigencies and more imperative demands, until TALLEYRAND, by proposing in the National Assembly the abolition of church property, effectually demolished the old Gallican

* A book *was* in circulation called "Ganganelli's Letters;" but it is an imposition on public credulity, to be classed in the annals of forgery alongside of Macpherson's "Ossian," Chatterton's "Rowley," and the "Decretals" of Isidorus Mercator.—PROUT.

glories of Christianity, and extinguished the lamp that had burnt for ages before the altar of our common God. It was, no doubt, an act of forgetfulness in the preceding pope, Prosper Lambertini (Benedict XIV.), to open a correspondence with Voltaire, to whom, in return for the dedication of his tragedy of "Mahomet," he sent his "apostolical blessing;" but it was reserved for the friar-pope to inflict an irrecoverable wound on the cause of enlightened religion, by his *bull* of the 21st of July, 1773.

I dwell on this topic *con amore*, because of my personal feelings of attachment to the instructors of my youth; and also because the subject was often the cause of a friendly quarrel between myself and Barry the painter, whom I met at Rome, and knew intimately. He was a "wild fellow," and, by some chance, had for me a sort of confiding fondness; owing, no doubt, to our being both natives of Cork, or, at least, citizens thereof: for *I* was *born* in Dublin, as duly set forth in that part of my autobiography called "Dean Swift's Madness; a Tale of a Churn." Now Barry was so taken with Ganganelli's addition to the Vatican collection, that he has placed him among the shades of the blessed in his picture of Elysium, at the hall of the Adelphi, London; giving a snug berth in "hell" to Pope Adrian IV., who bestowed Ireland on Henry II. I question not the propriety of this latter arrangement; but I strongly object to the apotheosis of Ganganelli.

This digression, however unconnected with the "Songs of Italy," may serve as a chronological landmark, indicative of the period to which I refer in my observations on the poetry of that interesting country. Alfieri had not yet rekindled the fire of tragic thought; Manzoni had not flung into the pages of romantic narrative a pathos and an eloquence unknown to, and undreamt of, by Boccaccio; Silvio Pellico had not appalled the world with realities far surpassing romance; Pindemonte had not restrung the lyre of Filicaia. But Heaven knows there was enough of genius and exalted inspiration in the very oldest ornaments of Italian composition, in the ever-glorious founders of the *Toscana favella*, to render unnecessary to its triumph the subsequent *corps de r serve*, whose achievements in the field of literature I do not seek to undervalue.

Poets have been the earliest writers in every language, and the first elements of recognized speech have invariably been collected, arranged, and systematised by the Muse. The metrical narrative of the Arabian Job, the record of the world's creation as sung by Hesiod, the historical poetry of Ennius, the glorious vision of Dante, the songs of Marôt and Malherbe, the tales of Chaucer, have each respectively been the earliest acknowledged forms and models on which the Hebrew, the Greek, the Latin, the Italian, the French, and the English idioms were constructed. I have placed these six languages (the noblest and most perfect vehicles of human intercourse that have ever existed) in the rotation of their successive rise and establishment. Taking them chronologically, the Hebraic patent of precedency is undoubted. The travels of Hesiod, Homer, and Herodotus, through Egypt and Asia Minor, sufficiently explain the subsequent traces of that oriental idiom among the Greeks; the transmission of ideas and language from Greece to Italy is recorded in set terms by the prince of Latin song, who adopts the Greek hexameter as well as the topics of Hesiod:

“Ascœumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.”

Georgic. II.

The Italians, when Latin ceased to be the European medium of international communication, were the first to form out of the ruins of that glorious parlance an idiom, fixed as early as 1330, and perfect in all its modern elegance;—so perfect, indeed, as to warrant the application to it of the exclamation of Horace:

“O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior!”

Lib. i. ode 16.

France followed next in the development of its happy vocabulary, under Francis I.; and England, under the reign of Queen Anne, finally adopted its modern system of phraseology. The literature of Germany is of too modern a growth for my notice. It is scarcely seventy years old: I am older myself.

It is a remarkable fact, but not the less true, that Dante (who had studied at the university of Paris, where he main-

tained with applause a thesis, "De omni Re scibili"), on his return to Italy, meditating his grand work of the "Divina Commedia," was a long time undecided to what dialect he should commit the offspring of his prolific mind. His own bias lay towards the Latin, and he even had commenced in that tongue the description of hell, the opening verse of which has been preserved :

"Pallida regna canam, fluido contermina mundo !"

But the Irish monks of Bobbio, having seen a specimen of the poem in the popular version, strongly advised the young poet to continue it in the vernacular tongue ; and that decision influenced the fate of Italian literature.

Petrarca is known to have considerably underrated the powers of Dante, whose style and manner he could never relish : indeed, no two writers could possibly have adopted a more opposite system of composition, and out of the same materials constructed poetry of so distinct a character. Rude, massive, and somewhat uncouth, the *terzu rima* of the "infernal laureate" resembled the Doric temples of Pæstum ; delicate, refined, and elegant, the sonnets of Petrarca assimilate in finish to the Ionic structure at Nismes dedicated to Diana. But the *canzoni* of Laura's lover are the most exquisite of his productions, and far surpass in harmony and poetic merit the *sonetti*. Such is the opinion of Muratori, and such also is the verdict of the ingenious author of the "Secchia Rapita." These *canzoni* are, in fact, the model and the perfection of that species of song of which the burden is *love* ; and though some modern poets have gone farther in the expression of mere animal passion (such as Moore and Byron), never has woman been addressed in such accomplished strains of eloquence and sentiment as Donna Laura by the hermit of Vacluse.

There may be some partiality felt by me towards Petrarca. He belonged to "my order;" and though the union of the *priest* and the *poet* (combined in the term *VATES*) is an old association, the instances in the Roman Catholic priesthood have been too rare not to prize the solitary example of sacerdotal minstrelsy in the archdeacon of Parma. Jerome Vida, the bishop of a small town in Italy, was distinguished as a Latin poet—

"Immortal Vida, on whose honour'd brow
The critic's bays and poet's ivy grow ;"

(POPE, *Essay on Criticism*.)

and several *Jesuits* have felt the inspiration of the Muse: but the excellence of Petrarca as a poet has caused his theological acquirements, which were of the highest order, to be quite forgotten. I was greatly amused some days ago, in turning over the volume of Bellarmin, "*De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis*," to find at page 227 (4to. Romæ, 1613) the following notice of the sonneteer:

"Franciscus Petrarca, archidiaconus Parmensis, lusit elegantissimis versibus amores suos erga Lauram, ut haberet materiam exercendæ musæ; sed tempus consumptum in illis cantiunculis deflevit, et multa opera gravia atque utilia scripsit. Piè obiit 1374."

The learned cardinal, no doubt, valued much more these *grave* and *useful works*, which are doomed to lurk amid cobwebs in the monastic libraries of the continent, than the exquisite outpourings of soul and harmony which have filled all Europe with rapture.

Long before I had crossed the Alps I had been an admirer of Petrarca. My residence at Avignon; my familiar acquaintance with the church of St. Clair, where, in his twenty-fifth year (Friday, April 6, 1337), he for the first time saw the Madonna Laura, then aged seventeen; my frequent excursions to the source of that limpid torrent, called by Pliny, Vallisclusa, and by the French, Vaucluse, had drawn my attention to his writings and his character. An enthusiastic love of both was the natural result; and I sometimes, in the perusal of his sentiments, would catch the contagion of his exquisite Platonism. Yes! Laura, after the lapse of five centuries, had made a second conquest!

"Je redemandais Laure à l'écho du vallon,
Et l'écho n'avait point oublié ce doux nom."—DELLILE.

It has been said, that no poet's mistress ever attained such celebrity as the Platonic object of Petrarca's affections: she has, in fact, taken her place as a fourth maid of honour in the train of "graces" that wait on Venus; and the romantic source of the *Sorga* has become the Castalian spring of all who would write on love.

Alla Fontana di Valchiusa.

Canzone di Francesco Petrarca.

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque,
 Ove le belle membra
 Pose colei, che sola a me par
 donna ;
 Gentil ramo, ove piacque
 (Con sospir mi rimembra)
 A lei di fare al bel fianco colonna;
 Erba e fior, che la gonna
 Leggiadra ricoverse
 Con l'angelico seno ;
 Aer sacro sereno,
 Ov' amor co' begli occhi il cor m'
 aperse ;—
 Date udienza insieme
 Alle dolenti mie parole estreme.

S' egli è pur mio destino,
 E 'l cielo in ciò s' adopra,
 Ch' amor quest' occhi lagrimand
 chiuda ;
 Qualche grazia il meschino
 Corpo fra voi ricopra ;
 E torni l' alma al proprio albergo
 ignuda.
 La morte fia men cruda,
 Se questa speme porto
 A quel dubbioso passo :
 Che lo spirito lasso
 Non poria mai in più riposato
 porto,
 Nè 'n più tranquilla fossa
 Fuggir la carne travagliata e l'
 ossa.

Tempo verrà ancor forse,
 Che all' usato soggiorno
 Torni la fera bella e mansueta ;
 E là, 'v' ella mi scorse

Petrarca's Address

To the Summer Haunt of Laura.

Sweet fountain of Vaucluse !
 The virgin freshness of whose crystal
 bed
 The ladye, idol of my soul ! hath led
 Within thy wave her fairy bath to
 choose !
 And thou, O favourite tree !
 Whose branches she loved best
 To shade her hour of rest—
 Her own dear native land's green
 mulberry !
 Roses, whose earliest bud
 To her sweet bosom lent
 Fragrance and ornament !
 Zephyrs, who fan the murmuring
 flood !
 Cool grove, sequestered grot !
 Here in this lovely spot
 I pour my last sad lay, where first
 her love I wooed.

If soon my earthly woes
 Must slumber in the tomb,
 And if my life's sad doom
 Must so in sorrow close !
 Where yonder willow grows,
 Close by the margin lay
 My cold and lifeless clay,
 That unrequited love may find repose !
 Seek thou thy native realm,
 My soul ! and when the fear
 Of dissolution near,
 And doubts shall overwhelm,
 A ray of comfort round
 My dying couch shall hover,
 If some kind hand will cover
 My miserable bones in yonder hal-
 lowed ground !

But still alive for her
 Oft may my ashes greet
 The sound of coming feet !
 And Laura's tread gladden my se-
 pulchre !

Nel benedetto giorno,
 Volga la vista desiosa e lieta
 Cercandomi : ed, o pietà!
 Già terra in fra le pietre
 Videndo, amor l' ispiri
 In guisa, che sospiri
 Si dolcemente, che mercè m' im-
 petre,
 E faccia forza al cielo,
 Asciugandosi gli occhi col bel
 velo.

Da' be' rami scendea,
 (Dolce nella memoria,)
 Una pioggia di fior sovra 'l suo
 grembo ;
 Ed ella si sedea
 Umile in tanta gloria,
 Coperta già dell' amoroso nem-
 bo :
 Qual fior cadea sul lembo,
 Qual sulle trecce bionde ;
 Ch' oro forbito, e perle
 Eran quel dì a vederle ;
 Qual si posava in terra, e qual
 sull' onde ;
 Qual con un vago errore
 Girando, pareva dir, " Qui regna
 Amore."

Quante volte diss' io
 Allor pien di spavento,
 " Costei per fermo nacque in
 Paradiso ;"
 Così carico d' obbligo,
 Il divin portamento,
 E 'l volto, e le parole, e 'l dolce
 riso
 M' avesno, e sì diviso
 Dall' immagine vera,
 Ch' io dicea sospirando,
 " Qui come venn' io, o quando ?"
 Credendo esser in ciel, non là,
 dov' era :

Relenting, on my grave,
 My mistress may, perchance,
 With one kind pitying glance
 Honour the dust of her devoted slave.
 Then may she intercede,
 With prayer and sigh, for one
 Who, hence for ever gone,
 Of mercy stands in need ;
 And while for me her rosary she
 tells,
 May her uplifted eyes
 Win pardon from the skies,
 While angels through her veil behold
 the tear that swells !

Visions of love ! ye dwell
 In memory still enshrined.—
 Here, as she once reclined,
 A shower of blossoms on her bosom
 fell !
 And while th' enamoured tree
 From all its branches thus
 Rained odoriferous,
 She sat, unconscious, all humility.
 Mixed with her golden hair, those
 blossoms sweet
 Like pearls on amber seemed ;—
 Some their allegiance deemed
 Due to her floating robe and lovely
 feet :
 Others, disporting, took
 Their course adown the brook :
 Others aloft, wafted in airy sport,
 Seemed to proclaim, " To-day Love
 holds his merry court !"

I've gazed upon thee, jewel beyond
 price !
 Till from my inmost soul
 This secret whisper stole—
 " Of Earth no child art thou, daughter
 of Paradise !"
 Such sway thy beauty held
 O'er the enraptured sense,
 And such the influence
 Of winning smile and form unparal-
 leled !
 And I would marvel then
 " How came I here, and when,

Da indi in quà mi piace
 Quest' erba sì, ch' altrove non ho
 pace.

Wafted by magic wand,
 Earth's narrow joys beyond?"
 O, I shall ever count
 My happiest days spent here by this
 romantic fount!

In this graceful effusion of tender feelings, to which a responsive chord must vibrate in every breast, and compared with which the most admired of modern love-ditties will seem paltry and vulgar, the tenderness, the exalted passion, the fervid glow of a noble heart, and the mysterious workings of a most gifted mind, exhibit themselves in every stanza. What can be more beautifully descriptive than the opening lines, equalling in melodious cadence the sweetest of Horace,

"O fons Bandusis, splendidior vitro;"

but infinitely superior in delicacy of sentiment and pathetic power! The calm melancholy of the succeeding strophe has been often admired, and has, of course, found great favour among the Tom Moores of every country.

Tom has given us *his* last dying-speech in that rigmorole melody,

"When in death I shall calm recline;"

but the legacy of this bard is a sad specimen of *mock-turtle* pathos, and, with the affectation of tenderest emotion, is, in style and thought, repugnant to all notions of real refinement and simplicity. In the last will of Petrarca—a most interesting document—there is a legacy which any one may be pardoned for coveting; it is the poet's *lute*, which he bequeaths to a friend, with a most affecting and solemn recommendation: "Magistro Thomæ de Ferrara lego *leutum* meum *bonum*, ut eum sonet non pro vanitate sæculi fugacis, sed ad laudem Dei æterni."—(Testament, Petrar.)

As the Hibernian *melodist* has had his name thus smuggled into my essay on the "Songs of Italy," it may not be irrelevant (as assuredly it will be edifying) to point out some of his "*rogueries*" perpetrated in this quarter. Not content with picking the pockets of the French, he has extended his depredations to the very extremity of Calabria. Petrarca's case is one of peculiar hardship. Laura's lover,

in the enthusiasm of eloquent passion, takes a wide range in one of his songs, and ransacks the world, east and west, for images drawn from the several phenomena which nature exhibits in each country through which his muse wanders uncontrolled. Among other curious comparisons and happy flights of infancy, he introduces the fountain of the Sun, near the temple of Jupiter Ammon; and, describing the occasional warmth and successive icy chill which he experiences in the presence or absence of his beloved, compares his heart to that mysterious water, which, cold at mid-day, grew warm towards eve. Would the reader wish to see with what effrontery Moore appropriates, without the slightest acknowledgment, the happy idea of Petrarch? Here are the parallel passages:

Petrarca.

“Sorge nel mezzo giorno.
Una fontana, e tien nome del
Sole,
Che per natura suole
Bollir la notte, e'n sul giorno esser
fredda.
* * * *
Così avien a me stesso
Che mio sol s' allontana
Ardo allor,” &c.
Canzoni di Petr. 31, st. 4.

Tom Moore.

“Fly not yet! the fount that play'd,
In days of old, through Ammon's
shade,
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near.
And thus should woman's heart and
looks
At noon be cold as wintry brooks,
But kindle when the night's return-
ing
Brings the genial hour for burning.”

The learned priest had been at the trouble of perusing Quintus Curtius, lib. iv. cap. 7, where he had found: “Est etiam Ammonis nemus; in medio habet fontem; aquam solis vocant; sub lucis ortum tepida manat, medio die frigida eadem fluit, inclinato in vesperam calescit, mediâ nocte feruida exæstuat.” He had also, no doubt, read the lines in Silius Italicus, “De Bello Punico,” referring to this same source:

“Quæ nascente die, quæ deficiente tepescit,
Quæque riget medium cùm sol ascendit Olympum.”

But his property, in the application of the simile, has been invaded by Tom, who had read nothing of the sort—

“Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes!”

After all, I am wasting my time on such minor matters.



THE WINE-CUP BESPOKEN.

In the celebrated address above quoted of the hermit of Vacluse to that immortal fountain, I have given what I consider a fair specimen of Italian amatory poesy: but though the poets of that genial climate are "all for love," still they are also "a little for the bottle." Hence it is that I consider it my duty, as an essayist, to bring forward a sample of their *bacchanalian* songs.

Sonetto Ditirambico.

Claudio Tolomei.

Non mi far, O Vulcan! di questo argento
Scolpiti in vaga schiera uomini ed armi:
Fammene una gran tazza, ove bagnarmi
Possa i denti, la lingua, i labbri, e 'l mento.

Non mi ritrar in lei pioggia nè vento,
Nè sole o stelle per vaghezza darmi;
Non puo 'l Carro o Boote allegro farmi—
Ch' altrovè è la mia gioia e 'l mio contento.

Fa delle viti od alle viti intorno
Pendir' dell' uve, e l' uve stillin vino,
Ch' io bevo, e poi dagli occhi ebro distillo;

E 'n mezzo un vaso, ove in bel coro adorno,
Coro più ch' altro lieto e più divino,
Pestino l' uve Amor, Bacco, e Batillo!

The Wine-Cup bespoken.

AIR—"One bumper at parting."

Great Vulcan! your dark smoky palace,
With these ingots of silver, I seek;
And I beg you will make me a chalice,
Like the cup you once forged for the Greek.
Let no deeds of Bellona "the bloody"
Emblazon this goblet of mine;
But a garland of grapes, ripe and ruddy,
In sculpture around it entwine.

The festoon (which you'll gracefully model)
Is, remember, but *part* of the whole;
Lest, perchance, it might enter your noddle
To diminish the *size* of the bowl.

For though dearly what 's deem'd ornamental,
 And of art the bright symbols, I prize ;
 Still I cling with a fondness parental
 Round a cup of the true good old size.

Let me have neither sun, moon, nor planet,
 Nor "the Bear," nor "the Twina," nor "the Goat:"
 Yet its use to each eye that may scan it,
 Let a glance at its emblems denote.
 Then away with Minerva and Venus!
 Not a rush for them both do I care ;
 But let jolly old Father Silenus,
 Astride on his jackass, be there !

Let a dance of gay satyrs, in cadence
 Disporting, be seen mid the fruit ;
 And let Pan to a group of young maidens
 Teach a new vintage-lay on his flute ;
 Cupid, too, hand in hand with Bathyllus,
 May purple his feet in the foam :
 Long may last the red joya they distil us !
 Tho' Love apread his winglets to roam !

The songsters of Italy have not confined themselves so exclusively to the charms of the ladies and the fascinations of the flask, as not to have felt the noble pulse of patriotic emotion, and sung the anthem of independence. There is a glorious ode of Petrarch to his native land : and here is a well-known poetic outburst from a truly spirited champion of his country's rights, the enthusiastic but graceful and dignified Filicchia.

Alla Patria.

Italia ! Italia ! o tu cui feo la sorte
 Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai
 Funesta dote d' infiniti guai
 Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte ;

Deh ! fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte
 Onde assai più ti paventasse, o assai
 T' amasse men chi del tuo bello a' rai
 Par che si strugga, e pur ti sfida a morte .

Che giu dall' Alpi non vedrei torrenti
 Scender d' armati, nè di sangue tinta
 Bever l' onda del Po gallici armenti ;

Nè te vedrei del non tuo ferro cinta
 Pugnar col braccio di straniera genti
 Per servir sempre, o vincitrice o vinta !

To prostrate Italy.

Filiccia.

Hast thou not been the nations' queen, fair Italy ! though now
 Chance gives to them the diadem that once adorned thy brow ?
 Too beautiful for tyrant's rule, too proud for handmaid's duty—
 Would thou hadst less of loveliness, or strength as well as beauty !

The fatal light of beauty bright with fell attraction shone,
 Fatal to thee, for tyrants be the lovers thou hast won !
 That forehead fair is doom'd to wear its shame's degrading proof,
 And slavery's print in damning tint stamp'd by a despot's hoof !

Were strength and power, maiden ! thy dower, soon should that
 robber-band,
 That prowls unbid thy vines amid, fly scourg'd from off that land ;
 Nor wouldst thou fear yon foreigner, nor be condemned to see
 Drink in the flow of classic Po barbarian cavalry.

Climate of art ! thy sons depart to gild a Vandal's throne ;
 To battle led, their blood is shed in contests not their own ;—
 Mix'd with yon horde, go draw thy sword, nor ask what cause 'tis for :
 Thy lot is cast—slave to the last ! conquer'd or conqueror !

Truly is Italy the "climate of art," as I have designated her in my version ; for even the peasantry, admitted as they constantly are, by the wise munificence of the reigning princes, to all public collections of sculpture and painting, evince an instinctive admiration of the *capi d' opera* of the most celebrated masters, easily distinguishing them from the multitude of inferior productions with which they are generally surrounded. This innate perception appears the birthright of every son of Italy ; and I have often listened with surprise to the observations of the artificers of Rome, and the dwellers of the neighbouring hills, as they strolled through the Vatican gallery. There is one statue in rather an unfrequented, but vast magnificent church, of the Eternal City, round which I never failed to meet a group of

enthusiastic admirers : it is the celebrated Moses ; in which Frenchmen have only found matter for vulgar jest, but which the Italians view with becoming veneration. One of the best odes in the language has been composed in honour of this glorious effort of Buonarotti's chisel.

Il Mosè di Michel Angelo.

Sonetto di Giambattista Zappi.

Chi è costui, che in sì gran pietra scolto
Siede, gigante, e le più illustri e conte
Opre dell' arte avanza, e ha vive e pronte
Le labbra sì che le parole ascolto ?

Questi è Mosé ; ben me 'l diceva il folto
Onor del mento, e 'l doppio raggio in fronte :
Questi è Mosé, quando scendea dal monte,
E gran parte del Nume avea nel volto.

Tal era allor, che le sonante e vaste
Acque ei sospese a se d' intorno ; e tale
Quando il mar chiuse, e ne fe tomba altrui.

E voi, sue turbe, un rio vitello alzaste ?
Alzata avete immago a questa eguale ;
Ch' era men fallo l' adorar costui.

Ode to the Statue of Moses

At the foot of the Mausoleum of Pope Julius II. in the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula, Rome—the Masterpiece of Michael Angelo.

Statue ! whose giant limbs
Old Buonarotti plann'd,
And Genius carved with meditative hand,—
Thy dazzling radiance dims
The best and brightest boasts of Sculpture's favourite land.

What dignity adorns
That beard's prodigious sweep !
That forehead, awful with mysterious horns
And cogitation deep,
Of some uncommon mind the rapt beholder warns.

In that proud semblance, well
My soul can recognise
The prophet fresh from converse with the skies ;
Nor is it hard to tell
The liberator's name,—the Guide of Israël.

Well might the deep respond
 Obedient to that voice,
 When on the Red Sea shore he waved his wand,
 And bade the tribes rejoice,
 Saved from the yawning gulf and the Egyptian's bond!

Fools! in the wilderness
 Ye raised a calf of gold!
 Had ye then worshipped what I now behold,
 Your crime had been far less—
 For ye had bent the knee to one of godlike mould!

There is a striking boldness in the concluding stanza, warranted however by the awful majesty of the colossal figure itself.

Smollett has given us a delightful "Ode to Leven Water," in which, with enraptured complacency, he dwells on the varied beauties of the Scottish stream, its flowery banks, and its scaly denizens. By way of contrast, it may not be unpleasant to peruse an abusive and angry lyric addressed to the Tiber by an Italian poet, who appears to have been disappointed in the uncouth appearance of that turbid river; having pictured it to his young imagination as an enchanting silvery flood. The wrath of the bard is amusing; but he is sometimes eloquent in his ire.

Al Tevere.

Alessandro Guidi.

Io credea che in queste sponde
 Sempre l' onde
 Gisser limpide ed amene;
 E che quì soave e lento
 Stesse il vento,
 E che d' or fosser l' arene.

Ma vagò lungi dal vero
 Il pensiero
 In formar sì bello il fiume;
 Or che in riva a lui mi seggio
 Io ben veggio
 Il suo volto e il suo costume.

Lines addressed to the Tiber.

By Alessandro Guidi.

Tiber! my early dream,
 My boyhood's vision of thy classic
 stream,
 Had taught my mind to think
 That over sands of gold
 Thy limpid waters rolled,
 And ever-verdant laurels grew upon
 thy brink.

But far in other guise
 The rude reality hath met mine eyes.
 Here, seated on thy bank,
 All desolate and drear
 Thy margin doth appear,
 With creeping weeds, and shrubs, and
 vegetation rank.

Non con onde liete e chiare
 Corre al mare ;
 Passa torbido ed oscuro :
 I snoi lidi austro percuote
 E gli scuote
 Freddo turbine d' Arturo.

Quanto è folle quella nave
 Che non pava
 I suoi vortici sdegnosi,
 E non sa che dentro l' acque
 A lui piacque
 Di fondar' perigli ascosi.

Suol trovarsi in suo cammino
 Quivi il pino
 Trà profonde ampie caverne ;
 D'improvviso ei giunge al lito
 Di Cocito
 A solcar quell' onde inferne.

Quando in Sirio il Sol riluce,
 E conduce
 L' ore fervide inquiete,
 Chi conforto al Tebro chiede
 Ben' s' avvede
 Di cercarlo in grembo a Lete.

Ognun sa come spumoso,
 Orgoglioso,
 Sin con mar prende contesa,
 Vuol talor passar veloce
 L' alta foce,
 Quando Teti è d' ira accessa.

Quindi avvien ch' ei fa ritorno
 Pien di scorno,
 E s' avventa alle rapine :
 Si divora il bosco, e il solco,
 E il bifolco
 Nuota in cima alle ruine.

Fondly I fancied thine
 The wave pellucid, and the Naiad's
 shrine,
 In crystal grot below ;
 But thy tempestuous course
 Runs turbulent and hoarse,
 And, swelling with wild wrath, thy
 wintry waters flow.

Upon thy bosom dark
 Peril awaits the light confiding bark,
 In eddying vortex swamp'd ;
 Foul, treacherous, and deep,
 Thy winding waters sweep,
 Enveloping their prey in dismal ruin
 prompt.

Fast in thy bed is sunk
 The mountain pine-tree's broken
 trunk,
 Aimed at the galley's keel ;
 And well thy wave can waft
 Upon that broken shaft
 The barge, whose sunken wreck thy
 bosom will conceal.

The dog-star's sultry power,
 The summer heat, the noontide's
 fervid hour,
 That fires the mantling blood,
 Yon cautious swain can't urge
 To tempt thy dangerous surge,
 Or cool his limbs within thy dark in-
 sidious flood.

I've marked thee in thy pride,
 When struggle fierce thy disem-
 bogueing tide
 With Ocean's monarch held ;
 But, quickly overcome
 By Neptune's masterdom,
 Back thou hast fled as oft, ingloriously
 repelled.

Often, athwart the fields
 A giant's strength thy flood redund-
 ant wilds,
 Bursting above its brims—
 Strength that no dyke can check:
 Dire is the harvest-wreck !
 Buoyant, with lofty horns, th' affright-
 ed bullock swims !

Quei frequenti illustri allori,
 Quegli onori
 Per cui tanto egli si noma
 Fregi son d' antichi eroi,
 E non suoi,
 E son doni alfin di Roma.

Lui fan chiaro il gran tragitto
 Dell' invitto
 Cor di Clelia al suol Romano,
 E il guerrier che sopra il ponte
 L' alta fronte
 Tenne incontro al re Toscano.

Fu di Romolo la gente
 Che il tridente
 Di Nettuno in man gli porse ;
 Ebbe allor del mar l' impero,
 Ed altero
 Trionfando intorno corse.

Ma il crudel, che il tutto oblia,
 E desia
 Di spezzar mai sempre il freno,
 Spesso a Roma insulti rende,
 Ed offende
 L' ombre auguste all' urne in
 seno.

But still thy proudest boast,
 Tiber! and what brings honour to
 thee most,
 Is, that thy waters roll
 Fast by th' eternal home
 Of Glory's daughter, ROME ;
 And that thy billows bathe the sacred
 CAPITOL.

Famed is thy stream for her,
 Clelia, thy current's virgin conqueror,
 And him who stemmed the march
 Of Tuscany's proud host,
 When, firm at honour's post,
 He waved his blood-stained blade
 above the broken arch !

Of Romulus the sons,
 To torrid Africans, to frozen Huns,
 Have taught thy name, O flood !
 And to that utmost verge,
 Where radiantly emerge
 Apollo's car of flame and golden-footed
 stud.

For so much glory lent,
 Ever destructive of some monu-
 ment,
 Thou makest foul return ;
 Insulting with thy wave
 Each Roman hero's grave,
 And Scipio's dust that fills yon con-
 secrated urn !

Turn we now to Dante. I have always been of opinion, that the *terza rima* in which he wrote was so peculiar a feature of the language, and a form of verse so exclusively adapted to the Italian idiom, as to render any attempt to translate him in the same rhymed measure a dangerous experiment. Even Byron, in his "Prophecy of Dante," has failed to render it acceptable to our English ear. The "sonnet" is also, in my humble judgment, an unnational poetic structure, and as little suited to our northern languages as the Italian villa-style of Palladio to our climate. Few English sonnets have ever gained celebrity among the masses. There is a lengthened but not unmusical sort of line, in which I think the old Florentine's numbers might sweep along with something like native dignity.

La Porta Del Inferno.

Dante, Cant. III.

“ PER ME SI VA NELLA CITTÀ DOLENTE,
 PER ME SI VA NELL' ETERNO DOLORE,
 PER ME SI VA TRA LA PERDUTA GENTE.

* * * *

DINANZI A ME NON FUR COSE CREATE,
 SE NON ETERNE ED IO ETERNO DURO,
 LASCIATR OGNI SPERANZA VOI CH' INTRATE.”

Queste parole, di colore oscuro,
 Vid' io scritte al sommo d' una perta
 Perch' io, “Maestro! il senso lor m' è duro.”

Ed egli a me come persona accerta,
 “Quì si convien lasciar ogni sospetto,
 Ogni viltà convien che quì sia merta.

Noi sem venuti al luego ov' i' t' o detto,
 Che tu vedrai le genti dolorose,
 Ch' hanne perduto 'l ben' dell' intelletto.”

E poichè la sua mano alla mia pese,
 Con lieto volto, ond io mi confortai,
 Mi mise dentro alle secrete cose ;

Quivi sospiri, pianti, ed alti guai
 Risonavan per l' aere senza stelle,
 Perch' io nel cominciar ne lagrimai.

Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
 Parole di dolore, accenti d' ira,
 Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle,

Facevano un tumulto il qual s' aggira
 Sempre 'n quell' aria senza tempo tinta,
 Come l' arena quando 'l turbo spira.

Ed io, ch' avea d' orror la testa cinta,
 Dissi, “Maestro, che è quel' ch' i odo ?
 E che gent' è che par nel duol si vinta ?”

Ed egli a me : “Questo misero modo
 Tengon l' anime triste di celero,
 Che visser senza infamia e senza lodo,

Mischiate sono a quel cattivo cere
 Degli angeli che non furon ribelli,
 Nè fur fideli a Dio ma per sè foro.

Cacciarli i ciel' per non esser men belli,
 Nè lo profondo inferno gli riceve,
 Oh' alcuna gloria i rei avrebber d' elli."

Ed io: "Maestro, che è tanto greve
 A lor che lamentar gli fa si forte?"
 Rispose: "Dicerolti molto hreve.

Questi non hanno speranza di morte,
 E la lor cieca vita e tanto bassa
 Che 'nvidiosi son d' ogni'altra sorte.

Fama di lor il mondo esser non lassa;
 Misericordia e giustizia gli sdegna,
 NON RAGIONAM' DI LOR, MA GUARDA E PASSA!"

The Porch of Hell.

(Dante.)

"Seek ye the path traced by the wrath of God for sinfull mortals?
 Of the reprobate this is the gate, these are the gloomy portals!
 For sinne and crime from the birth of time Dugge was this Gulph
 Infernal.
 Guest! let all Hope on this threshold stop! here reigns Despair
 Eternal."

I read with tears these characters—tears shed on man's behalf;
 Each word seemed fraught with painful thought, the lost soul's epitaph.
 Turning dismayed, "O mystic shade!" I cried, "my kindly Mentor,
 Of comfort, say, can no sweet ray these dark dominions enter?"

"My son!" replied the ghostly guide, "this is the dark abode
 Of the guilty dead—alone they tread hell's melancholy road.
 Brace up thy nerves! this hour deserves that Mind should have control,
 And bid avaunt fears that would haunt the clay-imprisoned soul.

Mine be the task, when thou shalt ask, each mystery to solve;
 Anon for us dark Erebus back sh' all its gates revolve—
 Hell shall disclose its deepest woes, each punishment, each pang,
 Saint hath revealed, or eye beheld, or flame-tongued prophet sang."

Gates were unrolled of iron mould—a dismal dungeon yawned!
 We passed—we stood—'twas hell we view'd!—eternity had dawned!
 Space on our sight burst infinite—echoes were heard remote;
 Shrieks loud and drear startled our ear, and stripes incessant smote.

Onward we went. The firmament was starless o'er our head,
 Spectres swept by inquiringly—clapping their hands they fled!

Borne on the blast strange whispers passed ; and ever and anon
Athwart the plain, like hurricane, God's vengeance would come on!

Then sounds, breathed low, of gentler woe soft on our hearing stole ;
Captives so meek fain would I seek to comfort and console :
" O let us pause and learn the cause of so much grief, and why
Saddens the air of their despair the unavailing sigh ! "

" My son ! Heaven grants them utterance in plaintive notes of woe ;
In tears their grief may find relief, but hence they never go.
Fools ! they believed that if they lived blameless and vice eschewed,
God would dispense with excellence, and give beatitude.

They died ! but naught of virtue brought to win their Maker's praise ;
No deeds of worth the page set forth that chronicled their days.
Fixed is their doom—eternal gloom ! to mourn for what is past,
And weep aloud amid that crowd with whom their lot is cast.

One fate they share with spirits fair, who, when rebellion shook
God's holy roof, remained aloof, nor part whatever took ;
Drew not the sword against their Lord, nor yet upheld his throne :
Could God for this make perfect bliss theirs when the fight was won ?

The world knows not their dreary lot, nor can assuage their pangs,
Or cure the curse of fell remorse, or blunt the tiger's fangs.
Mercy disdains to loose their chains—the hour of grace has been !
Son ! let that class unheeded pass—unwept, though not unseen."

The very singular and striking moral inculcated by Dante in this episode, where he consigns to hopeless misery those "good easy souls" who lead a worthless career of selfishness, though exempt from crime, is deserving of serious attention.

From Dante's "Hell," the transition to the "Wig of Father Roger Boscovich" may appear abrupt ; but I never terminate a paper in gloomy or doleful humour. Wherefore I wind up by a specimen of playful poetry, taken from a very scarce work printed at Venice in 1804, and entitled "Le Opere Poetiche dell' Abate Giulio Cesare Cordara," ex-Jesuit and ex-historiographer to the Society, connected by long friendship with his *confrère*, the scientific and accomplished Boscovich, concerning whom there is a short notice elsewhere,* to which I refer the reader, should he seek to know more about the proprietor of the wig. Nor, perhaps, will a Latin translation of this *jeu d' esprit* be unacceptable.

* See Paper on Literature and the Jesuits.

Alla Perrucca Del Padre Ruggero Boscobich.

O crine, o crin che un dì fosti stromento
 Di folli amori, e sol femminea cura,
 Or sei del mio Rugger atrano ornamento ;

Conosci tu l' eccelsa tua ventura,
 E ti saresti mai immaginato
 Di fare al mondo una sì gran figura ?

Qual che ai foase il capo in cui sei nato,
 Foase pur di leggiadro e nobil volto,
 Certo non fosti mai tanto onorato.

Di vaga donna in fronte eri più colto :
 Ma i dì paasavi neghittosi e vili
 A un lucido cristallo ognor rivolto.

Sol pensier vani, e astuzie femminili
 Coprivi allor, e insidiosa rete
 Co' tuoi formavi innanellati fili.

Quando costretto le follie conauete
 A sentir d' un' amante che delira,
 Quando amanie a veder d' ire inquiete.

Forse talor ti si avventò con ira
 A scapigliarti un' invida rivale,
 Come femmina suol quando a' adira ;

Infin, nido di grilli originale,
 Testimonio di frodi o di menzogne,
 T' aveva fatto il tuo destin fatale.

Nè i fior vermigli e l' odorate sogne,
 Nè la candida polve, ond' eri asperso,
 Facean compenso a tante tue vergogne.

Ma come fatto sei da te diverso,
 Dacchè reciso dalla vil cervice,
 Di non tuo capo in crin, fo sti converso

Frà tutte le perrucche or sei felice,
 Che aebben' torta, incolta, e mal contestata,
 (Come pur troppo immaginar ne lice),

Puoi però gloriarti, e farne festa
 Che altra non fu giammai dal ciel eletto
 A ricoprir ai veneranda testa !

Ode to the Wig of Father Boscovich,

THE CELEBRATED ASTRONOMER.

With awe I look on that peruke,
 Where Learning is a lodger,
 And think, whene'er I see that hair
 Which now you wear, some ladye fair
 Had worn it once, dear Roger!

On empty skull most beautiful
 Appeared, no doubt, those locks,
 Once the bright grace of pretty face;
 Now far more proud to be allowed
 To deck thy "knowledge-box."

Condemned to pass before the glass
 Whole hours each blessed morning,
 'Twas desperate long, with curling-tong
 And tortoise-shell, to have a belle
 Thee frizzing and adorning.

Bright ringlets set as in a net,
 To catch us men like fishes!
 Your every lock concealed a stock
 Of female wares—love's pensive cares,
 Vain dreams, and futile wishes!

That *chevelure* has caused, I'm sure,
 Full many a lover's quarrel;
 Then it was decked with flowers select
 And myrtle-sprig: but now a wig,
 'Tis circled with a laurel!

Where fresh and new at first they grew,
 Of whims, and tricks, and fancies,
 Those locks at best were but a nest:—
 Their being spread on learned head
 Vastly their worth enhances.

From flowers exempt, uncouth, unkempt—
 Matted, entangled, thick!
 Mourn not the loss of curl or gloss—
 'Tis *infra dig.* THOU ART THE WIG
 OF ROGER BOSCOVICH!

De ficta Coma Rogeri Boscovichii.

Elegia.

Cæsaries! vanum vesani nuper amoris
 Forsitan illicium, curaque fœminea,

Grande mei nuper gestamen facta Rogeri,
 Novisti an sortis fata secunda tuæ?

Sperâstine istud laudis contingere culmen,
 Mortalesque inter tàm fore conspicua?

Culta magis fueras intonsæ in fronte puellæ,
 Sed toti suêrunt turpiter ire dies;

Tunc coram speculo contorta, retorta gemebas,
 Dum per mille modos futile pergit opus.

Nunc meliore loco (magnum patris ornamentum),
 Esto sacerdotis, non muliebris, honos!

O quoties ferro immiti vibrata dolebas,
 Ut fieres vafra cassis ad insidias!

Audisti quoties fatui deliria amantis,
 Vidisti et cæcus quidquid ineptit amor!

Forsan et experta es furias rivalis amicæ,
 Dum gravis in cirros insilit ira tuos.

Quippe tuum fuerat lugubre ab origine fatum,
 Esses ut tegmen fraudibus atque dolis,

Utque fores nidus gerris malè plenus ineptis,
 Tale ministerium fata dedere tibi;

Nec compensabant diræ mala sortis odores,
 Unguenta, et pulvis vel nive candidior.

Nunc data tàm docto munimen forte cerebro,
 Sis impexa licèt, sis licèt horridula,

Sume triumphatrix animos hinc jure superbos,
 Quod tantum foveas ambitiosa caput!

There is extant among the poems of Cordara a further lamentation on the sale of this wig, after Boscovich's death, to a Jew broker—

“Venduta, o caso perfido e reo!
 Per quindici bajocchi, ad un Hebreo!”

from whom it was purchased by a farmer, and ultimately fixed on a pole, in a cabbage-garden, to fright the birds, “*per spaventar gli uccelli.*”—But I feel drowsy to-night, and cannot pursue the subject. Molly! bring my night-cap!

No. XII.

THE SONGS OF ITALY.

CHAPTER II.

"Sed neque Medorum, sylvæ ditissima, terra,
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus,
Laudibus Italiæ certent; non Bactra, neque Indi,
Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis."

VIRG. *Georg. II.*

We've met with glees "*from the Chinese!*" translations "*from the Persian;*"

Sanscrit we've had, from Hydrabad, Sir William Jones's version.

We've also seen (in a magazine) nice jawbreakers "*from Schiller;*"

And "*tales*" by folks, who gives us "*jokes,*" omitting "*from Joe Miller.*"

Of plain broad Scotch a neat hotch-potch Hogg sends us from the Highlands;

There are songs too "*from the Hindû,*" and "*from the Sandwich Islands.*"

'Tis deemed most wise to patronise Munchausen, Goëthe, Ossian;

To make a stand for "*fatherland,*" or some other land of Goshen.

Since we *must* laud things from abroad, and smile on foreign capers,
The land for me is Italy, with her SONGS "*from the Prout Papers.*"

O. Y.

THERE has arisen in England a remarkable predilection for the literature of the continent. The great annual fair at Leipsic is drawing more and more the attention of our booksellers; to the detriment of "the Row." Nor are our historians and poets, our artists in the novel-making line (male and female), our humble cobblers at the dramatic buskin, and our industrious hodmen from the sister island who contribute to build cyclopædias, the only labouring poor thrown out of employment; but even our brothers in poverty and genius, the old English ballad-singers, blind-fiddlers, and pipers, have been compelled to give place to the barrel-organ, a mere piece of machinery, which has superseded

industry and talent. The old national claimants on public generosity, sailors with wooden legs and broken-down "match-venders," have given way to Polish "*Counts*" and Bavarian "*broom-girls*." Bulwer thought himself a lucky dog, a few weeks ago, to have got a day's work on a political pamphlet,—that being part of the craft which no foreigner has yet monopolised. The job was soon done; though 'twas but a sorry hit, after all. He is now engaged on a pathetic romaunt of real life, the "*Last Days of Grub Street*."

Matters must have gone hard with Tom Moore, since we learn with deep feelings of compassion that he is driven to compile a "*History of Ireland*." Theodore Hook, determined to make hay while the sun shines, has taken the "*Bull*" by the horns: we are to have three vols. 8vo. of "*rost bif*."* Theodore! hast thou never *ruminated* the axiom—

"Un diner réchauffé ne valut jamais rien?"

Tom Campbell, hopeless of giving to public taste any other save a foreign direction, has gone to Algiers, determined on exploring the recondite literature of the Bedouins. He has made surprising progress in the dialects of Fez, Tunis, and Mauritania; and, like Ovid among the Scythians—

"Jam didici Geticè Sarmaticèque loqui."

He may venture too far into the interior, and some barbarian prince may detain him as a laureate. We may hear of his being "*bound in Morocco*."

This taste for foreign *belles lettres* is subject to variation and vicissitude. The gorgeous imaginings of Oriental fancy, of which the "*Arabian Nights*," and the elegant Eclogues of Collins, were the dawn, have had their day: the sun of the East has gone down, in the western tale of the "*Fire-worshippers*." A surfeit is the most infallible cure; we recollect the voracity with which "*Lalla Rookh*" was at first devoured, and the subsequent disrelish for that most luscious

* The projected republication of these facetiæ has not taken place, though announced at the time in two volumes post 8vo. Albany Fonblanque subsequently reprinted his articles from the "*Examiner*."

ous volume. There is an end to the popularity once enjoyed by camels, houris, bulbuls, silver bells, silver veils, cinnamon groves, variegated lamps, and such other stock items as made up the Oriental show-box. This leads to a melancholy train of thought: we detect ourselves "wandering in dreams" to that period of our school-days when Tom was in high feather,—

"And oft when alone, at the close of the year,
We think,—Is the nightingale singing there *yet*?
Are the roses *still* sweet by the calm Bendemeer?"

He has tried his hand at Upper Canada and Lower Egypt—and spent some "Evenings in Greece;" but "disastrous twilight" and the "chain of silence" (whatever that ornament may be) now hangs over him.

"*Horæ Sinicæ*" found favour in the "barbarian eye;" Viscount Kingsborough has been smitten with the brunette muses of Mexico. Lord Byron once set up "Hebrew Melodies," and had a season of it; but Murray was soon compelled to haug the noble poet's Jew's-harp on the willows of modern Babylon. We recollect when there was a rage for German and High Dutch poetry. The classics of Greece and Rome, with their legitimate descendants, those of France, Italy, and England, were flung aside for the writers of Scandinavia and the poets of the Danube. Tired of nectar and ambrosia, my public sat down to a platter of *sauertraut* with Kaut, Goethe, and Klopstock. The chimeras of transcendental and transrhenane philosophers found admirers!—'twas the reign of the nightmare—

"Omnigenūmque Deūm monstra, et latrator Anuhis,
Contra Neptunum et Venerem, contraque Minervam."

Æneid VIII.

But latterly Teutonic authors are at a discount; and, in spite of the German confederacy of quacks and dunces, common sense has resumed its empire. Not that we object to foreign literature, provided we get productions of genius and taste. The Romans in their palmiest days of conquest gave a place in the Pantheon to the gods of each province they had added to their empire; but they took care to select the most graceful and godlike of these foreign deities, eschewing what was too ugly to figure in company with

Apollo. Turn we now to Prout and his gleanings in the fertile field of his selection, "Hesperia in magna."

OLIVER YORKE.

March 1st, 1835.

Watergrasshill, Feb. 1830.

I RESUME to-night the topic of Italian minstrelsy. In conning over a paper penned by me a few evenings ago, I do not feel satisfied with the tenour of my musings. The start from the fountain of Vaucluse was fair; but after gliding along the classic Po and the majestic Tiber, it was an unseemly termination of the essay to engulf itself in the cavity of a bob-wig. An unlucky "*cul de sac*," into which I must have strolled under sinister guidance. Did Molly put an extra glass into my vesper bowl?

When the frost is abroad and the moon is up, and naught disturbs the serenity of this mountain wilderness, and the bright cheerful burning of the fragrant turf-fire betokens the salubrity of the circumambient atmosphere, I experience a buoyancy of spirit unknown to the grovelling sensualist or the votary of fashion. To them it rarely occurs to know that highest state of enjoyment, expressed with curious felicity in the hemistich of Juvenal, "*Mens sana in corpore sano*." Could they relish with blind old Milton the nocturnal visitings of poesy; or feel the deep enthusiasm of those ancient hermits who kept the desert awake with canticles of praise; or, with the oldest of poets, the Arabian Job, commune with heaven, and raise their thoughts to the Being "*who giveth songs in the night*" (Job xxxv. 10), they would acknowledge that mental luxuries are cheaply purchased by the relinquishment of grosser delights. A Greek (Bustathius) gives to Night the epithet of *ευφρονη*, or "parent of happy thoughts;" and the "*Noctes Atticæ*" of Aulus Gellius are a noble prototype of numerous lucubrations rejoicing in a similar title,—from the "*Mille et une Nuits*" to the "*Notti Romane al Sepolcro degli Scipioni*," from Young's plaintive "*Night Thoughts*" to the "*Ambro-*

sian" pernoctations called *ambrosianæ*,—all bearing testimony to the genial influence of the stilly hour. The bird of Minerva symbolized wisdom, from the circumstance of its contempt for the vulgarities of day; and Horace sighs with becoming emotion when he calls to his recollection the glorious banquetings of thought and genius of which the sable goddess was the ministrant—*O noctes cœnæque Deûm!* Tertullian tells us, in the second chapter of the immortal "Apology," that the early Christians spent the night in pious "melodies," that morning often dawned upon their "songs"—*antelucanis horis canebant*. He refers to the testimony of Pliny (the Proconsul's letter to Trajan) for the truth of his statement. Yet, with all these matters staring him in the face, Tom Moore, led away by his usual levity, and addressing some foolish girl, thinks nothing of the proposal "to steal a few hours from the night, *my dear!*"—a sacrilege, which, in his eye, no doubt, amounted only to a sort of petty larceny. But Tom Campbell, with that philosophic turn of mind for which he is so remarkable, connects the idea of inspiration with the period of "sunset:" the evening of life, never failing to bring "mystical lore." Impressed with these convictions, the father of Italian song, in the romantic dwelling which he had built unto himself on the sloping breast of the Euganean hills, spent the decline of his days in the contemplation of loftiest theories, varying his nocturnal devotions with the sweet sound of the lute, and rapt in the alternate Elysium of piety and poetry. In these ennobling raptures he exhaled the sweet perfume of his mind's immortal essence, which gradually disengaged itself from its vase of clay. "Oblivion stole upon his vestal lamp:" and one morning he was found dead in his library, reclining in an arm-chair, his head resting on a book, 20th July, 1374.

Whether the enviable fate of Petrarca will be mine, I know not. But, like him, I find in literature and the congenial admixture of holier meditations a solace and a comfort in old age. In his writings, in his loves, in his sorrows, in the sublime aspirations of his soul, I can freely sympathise. Laura is to me the same being of exalted excellence and cherished purity; and, in echoing from this remote Irish hill the strains of his immortal lyre, I hope to



H. DEATH, AND IS GUESTED.

2007

share the blessing which he has bequeathed to all who should advance and extend the fame of his beloved:

“Benedette sian’ le voce tante ch’ io
Chiamando il nome di mia donna ho sparte,
E benedette sian’ tutte le charte
Ove io fama ne acquisto.”

My “*papers*” may promote his wishes in this respect. Disengaged from all the ties that bind others to existence, solitary, childless, what occupation more suitable to my remnant of life could I adopt than the exercise of memory and mind of which they are the fruit? When I shall seek my lonely pillow to-night, after “outwatching the bear,” I shall cheerfully consign another document to “the chest,” and bid it go join, in that miscellaneous aggregate, the mental progeny of my old age. This “*chest*” may be the coffin of my thoughts, or the cradle of my renown. In it my meditations may be matured by some kind editor into ultimate manhood, to walk the world and tell of their parentage; or else it may prove a silent sarcophagus, where they may moulder in decay. In either case I am resigned. I envy not the more fortunate candidates for public favour: I hold enmity to none. For my readers, if I have any, all I expect on their part is, that they may exhibit towards a feeble garrulous old man the same disposition he feels for them. Ὅσῃν διανοίαν ἐγὼ διατέλω ἔχων πρὸς πάντας ὑμᾶς τοσαύτην διατελεῖσθαι μοι πρὸς τοῦτον τὸν ἀγῶνα. (Δημοσθ. περὶ στεφάνου.)

This exordium of that grand masterpiece, in which the Athenian vindicates his title to a crown of gold presented by his fellow-citizens, leads me, by a natural transition, to a memorable event in Petrarca’s life, — that ebullition of enthusiasm, when the senators of Rome, at the suggestion of Robert, King of Naples, and with the applause and concurrence of all the free states of Italy, led the poet in triumph to the Capitol, and placed on his venerable head a wreath of laurel. The coronation of the *laureate* who first bore the title, is too important to be lightly glanced at. The ingenious Mad. de Staël (who has done more by her “*De l’Allemagne*” to give vogue to Germanic literature than the whole schüttery of Dutch authorship and the

landesfolge of Teutonic writers), in her romance of "Corinna," has seized with avidity on the incident.

Concerning this solemn incoronation, we have from the pen of an eye-witness, Guido d' Arezzo, details, told in style most quaint, and with sundry characteristic comments. In those days of primeval simplicity, in the absence of every other topic of excitement (for the crusades had well nigh worn themselves out of popular favour), the *éclat* attendant on this occurrence possessed a sort of European interest. The name of the "Laureate" (now worn by the venerable dweller of the lakes, the patriarch Southey) was then first proclaimed, amid the shouts of applauding thousands, on the seven hills of the Eternal City, and echoed back with enthusiasm from the remotest corners of Christendom. In a subsequent age, when the same honour, with the same imposing ceremonial, was to be conferred on Tasso, I doubt whether the event would have enlisted to the same extent the sympathies of Europe, or the feelings even of the Italian public. It were bootless, however, to dwell on the probabilities of the case; for Death interposed his veto, and stretched out his bony hand between the laurel wreath and the poor maniac's brow, who, on the very eve of the day fixed for his ovation, expired on the Janiculum hill, in the romantic hermitage of St. Onufrio. Oft have I sat under that same cloister-wall, where he loved to bask in the mild ray of the setting sun, and there, with Rome's awful volume spread out before me, pondered on the frivolity of fame. The ever-enduring vine, with its mellow freight dependent from the antique pillars, clustered above my head; while at my feet lay the flagstone that once covered his remains; and "OSSA TORQUATI TASSI," deep carved on the marble floor, abundantly fed the meditative mind. Petrarca's grave I had previously visited in the mountain hamlet of Arquà, during my rambles through Lombardy; and while I silently recalled the inscription thereon, I breathed for both the prayer that it contains—

"FRIGIDA FRANCISCI TEGIT HIC LAPIS OSSA PETRAROE:
SUSCIPE, VIRGO PARENS, ANIMAM! SATE* VIRGINE, PARCE!
PESSAQUE JAM TERRIS, CŒLI REQUIESCAT IN ARCE."

* The Rev. Lawrence Sterne, in his very reputable work called

But a truce to this moralising train of thought, and turn we to the gay scene described by Guido d' Arezzo. Be it then understood, that on the morning of Easter Sunday, April 15, 1341, a period of the ecclesiastical year at which crowds of pilgrims visited the shrine of the apostles, and Rome was thronged with the representatives of every Christian land, after the performance of a solemn high mass in the old Basilica of St. Peter's (for religion in those days mixed itself up with every public act, and sanctified every undertaking), the decree of Robert, King of Naples, was duly read, setting forth how, after a diligent examination and trial in all the departments of poetry and all the accomplishments of elegant literature, in addition to a knowledge most extensive of theology and history, Francis Petrarca had evinced unparalleled proficiency in all the recognised acquirements of scholarship, and given undoubted proofs of ability and genius; wherefore, in his favour, it seemed fit and becoming that the proudest mark of distinction known among the ancient Romans should be conferred on him, and that all the honours of the classic triumph should be revived on the occasion. It will be seen, however, from the narrative of Guido, that some slight variations of costume and circumstance were introduced in the course of the exhibition, and that the getting up of the affair was not altogether in literal accordance with the rubrics which regulated such processions in the days of Paulus Æmilius, when captive kings and the milk-white bulls of Clytumnus adorned the pageantry—

“Romanos ad templa Deûm duxêre triumphos.”

Georg. II.

“They put on his right foot (Guido *loquitur*) a sandal of red leather, cut in a queer shape, and fastened round the ankle with purple ligatures. This is the way tragic poets are shod. His left foot they then inserted into a kind of

“Tristram Shandy,” has the effrontery to translate the curse of Ernelphus, *Ex autoritate Dei et Virginis Dei genetricis Mariæ*, “By the authority of God and of the Virgin, mother and patroness of our Saviour!” thus distorting the original, to insinuate prejudice against a class of fellow-Christians. Objection may be felt to the predominance of the feeling in question,—but fair play, Yorick!—PROUT.

buskin of violet colour, made fast to the leg with blue thongs. This is the emblem worn by writers in the comic line, and those who compose agreeable and pleasant matters. Violet is the proper colour of love.

“Over his tunic, which was of grey silk, they placed a mantle of velvet, lined with green satin, to show that a poet’s ideas should always be fresh and new. Round his neck they hung a chain of diamonds, to signify that his thoughts should be brilliant and clear. There are many mysteries in poetry.

“They then placed on his head a mitre of gold cloth, tapering upwards in a conical shape, that the wreaths and garlands might be more easily worn thereon. It had two tails, or skirts, falling behind on the shoulders like the mitre of a bishop. There hung by his side a lyre (which is the poet’s instrument), suspended from a gold chain of interwoven figures of snakes, to give him to understand that his mind must figuratively change its skin, and constantly renew its envelope, like the serpent. When they had thus equipped him, they gave him a young maiden to hold up his train, her hair falling loose in ringlets, and her feet naked. She was dressed in the fur of a bear, and held a lighted torch. This is the emblem of folly, and is a constant attendant on poets!”

When “the business of day” was over, the modern fashion of winding up such displays was perfectly well understood even at that remote period, and a dinner was given to the lion of the hour in the still-sumptuous hall of the Palazzo Colonna. His “feeding-time” being duly got through, poetry and music closed the eventful evening; and Petrarca delighted his noble host and the assembled rank and fashion of Rome by daucing a Moorish *pas seul* with surprising grace and agility.

Covered with honours, and flushed with the applause of his fellow-countrymen, the father of Italian song was not insensible to the fascinations of literary renown, nor deaf to the whisperings of glory; but love, the most exalted and refined, was still the guiding star of his path and the arbiter of his destiny. He has left us the avowal himself, in that beautiful record of his inmost feelings which he has entitled “*Secretum Francisci Petrarchæ*,” where, in a fancied dia-

logue with the kindred soul of St. Augustin, he pours forth the fulness of his heart with all the sincerity of nature and of genius. No two clerical characters seem to have been endowed by nature with more exquisite sensibilities than the African bishop and the priest of Provence. In the midst of his triumph his thoughts wandered away to the far-distant object of his affection; and his mind was at Vaucluse while the giddy throng of his admirers showered garlands and burnt incense around his person. He fondly pictured to himself the secret pride which the ladye of his love would perhaps feel in hearing of his fame; and the *laurel* was doubly dear to him, because it recalled her cherished name. The utter hopelessness of his passion seemed to shed an undefinable hallowedness over the sensations of his heart; and it must have been in one of those moments of tender melancholy that he penned the following graceful, but mysterious narrative of a supposed or real apparition.

Sonetto.

Uns candida cerva sopra l' erba
Verde m' apparve con duo corna d' oro
Fra due riviere all' ombra d' un alloro,
Levando 'l sole alla stagion acerba.

Era sua vista sì dolce superba,
Ch' i' lasciai per seguirla ogni lavoro;
Come l' svaro che 'n cercar tesoro,
Con diletto l' affanno disacerba.

"NESSUN MI TOCCHI," al bel collo d' intorno
Scritto sveva di diamanti, e di topszj;
"LIBERA FARMI AL MIO CESARE PARVE."

Ed era 'l sol già volto al mezzo giorno
Gli occhi miei stanchi di mirar, non sasi
Quand' io caddi nell' acquas, ed ella sparve.

The Vision of Petrarca.

A form I saw with secret awe—nor ken I what it warns;
Pure as the snow, a gentle doe it seemed with silver horns.
Erect she stood, close by a wood between two running streams;
And brightly shone the morning sun upon that land of dreams!
The pictured hind fancy designed glowing with love and hope;
Graceful she stept, but distant kept, like the timid antelope;
Playful, yet coy—with secret joy her image filled my soul;
And o'er the sense soft influence of sweet oblivion stole.

Gold I beheld and emerald on the collar that she wore ;
 Words too—but theirs were characters of legendary lore :
 “ Cæsar’s decree hath made me free ; and thro’ his solemn charge,
 Untouched by men o’er hill and glen I wander here at large.”

The sun had now with radiant brow climbed his meridian throne,
 Yet still mine eye untiringly gazed on that lovely one.
 A voice was heard—quick disappeared my dream. The spell was
 broken.

Then came distress—to the consciousness of life I had awoken !

Still, the soul of Petrarca was at times accessible to sterner impressions. The call of patriotism never failed to find a responsive echo in the breast of Italy’s most distinguished son ; and when, at the death of Benedict XII., which occurred at this juncture, there arose a favourable chance of serving his country, by restoring the papal residence to the widowed city of Rome, he eagerly offered himself as one of the deputies to proceed to Avignon for the accomplishment of this wished-for consummation. Whether a secret anxiety to revisit the scene of his early affections, and to enjoy once more the presence of his mistress, may have mixed itself up with the aspirations of patriotism, it would not be easy to decide ; but he entered into the project with all the warmth of a devoted lover of Italy. His glorious dithyramb to that delightful, but conquered and divided land, so often quoted, translated, and admired, is sufficient evidence of his sentiments : but he has taken care to put the matter beyond doubt in his vigorous pamphlet, “ De Libertate capessendâ Exhortatio ad Nicolaum Laurentium.” This “ Nicholas” was no other than the famous tribune Cola Rienzi, who, mainly excited by the prose as well as the poetry of Petrarca, raised the standard of independence against the petty tyrants of the Eternal City in 1345, and for a brier space rescued it from thralldom.

Poetry is the nurse of freedom. From Tyrtæus to Béranger, the Muse has befriended through every age the cause of liberty. The pulse of patriotism never beats with bolder throb than when the sound of martial song swells in the full chorus of manly voices ; and it was in a great measure the rude energy of the “ Marseillaise” that won for the ragged and shoeless grenadiers of the Convention the victories of Valmy and Jemmappe. In our own country, Dibdin’s

navai odes, full of inspiring thought and sublime imagery, have not a little contributed to our maintaining in perilous times the disputed empire of the ocean against Napoleon. Never was a pension granted with more propriety than the tribute to genius voted in this case at the recommendation of George III.; and I suppose a similar reward has attended the authors of the "Mariners of England," and "The Battle of Copenhagen." As we have come insensibly to the topic of maritime minstrelsy, I imagine that a specimen of the stuff sung by the Venetian sailors, at the time when that Queen of the Adriatic reigned over the waters, may not be uninteresting. The subject is the naval victory which, at the close of the sixteenth century, broke the colossal power of the Sublime Porte; for which occurrence, by the by, Europe was mainly indebted to the exertions of Pope Pius V. and the prowess of one Miguel Cervantes, who had a limb shattered in the *mêlée*.

Barzelletta da cantar per la Vittoria di Lepanto.

Cantiam tutti allegramente,
Orsù, putti! attentamente
Cantiam tutti la rovina
Ch' alla gente Saracina
Dato ha Dio sì fortemente.

Cantiam tutti allegramente,
Che con straccio al fier dragone
Squarciò il fronte sì crudele,
Che mai più drizzerà vele,
Che nel mar sia sì possente.

Cantiam tutti allegramente,
Cantiam, putti! pur ognora,
Ch' il ladron di Caracossa
Fatt' ha l' Aqua-salsa rossa
Del suo sangue di serpente.

Cantiam, putti! allegramente,
Di tre sei d' otto e di venti
Galeotte e altri legni
Fù il fracasso—o Turchi! degni
Del gran fuoco eternamente!

Cantiam pur allegramente,
Come poi più delle venti
Ne fur prese cento ed ottanta,
E dei morti poi sessanta
Mila e più di quella gente.

Cantiam tutti allegramente;
Ma ben duolmi a dir ch' i nostri
Fur da sette mila ed otto
Ivì morti (se 'l ver noto),
Combattendo audacemente.

Cantiam tutti allegramente,
Dopo questi, altri guerrieri
Vendicar coll' arme in mano
Quelli e il nom Christiano,
Per virtù d' Iddio clemente.

Cantiam tutti allegramente;
Per cotal vittoria e tanta,
Doveremmo ogni an far festa,
Per che al mondo altra che questa
Non fù mai d' alcuno in mente.

Popular Ballad on the Battle of Lepanto.

Let us sing how the boast of the Saracen host
 In the gulf of Lepanto was scattered,
 When each knight of St. John's from his cannon of bronze
 With grape-shot their argosies battered.
 Oh! we taught the Turks then that of Europe the men
 Could defy every infidel menace—
 And that still o'er the main float the galleys of Spain,
 And the red-lion standard of Venice!

Quick we made the foe skulk, as we blazed at each hulk,
 While they left us a splinter to fire at ;
 And the rest of them fled o'er the waters, blood red
 With the gore of the Ottoman pirate ;
 And our navy gave chase to the infidel race,
 Nor allowed them a moment to rally ;
 And we forced them at length to acknowledge our strength
 In the trench, in the field, in the galley!

Then our men gave a shout, and the ocean throughout
 Heard of Christendom's triumph with rapture.
 Galeottes eighty-nine of the enemy's line
 To our swift-sailing ships fell a capture :
 And I firmly maintain that the number of slain
 To at least sixty thousand amounted ;—
 To be sure 'twas sad work—if the life of a Turk
 For a moment were worth being counted.

We may well feel elate ; though I'm sorry to state,
 That albeit by the myriad we've slain 'em,
 Still, the sons of the Cross have to weep for the loss
 Of six thousand who fell by the Paynim.
 Full atonement was due for each man that they slew,
 And a hecatomb paid for each hero ;
 But could all that we'd kill give a son to Castile,
 Or to Malta a brave cavalhéro?

St. Mark for the slain intercedes not in vain—
 There's a mass at each altar in Venice ;
 And the saints we implore for the banner they bore
 Are *Our Lady, St. George, and St. Denis.*
 For the brave while we grieve, in our hearts they shall live—
 In our mouths shall their praise be incessant ;
 And again and again we will boast of the men
 Who have humbled the pride of the Crescent.

The Venetians have been ever remarkable for poetic taste ; and the very humblest classes of society amongst

them exhibit a fondness for the great masters of their native language, and a familiarity with the glorious effusions of the national genius, quite unknown in the corresponding rank of tradesmen and artisans in England. Goldoni, who wrote in their own dialect, knew the sort of critics he had to deal with: and it is a fact that the most formidable judges of dramatic excellence at the theatres of Venice were the gondoliers. Addison, or rather Isaac Bickerstaff, tells us a droll story about a certain trunkmaker, who stationed himself in the gallery of Drury Lane, and with a whack of his oaken cudgel ratified the success or confirmed the downfall of each new tragic performance. I think the author of the "Spectator" must have had the original hint of that anecdote during his stay at Venice, where such a verdict from such a quarter was a matter of habitual occurrence. There is great delicacy of feeling and polish of expression in the following ingenious popular barcarolle of Venetian origin:—

Barcarolle.

Oh pescator dell' onda,
Fidelin,

Vieni pescar in quà
Colla bella sua barca.
Colla bella se ne va,
Fidelin, lin, là.

Che cosa vuol ch' io peschi?
Fidelin,

L'anel che m'è casca,
Colla bella sua barca.
Colla bella se ne va, &c.

Ti darò cento scudi,
Fidelin,

Sta horsa ricama,
Colla bella sua barca.
Colla bella se ne va, &c.

Non voglio cento scudi,
Fidelin,

Nè borsa ricama,
Colla bella sua barca.
Colla bella se ne va, &c.

Io vo un basin d' amore,
Fidelin,

Che quel mi paghera,
Colla bella sua bocca.
Colla bella se ne va, &c.

"Prithee, young fisherman, come
over—

Hither thy light bark bring;
Row to this bank, and try recover
My treasure—'tis a ring!"

The fisher-boy of Como's lake
His bonny hoat soon brought her,
And promised for her beauty's sake
To search beneath the water.

"I'll give thee," said the ladye fair,
"One hundred sequins bright,
If to my villa thou wilt bear,
Fisher, that ring to-night."

"A hundred sequins I'll refuse
When I shall come at eve:
But there is something, if you
choose,
Lady, that you can give!"

The ring was found beneath the
flood;

Nor need my lay record
What was that lady's gratitude,
What was that youth's reward.

A Milanese poet, rejoicing in the intellectual patronymic of *Nicodemo*, has distinguished himself in a different species of composition, viz. the *heroic*. There is, however, I am free to confess, a rather ungenerous sort of exultation over a fallen foe perceptible in the lyrical poem which I am about to introduce for the first time to a British public. Dryden has very properly excited our commiseration for "Darius, great and good, deserted in his utmost need by those his former bounty fed;" but far different are the sentiments of Signor Nicodemo, who does not hesitate to denounce the vanquished in no very measured terms of opprobrious invective. I suspect he has been equally profuse of lavish encomium during its prosperous days on that power which he seeks to cover with derision in its fall: and I need not add that I totally dissent from the political opinions of the author. However, let the gentle reader form his own estimate of the poet's performance.

La Fuga,

di Napoleone Bonaparte senza spada, e senza bastone, e senza capello, e ferito in testa; l'acquisto fatto dei Prussiani de ora, argento, brillanti, e di suo manto imperiale; e finalmente il felice ritorno nella città di Parigi di sua maestà Luigi XVIII.

Di Nicodemo Lermil.

ARIA di "Malbrook."

Già vinto Napoleone
Con fuga desperata,
Frà la Prussiana armata
Di trapassar tentò;

Ma sgombro di tesori,
Deluso nei disegni—
Privo d'impero e regni,
Qual nacque, ritornò.

Afflitto e delirante,
Confuso e sbigottito,
Col capo suo ferito,
Il misero fuggì.

A True Ballad,

containing the Flight of Napoleon Buonaparte, with the loss of his sword, his hat, and imperial baton, besides a wound in the head; the good luck of the Prussians in getting hold of his valuables, in diamonds and other property: and, lastly, the happy entry of his Majesty, Louis Dixhuit, into Paris.

From the Italian of Nicodemus Lermil.

TUNE—"On Linden when."

When Bonaparté, overcome,
Fled from the sound of Prussian drum,
Aghast, discomfited, and dumb,
Wrapt in his roquelaure,—

To wealth and power he bade adieu—
Affairs were looking *Prussic* blue:
In emblematic tatters flew
The glorious tricolor.

What once had seemed fixt as a rock,
Had now received a fatal shock;
And he himself had got a knock
From a Cossack on the head!

Senza poter portarsi,
Spada, baston, capello,
Involto in un mantello
Da tutt' i suoi spari.

Argento, oro, brillanti,
Il manto suo imperiale,
Con gioia universale
Da' Prusei e' acquistò.

Ma non potè acquistarei
(Ben che non v'è paura)
L' autor d' ogni sventura,
Che tutti rovinò.

Fugitto Buonaparté,
Subito entrò in Parigi
Il buon sovran Luigi,
Che tutti rallegrò.

Fù la città di notte
Da ognuno illuminata ;
Più vista amena e grata
Giammai non si mirò.

Rimbombo di canoni,
Acclamazion di "Evviva!"
Per tutto se sentiva
Frequente replicar.

La candida bandiera,
Coi gigli che teneva,
Per tutto si vedeva
Più spesso ventilar.

Spettacolo ai vago,
Ricordo si giocondo,
Parigi, Italia, il mondo,
Fe tutti consolar.

Perche fuggì ramingo,
E con suo desonore,
L' indegno usurpatore—
E non può pi regnar.

Murat e Napoleone
Tenete i cuori a freno
Non vi avvilitate almeno
Che è cosa da schiattar.

Gone was his hat, lost was his hope ;
The hand, that once had smote the Pope,
Had even dropped its telescope
In the hurry as he fled.

Old Blucher's corps a capture made
Of his mantle, sabre, and cockade ;
Which in "Rag Fair" would, "from the
trade,"
No doubt a trifle fetch.

But though the Prussians ('tis confessed)
Of all his wardrobe got the best,
(Besides the military chest),
Himself they could not catch.

He's gone somewhere beyond the seas,
To expiate his rogueries :
King Louis in the Tuileries
Has recommenced to reign.

Gladness pervades the allied camps,
And nought the public triumph damps ;
But every house is lit with lamps,
E'en in each broken pane.

Paris is one vast scene of joy ;
And all her citizens employ
Their throats in shouting *Vive le roi !*
Amid the roar of cannon.

Oh ! when they saw the "*blanc drapeau*"
Once more displayed, they shouted so
You could have heard them from the Po,
Or from the banks of Shannon.

Gadzooks ! it was, upon my fay,
An European holyday ;
And the land laughed, and all were gay,
Except the *sans culottes*.

You'd see the people playing cards,
And gay grisettes and dragoon guards
Dancing along the boulevard—
Of brandy there were lots !

Now, Bonaparté and Murat,
My worthy heroes ! after that,
I'd like to know what you'll be at—
I think you must feel nervous

Ma se desolazione
 Maì vi togliasse il lume
 Il più vicino fiume
 Potete ritrovar.

Perhaps you are not so besotted
 As to be cutting the "*carotid*"—
 But there's the horsepond!—there, odd
 rot it!

From such an end preserve us!

If this poet Nicodemo be in reality what I surmise he is, a literary renegade, and a wretch whose venal lyre gives forth alternate eulogy and abuse, just as the political thermometer indicates rise or fall, I should deem him a much fitter candidate for the "horsepond" than either Bony or Joachim. But, alas! how many sad instances have we not known of similar tergiversation in the conduct of *gens de lettres*! I just mentioned Dryden, commonly denominated "glorious John," and what a sad example is *there* of political dishonesty! After flattering in turns Cromwell and Charles II., King James and King William, he died of a broken heart, deserted by all parties. In his panegyric on canting old Noll, it would seem that the poet was at a loss how to grapple with his mighty subject, could not discover a beginning to his praise: the perfect rotundity of the theme precluding the possibility of finding commencement or end:

"Within a fame so truly *circular*!"

But turning from such conceits, and from courtly writers, to a simpler style of thought, may I think this trifling, but genuine rustic lay worthy of perusal?—

Canzonetta.

Son povera ragazza,
 E cerco di marito;
 Se trovo buon partito,
 Mi voglio maritar.
 Ma chi sa?
 Chi lo sa?
 Io cerco di marito,
 Se lo posso ritrovar?
 Io faccio la sartora,
 Questo è il mio mestiero;
 Vi dico ai davvero,
 E so ben travagliar.
 Ma chi sa?
 Chi lo sa?
 Io cerco di marito,
 Se lo posso ritrovar?

Village Song.

Husbands, they tell me, gold hath won
 More than aught else beside:
 Gold I have none; can I find one
 To take me for his bride?
 Yet who knowa
 How the wind blows—
 Or who can say
 I'll not find one to-day?
 I can embroider, I can sew—
 A husband I could aid;
 I have no dowry to bestow—
 Must I remain a maid?
 Yet who knowa
 How the wind blows—
 Or who can say
 I'll not find one to-day?

Già d' anni venticinque	A simple maid I've been too long—
Mi trovo così sola,	A husband I would find ;
Vi giuro e do parola	But then to ask—no !—that were wrong ;
Mi sento al fin mancar.	So I must be resigned.
Ma chi sa ?	Yet who knowa
Chi lo sa ?	How the wind blowa—
Io cerco di marito,	Or who can say
Se lo posso ritrovar ?	I'll not find one to-day ?

Simplicity is the inseparable companion of the graces ; and the extreme perfection of art is to conceal itself under the guise of unstudied negligence. This excellence is only attainable by a few ; and among the writers of antiquity is most remarkable in the pages of Xenophon. Never will the “ true ease in writing,” which, according to that most elaborate, but still most fluent writer, Pope, “ comes from art, not chance,” be acquired otherwise than by a diligent study of the old classics, and in particular of what Horace calls the *exemplaria Græca*. Flaccus himself, in his *sermo pedestris*, as well as his inimitable lyrics, has given us beautiful specimens of what seems the spontaneous flow of unstudied fancy, but it is in reality the result of deep thought and of constant *limæ labor*. Menzini, the author of the following sonnet on a very simple subject, must have drunk deeply at the source of Grecian elegance.

Il Capro.

Menzini.

Quel capro maledetto ha preao in uso
 Gir trà le vite, e aempre in lor s'impaccia ;
 Deh ! per farlo scordar di simil traccia,
 Dagli d' un sasso trà le corna e 'l muso.

Se Bacco il guata, ei scenderà ben giusto
 Da quel suo carro, a cui le tigri allaccia ;
 Più feroce lo sdegno oltre si caccia
 Quand' è con quel suo vin' misto e confuso.

Fa di scacciarlo, Elpin ; fa che non atenda
 Maligno il dente ; e più non roda in vetta
 L' uve nascenti, ed il lor nume offenda.

Di lui so ben ch' un di l' altar l' aspetta ;
 Ma Bacco è da temer che ancor non prenda
 Del capro insieme e del pastor vendetta.

The Intruder.

There's a goat in the vineyard! an unbidden guest—
 He comes here to devour and to trample;
 If he keep not aloof, I must make, I protest,
 Of the trespassing rogue an example.
 Let this stone, which I fling at his ignorant head,
 Deep imprest in his skull leave its moral,—
 That a four-footed beast 'mid the vines should not tread,
 Nor attempt with great Bacchus to quarrel.

Should the god on his car, to which tigers are yoked,
 Chance to pass and espy such a scandal,
 Quick he'd mark his displeasure—most justly provoked
 At the sight of this four-footed Vandal.
 To encounter his wrath, or be found on his path,
 In the spring when his godship is sober,
 Silly goat! would be rash;—and you fear not the lash
 Of the god in the month of *October!*

In each bunch, thus profaned by an insolent tooth,
 There has perish'd a goblet of nectar;
 Fitting vengeance will follow those gambols uncouth,
 For the grape has a jealous protector.
 On the altar of Bacchus a victim must bleed,
 To avert a more serious disaster;
 Lest the ire of the deity visit the deed
 Of the goat on his negligent master.

It is no part of my code of criticism to tolerate, under the plea of simplicity, that maudlin, emasculate style superinduced among the Italians by their language's fatal fertility in canorous rhymes. The very sweetness and melody of their idiom is thus not unfrequently the bane of original thought and of forcible expression:

Deh! fosse tu men bella, o almen più forte!

“*Nugæ canoræ*” might form a sort of running marginal comment on almost every page of Metastasio; and few indeed are the passages in the works of some of his more celebrated fellow-countrymen which can bear to be submitted to the test of *translation*. This experimental process will ever be destructive of whatever relies on mere euphonous phraseology for its effect; and many a favourite Italian effusion has succumbed to the ordeal. I would instance the “*Bacco in Toscana*” of Redi, which the graceful pen of Leigh Hunt

sought in vain to popularise in English. So true it is that nothing can compensate for a lack of ideas—not even Della Cruscan parlance issuing from a “*bocca Romana*.” Lord Byron (“*Childe Harold*,” iv. 38), in vindication of Tasso from the sarcasm of a French critic, denounces, perhaps justly, Gallia’s

“ creaking lyre,
That whetstone of the teeth, monotony *in wire* :”

for it is admitted that the *metallic* strings he thus attributes to the French instrument cannot vie in liquid harmony with the softer *catgut* of its rival. But were his lordship sufficiently conversant with the poets of France, he would perhaps find that *they* rarely substitute for rational meaning mere empty sound. It cannot, on the other hand, be denied, that when a language is thoroughly pervaded with what the Greeks call *ὁμοιοτελευτον*, running, in fact, spontaneously into rhyme, it offers manifold temptations to the inditing of what are called “nonsense verses.” Like the beasts of old entering Noah’s Ark two and two, the couplets of the Italian versifier pair themselves of their own accord without the least trouble. But, unfortunately, one of the great recommendations of rhyme, as of metrical numbers, to the intellect is, the consciousness involved of a *difficulty overcome* : and hence precisely was the admiration excited by the inventive faculty of the poet early characterised in the words “*trouvere*,” “*troubadour*,” from “*trouver*,” to “*find*.” If there be no research requisite—if the exploit be one of obvious facility—the mind takes no interest in the inglorious pursuit, which, under such circumstances, appears flat and unmeaning. A genuine poet, as well as his reader, enjoys the mental chase in proportion to the wild and untameable nature of the game. In a word, Italian “*bouts rimés*” are far too easily bagged : the sportsman’s occupation on Parnassus becomes an effeminate pastime ; ’tis, in fact, mere pigeon-shooting : whereas “*optat aprum*” has been always predicated of the classic hunter ; and Jemmy Thomson very properly observes, that

‘ Poor is the triumph o’er the timid hare !’

An ingenious Frenchman (the Chevalier de la Faye), in his “*Apology*” for the supposed difficulties of rhyme in our

Cisalpine dialects, maintains the theory I here propound, in some very felicitous lines, where, pointing the attention of his countrymen to the numerous *jets d'eau* that ornament the gardens of the Tuileries, Versailles, and St. Cloud, he steps up a striking parallel, not less witty than true. The strophe runs thus :—

De la contrainte rigoureuse
Où l'esprit semble reserré,
Il acquiert une force heurieuse
Qui l'élève au plus haut degré;
Telle dans des canaux pressée
Avec plus de force élancée,
L'onde s'élève dans les airs,—
Et la règle qui semble austère
N'est qu'un art plus certain de
plaire,

Inséparable des beaux vers.

From the rhyme's restrictive rigour
Thought derives its impulse oft,
Genius draws new strength and vigour,
Fancy springs and shoots aloft.
So, in leaden conduits pent,
Mounts the liquid element,
By pressure forced to climb :
And he who feared the rule's restraint
Finds but a friendly ministrant
In Reason's helpmate, RHYME.

I must add, that long previously the same doctrine had been included by the grammarian Vossius, in his tract "De Viribus Cantûs et Rythmi," where he remarks, "*hâc ratione non ornatui tantum, sed et verborum consulitur copiâ.*" Hence it would follow, that far from being a bar to the birth of genuine poetry among the Northerners, the difficulties of a ruder idiom only give an impulse to the exertion of the faculty itself, and a relish to the enjoyment of its productions. It becomes sufficiently obvious, from what we have laid down, that restrictions and shackles are the very essence of rhythmic writing ; by devoting himself to which, the poet assumes, of his own free will, the situation of "Prometheus vincetus ;" and, in a spirit akin to that of St. Paul, openly professes his predilection for "these bonds." Prose may rejoice in its Latin designation of *soluta oratio* ; but a voluntary thralldom is the natural condition of poetry, as may be inferred from the converse term, *oratio stricta*. The Italian poet is distinguishable among his fellow-captives by the light aërial nature of his fetters ; and *versi sciolti* may be applied to more than one species of his country's versification. This will strike any one who takes up the *libretto* of an opera. Nevertheless, let us envy not the smooth and Sybarite stanza, nor covet the facile and flowing vocabulary, nor complain of the wild and irregular terminations with which we have to struggle. There is more dignity in the

march of a manly barbarian than in the gait of an enervated fop; and with all the cumbrous irons of a rude language, were it but for his very mode of bearing the chains, a Briton will be still admired as he treads the paths of poetry:

Intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet
Sacra catenatus via.

Epod. vii.

I shall not be accused of travelling out of the record in touching incidentally on this matter, which, indeed, would properly require a special dissertation. But to return to my theme. From among those numerous compositions of which the "moon," a "nightingale," a "grove," and a "lady's balcony," form the old established ingredients in all languages, I shall select the following Italian specimen, which, if it present little novelty of invention, has, *en revanche*, decidedly the charm of sweetest melody of expression.

Serenata.

Vittorelli.

Guarda che bianca luna!
Guarda che notte azzurra;
Un' aura non susurra,
Non tremola una stel.

L' usignuolo solo
Va dalla siepe all' orno
E sospirando intorno
Chiama la sua fidel.

Ella che il sente appena
Già vien di fronda in fronda,
E par che gli responda
Non piangere, son qui.

Che dolci affetti, o Irene,
Che gemiti son questi!
Ah! mai tu non sapesti
Rispondermi così.

A SERENADE.

Pale to-night is the disc of the moon, and of azure unmixt
Is the bonny blue sky it lies on;
And silent the streamlet, and hushed is the zephyr, and fixt
Is each star in the calm horizon;
And the hamlet is lulled to repose, and all nature is still—
How soft, how mild her slumbers!
And naught but the nightingale's note is awake, and the thrill
Of his sweetly plaintive numbers.

His song wakes an echo! it comes from the neighbouring grove—
Love's sweet responsive anthem!
Lady! list to the vocalist! dost thou not envy his love!
And the joys his mate will grant him?

Oh, smile on thy lover to-night ! let a transient hope
 Ease the heart with sorrow laden :
 From yon balcony wave the fond signal a moment—and ope
 Thy casement, fairest maiden !

The author of the above is a certain Vittorelli, celebrated among the more recent poets of Italy for the smooth amenity of his Anacreontics ; of which, however, I regret to say that many are of a very washy consistency, generally constituting, when submitted to critical analysis, that sort of chemical residuum which the French would call "*de l'eau claire.*" An additional sample of his style will convey a sufficient notion of his own and his brethren's capabilities in the sentimental line : but ere we give the Italian original with our "translation," it were advisable to attune our ear to the harmony of true "nonsense verse," of which Dean Swift has left mankind so famous a model in the memorable ode—

Fluttering, spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle Cupid ! o'er my heart ;
 While a slave in thy dominions,
 Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians ! ever blooming,
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
 See my weary days consuming,
 All beneath your flowery rocks.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors !
 Arm'd in adamantine chains,
 Lead me to the crystal mirrors
 Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia's brows ;
 Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
 Hear me say my dying vows !

Melancholy, smooth meander ?
 Sweetly purling in a round ;
 On thy margin lovers wander,
 All with flowery chaplets crowned—

i. e. "all round my hat." Now for Vittorelli.



The Gift of Venus

Il Dono di Venere.

Cinta le bionde chiome
 Della materna rosa
 Sull' alba rugiadosa,
 Venne il fanciullo Amor.

E colla dolce bocca
 Mi disse in aria lieta :—
 “Che fai gentil poeta
 D' Irene lodator ?”

Questa nevosa penna
 Di cigno immacolato,
 Sul desco fortunato
 Io lascio in dono a te.

Serba la ognor, geloso
 E scriverai d' amore ;
 Non cede il suo candore
 Che a quel della tua fe.

The Gift of Venus.

With roses wreathed around his ringlets,
 Steeped in drops of matin dew,
 Gliding soft on silken winglets,
 Cupid to my study flew ;
 On my table a decanter
 Stood—perhaps there might be two—
 When I had with the enchanter
 (Happy bard !) this interview.

Sure it was the loveliest vision
 Ever poet gazed upon—
 Rapt in ecstasy Elysian,
 Or inspired by *cruiskeen lawn*.
 “Poet,” said the urchin, “few are
 So far favoured among men—
 Venus sends by me to you her
 Compliments and a new pen.

“Take this quill—’tis soft and slender,
 Fit for writing *billets doux*,
 Fond avowals, breathings tender,
 Which *Irené* may peruse.
 ’Tis no vulgar acquisition—
 ’Twas from no goose pinion drawn ;
 But, by *Leda*’s kind permission,
 Borrowed from her favourite swan.

“Sully not the virgin candour
 Of its down so white and rare ;
 Let it ne’er be dipp’d in slander,
 ’Gainst the witty or the fair.
 Lend it not to that Patländer
 Denny Lardner ; nor to Watts
 (Hight ‘*Alaric Alexander*’) :
 Let some dull, congenial gander
 Furnish charlatans and sots.”

What a difference between the feeble and effeminate tone of these modern effusions, and the bold, manly, and frequently sublime conceptions of the bards who wrote in the golden age of Leo X., under the influence of that magic century which gave birth to such a crowd of eminent personages in all the walks of literature ! The name of Michel Angelo is familiar to most readers in the character of an artist ; but few, perhaps, will be prepared to make his acquaintance in the capacity of a poet. Nevertheless, it gives me satisfaction to have it in my power to introduce the illustrious Buonarotti in that unexpected character.

Al Crocifisso.

Giunto è già il corso della vita mia,
 Per tempestoso mar con fragil harca,
 Al comun porto, ove a render se varca
 Conto e ragion d' ogni opra triste e pia.
 Ma l' alta affettuosa fantasia,
 Che l' arte mi fece idolo e monarca,
 Conosco or ben quanto sia d' error carca,
 E quel che mal suo grado ognun desia ;
 Gli amorosi pensier già vani e lieti
 Che fien or s' a due morte m' avvicino ?
 D' uno so certo, e l' altra mi minaccia.
 Nè pinger nè scolpir fia più che queti
 L' anima volta a quel amor divino
 Che aperse in croce a prender noi le braccia.

Michel Angelo's Farewell to Sculpture.

I feel that I am growing old—
 My lamp of clay ! thy flame, behold !
 'Gins to burn low : and I've unrolled
 My life's eventful volume !

The sea has borne my fragile bark
 Close to the shore—now, rising dark,
 O'er the subsiding wave I mark
 This brief world's final column,

'Tis time, my soul, for pensive mood,
 For holy calm and solitude ;
 Then cease henceforward to delude
 Thyself with fleeting vanity.

The pride of art, the sculptured thought,
 Vain idols that my hand hath wrought—
 To place my trust in such were nought
 But sheer insanity.

What can the pencil's power achieve ?
 What can the chisel's triumph give ?
 A name perhaps on earth may live,
 And travel to posterity.

But can proud Rome's Panthéon tell,
 If for the soul of Raffaele*
 His glorious obsequies could quell
 The JUDGMENT-SEAT's severity ?

* His body was laid out in state in the church of St. Maria Rotonda

Yet why should Christ's believer fear,
While gazing on yon image dear?—
Image adored, maugré the sneer
Of miscreant blasphemer.

Are not those arms for me outspread?
What mean those thorns upon thy head?—
And shall I, wreathed with laurels, tread
Far from thy paths, Redeemer?

Such was the deeply religious tone of this eminent man's mind, and such the genuine *εὐσεβεία* of Michel Angelo. An unfeigned devotedness to the doctrines of Christianity, and a proud consciousness of the dignity which the avowal of those feelings is calculated to confer in the view of every right-minded person, are traits of character which we never fail to meet in all the truly great men of that period. Dante, Leonardo da Vinci, Tasso, Raffaele, Sannazar, Bembo, Brunelleschi, and a host of imperishable names, bear witness to the correctness of the remark. Nor is Petrarca deficient in this outward manifestation of inward piety. The death of Laura forms a marked epoch in his biography; and the tendency of his thoughts, from that date to the hour of his death, appears to have been decidedly religious:

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
Was one of that complexion which seemed made
For one who his mortality had felt,
And sought a refuge from his hopes decayed.

Childe Harald, iv. 32.

The recollection of the departed only gave additional intensity to the fervour of devotion: and those exquisite sonnets, into which he has breathed the pious sentiments of his soul, rank among the most finished productions of his muse;—a striking exemplification of the incontestable truth, that the poet who would suppress all reference to Christian feeling has voluntarily broken the finest chord of his lyre. Laura, spiritualised into an angelic essence, still visits his nocturnal visions, to point the way to that heaven of which she is a dweller, and to excite him to deeds worthy of a blessed immortality. The opening stanza of one of these

(the Panthéon), whither all Rome flocked to honour the illustrious dead. His last and most glorious work, "the Transfiguration," was placed above his bier; while Leo's pontifical hand strewed flowers and burnt incense o'er the cold remains of departed genius.—*Life of Raffaele*.

songs, which form the *second* part of the collection, (thus distinguished from those written during the lifetime of his beloved,) will suffice as a specimen of the tone that pervades them all.

Canzone Dopo la Morte di Donna Laura.

Quando il soave mio fido conforto,
 Per dar riposo alla mia vita stanca,
 Ponsi del letto in su la sponda manca
 Con quel suo dolce ragionare accorto ;
 Tutto di pietà e di paura smorto
 Dico "Onde vien tu ora, o felice alma ?"—
 Un ramoscel di palma
 E un di lauro trae del suo bel seno ;
 E dice :—" Dal sercno
 Ciel empireo, e di quelle sante parti,
 Mi mossi ; e vengo sol per consolarti," &c. &c.

Petrarca's Dream.

(*After the Death of Laura.*)

She has not quite forgotten me ; her shade
 My pillow still doth haunt,
 A nightly visitant,
 To soothe the sorrows that herself had made :
 And thus that spirit blest,
 Shedding sweet influence o'er my hour of rest,
 Hath healed my woes, and all my love repaid.
 Last night, with holy calm,
 She stood before my view,
 And from her bosom drew
 A wreath of laurel and a branch of palm :
 And said, "To comfort thee,
 O child of Italy !
 From my immortal home,
 Petrarca, I am come," &c. &c.

Towards the close of his career, when the vanity of all earthly affection became still more palpable to his understanding, there is something like regret expressed for having ever indulged in that most pardonable of all human weaknesses, the hopeless and disinterested admiration of what was virtuous and lovely, unmixed with the grossness of sensual attachment, and unprofaned by its vulgarities. Still, he felt that there was in the pursuit of that pleasing illusion

something unworthy of his profession ; and he has recorded his act of contrition in the following beautiful lines, with which I close :—

I' vo piangendo i miei passati tempi,
I quai posi in amar cosa mortale
Senza levarmi a volo, avend' io l' ale,
Per dar forse di me non bassi esempi.

Tu, che vedi i miei mali indegni ed empì,
Re del cielo invisibile, immortale ;
Soccorri all' alma disviata e frale,
E 'l suo difetto di tua grazia adempi ;

Si chè, s' io vissi in guerra ed in tempesta,
Mori in pace ed in porto ; e se la stanza
Fu vana, almen sia la partita onesta.

A quel poco di viver, che m' avanza
Ed al morir degni esser tua man presta :
TU SAI BEN, CHE 'N ALTRUI NON HO SPERANZA.

The Repentance of Petrarca.

Bright days of sunny youth, irrevocable years !
Period of manhood's prime
O'er thee I shed sad but unprofitable tears—
Lapse of returnless time :
Oh ! I have cast away, like so much worthless dross,
Hours of most precious ore—
Blest hours I could have coined for heaven, your loss
For ever I'll deplore !

Contrite I kneel, O God inscrutable, to thee,
High heaven's immortal King !
Thou gavest me a soul that to thy bosom free
Might soar on seraph wing :
My mind with gifts and grace thy bounty had endowed
To cherish Thee alone—
Those gifts I have abused, this heart I have allowed
Its Maker to disown.

But from his wanderings reclaimed, with full, with throbbing heart
Thy truant has returned :
Oh ! be the idol and the hour that led him to depart
From Thee, for ever mourned.

If I have dwelt remote, if I have loved the tents of guilt—
To thy fond arms restored,
Here let me die ! On whom can my eternal hopes be built,
SAVE UPON THEE, O LORD !

THE SONGS OF HORACE.

DECADE THE FIRST.

ΑΝΩ ΤΩΝ ΠΟΤΑΜΩΝ ΙΕΡΩΝ ΧΩΡΟΥΣΙ ΠΑΓΑΙ.

EURIPID., *Medea*.

“ Quis sub ARCTO
 Rex gelidæ metuatur oræ
 Quid Tiridstem terreat, unice
 Securus est qui FONTIBUS INTEGRIS
 Gaudet.”—Lib. i. ode xxvi.*

Deeming it wasteful and ridiculous
 To watch Don Carlos or Czar Nicholas—
 Sick of our statesmen idiotic—
 Sick of the knaves who (patriotic)
 Serve up to clowns, in want of *praties*,
 “Repale” and “broken Limerick traties,”
 With whom to grudge their poor a crust is,
 To starving Ireland “doing JUSTICE”—
 Sick of the moonshine called “*municipal*,”
 Blarney and Rice, Spsin and Mendizabál,
 Shiel and shilelahs, “Dan” and “Maurice,”
 PROUT turns his thoughts to Rome and HORACE.—O. Y.

“Chassons loin de chez nous tous ces rats du Parnasse,
 Jouissons, écrivons, vivons avec Horace.”—VOLT., *Épîtres*.

FROM the ignoble doings of modern Whiggery, sneaking and dastardly at home, and not very dignified abroad—from Melbourne,† who has flung such unwonted *éclat* round the premiership of Great Britain (*addens cornua pauperi*), and Mulgrave, who has made vulgarity and ruffianism the supporters of a vice-regal chair (*Regis Rupili pus atque venenum*),‡

* Russia was already in for war thus early.

† Trial, Hon. George Chapple Norton *versus* Melbourne.

‡ Lord Normanby was, at this date (1836), letting loose all the jail-birds and ribbonmen in Ireland. He has since come out in the character of Polonius at the courts of Florence and Modena.

it is allowable to turn aside for a transient glimpse at the Augustan age, when the premier was Mæcenas, and the proconsul, Agrippa. The poetic sense, nauseated with the effusions of Lord Lansdowne's family-piper, finds relief in communing with Horace, the refined and gentlemanly Laureate of Roman Toryism. In his abhorrence of the "profane Radical mob" (lib. iii. ode i.)—in his commendation of virtue, "refulgent with uncontaminated honour, because derived from a steady refusal to take up or lay down the emblems of authority at popular dictation" (lib. iii. ode ii.)—in his portrait of the Just Man, undismayed by the frenzied ardour of those who would force on by clamour depraved measures (lib. iii. ode iii.) need we say how warmly we participate? That the wits and sages who shed a lustre on that imperial court should have merged all their previous theories in a rooted horror of agitators and *sansculottes*, was a natural result of the intellectual progress made since the unlettered epoch of Marius and the Gracchi. In the bard of Tivoli, who had fought under the insurrectionary banners of Brutus, up to the day when "the chins of the unshaven demagogues were brought to a level with the dust" (lib. ii. ode vii.) Tory principles obtained a distinguished convert; nor is there any trace of mere subserviency to the men in power, or any evidence of insincerity in the record of his political opinions.

The Georgian era has, in common with the age of Augustus, exhibited more than one striking example of salutary resipiscence among those who started in life with erroneous principles. Two eminent instances just now occur to us; Southey among the poets, Burke among the illustrious in prose; though, perhaps, the divine gift of inspiration, accompanied with true *poetic* feeling, was more largely vouchsafed to the antagonist of the French Revolution than to the author of *Roderick, the last of the Goths*. What can be more apposite to the train of thought in which we are indulging, and to the actual posture of affairs, than the following exquisitely conceived passage, in which the sage of Beaconsfield contrasts the respective demeanour and resources of the two parties into which public opinion is divided?

"When I assert any thing concerning the people of England, I speak from observation, and from the experience I

have had in a pretty extensive communication with the inhabitants of this kingdom, begun in early life, and continued for near forty years. I pray you, form not your opinion from certain publications. The vanity, restlessness, and petulance of those who hide their intrinsic weakness in bustle, and uproar, and puffing, and mutual quotation of each other, make you imagine that the nation's contemptuous neglect is a mark of acquiescence in their opinions. No such thing, I assure you! Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle, reposing under the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field."

It is right, however, in common fairness towards Horace, to remark, that while fighting in his juvenile days under the banners of Brutus, even then he never for a moment contemplated Mob-ascendency in Rome as the ultimate result of his patriotic efforts. Like Cato and Tully, in the part he took he merely espoused the cause of the Senate in opposition to that of a frensied rabble, rushing on, with swinish desperation, to political suicide; for in that, as in every age, the deluded multitude, in his view, was sure to become the dupe of some designing and knavish demagogue, unless rescued, in very despite of itself, by such interposition as the "SENATORS" could exercise in Rome; or, we may add, the "BARONS" in England: both the hereditary guardians of liberty. When the adhesion of the *conscript fathers* had sanctioned the protectorate of Augustus, the transition to openly Conservative politics, on the poet's part, was as honourable as it was judicious. The contempt he felt, through his whole career, for the practice of propitiating the sweet voices of the populace by a surrender of principle, is as plainly discoverable throughout the whole of his varied writings as his antipathy to *garlic*, or his abhorrence of "*Canidia*."

His little volume contains the distilled quintessence of Roman life, when at its very acme of refinement. It is the most perfect portraiture (cabinet size) that remains of the social habits, domestic elegance, and cultivated intercourse of the capital, at the most interesting period of its pros-

perity. But the philosophy it inculcates, and the worldly wisdom it unfolds, is applicable to all times and all countries. Hence, *we* cannot sympathise with the somewhat childish (to say the least of it) distaste, or indisposition, evinced by the immortal pilgrim, Harold (canto iv. st. lxxv.), for those ever-enduring lyrics that formed the nourishment of our intellect, "when George the Third was king." The very affectation of alluding to the "drilled, dull lesson, forced down word for word, in his repugnant youth," proves the *alumnus* of Harrow on the Hill to have relished and recollected the almost identical lines of the author he feigns to disremember—*Carmina Livi meminī PLAGOSUM mihi parvo Orbilium dictare* (Epist. ii. 70.); and (though Peel may have been a more assiduous scholar) we can hardly believe the beauties of Horace to have been lost on Byron, even in his earliest hours of idleness. It is *à-propos* of Mount Soracté, on which he stumbles in the progress of his peregrination, that the noble poet vents his "fixed inveteracy" of hatred against a book which, at the same time, he extols in terms not less eloquent than true :

"Then farewell, HORACE! whom I hated so;
Not for thy faults, but mine! It is a curse
To understand, not *feel*, thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never *love*, thy verse,
Although no deeper moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor bard prescribe his art,
Nor livelier satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening without wounding the touched heart.
FAREWELL! upon Soracté's ridge WE PART!"

We can readily imagine the comic nature of such a "parting." We picture in our mind's eye him of Newstead Abbey bidding him of the Sabine farm

"Farewell!—a word that has been, and shall be;"

while we fancy we can hear the pithy "*Bon voyage, mitor*," with which significant formula (in Latin) he is gently dismissed by the weeping Flaccus—*δακρυοεν γελασμα*.

PROUT was not addicted to this aristocratic propensity for cutting all school-boy acquaintances. In him was strikingly exemplified the theory which attributes uncommon intensity and durability to first attachments: it is generally ap-

plied to love; he carried the practice into the *liaisons* of literature. The odes of Horace were his earliest mistresses in poetry; they took his fancy in youth, their fascinations haunted his memory in old age—

“L'ON REVIENT TOUJOURS
À SES PREMIÈRES AMOURS.”

Most of the following papers, forming a series of Horatian studies, were penned in ITALY, often on the very spots that gave birth to the effusions of the witty Roman; but it appears to have afforded the Father considerable satisfaction to be able, in the quiet hermitage of his hill, to redigest and chew the cud of whatever might have been crude and unmatured in his juvenile lucubrations. He seems to have taken an almost equal interest in the writers, the glories, and the monuments of PAGAN as of PAPAL Rome: there was in his mental vision a strange but not unpleasant confusion of both; the *Vaticani montis imago* (lib. i. 20) forming, in his idea, a sort of bifurcated Parnassus—St. Peter on the one peak, and Jupiter on the other. Mr. Poyuder has written a tract on this supposed “*alliance between Popery and Heathenism*,” which DR. WISEMAN, in these latter days, has thought worthy of a pamphlet in reply. The gravity of the question deters us from entering on it here; but, to reconcile the matter, might we not adopt the etymological *medius terminus* of Dean Swift, and maintain that Jove—*Zeus πατρης*, or Sospiter—was nothing, after all, but the JEW PETER?

We are not without hopes of finding, among Prout's miscellanies, an elaborate treatise on this very topic. The French possess a work of infinite erudition, called *L'Histoire véritable des Tems Fabuleux*, in which the ILIAD is shewn to be an arrant plagiarism from the three last chapters of the Book of Judges; the Levite's wife being the prototype of Helen, and the tribe of Benjamin standing for the Trojans. WIT, says Edmund Burke, is usually displayed by finding points of contact and resemblance; JUDGMENT, or *discrimination*, generally manifests itself in the faculty of perceiving the points of disagreement and disconnexion.

But it is high time to resume our editorial seat, and let the Father catch the eye of the reader.

“With faire discourse the evening so they passe,
 For that olde man of pleasaunte wordes had store,
 And well could file his tongue as smoothe as glasse;
 He tolde of saintes and popes, and evermore
 He strowed an AVE-MARY after and before.”

Faëry Queene, canto i. stanza 35.

Regent Street, June 27th.

OLIVER YORKE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

I. PROUT. II. *An Elzevir*. 12mo. III. *A Jug of Punch*. 4to.

SCENE.—*Watergrasskill*.

Here's a health to HORACE! “*Vivi tu!*” Songster of TRIVOLI, who alone of all the tuneful dead, alone of Greek and Roman wits, may be said to LIVE. If to be quoted and requoted, until every superficial inch of thy toga has become (from quotation) threadbare, constitute perpetuity of poetical existence, according to the theory of ENNIUS (*volito vivu' per ora virum*,) such LIFE has been pre-eminently vouchsafed to thee. In the circle of thy comprehensive philosophy, few things belonging to heaven or earth were undreamt of; nor did it escape thy instinctive penetration that in yonder brief tome, short, plump, and tidy, like its artificer, thou hadst erected a monument more durable than brass, more permanent than an Irish “ROUND TOWER,” or a PYRAMID of King Cheops. It was plain to thy intuitive ken, that, whatever mischance might befall the heavier and more massive productions of ancient wisdom, thy lyrics were destined to outlive them all. That though the epics of VARIUS might be lost, or the decades of LIVY desiderated, remotest posterity would possess thee (like the stout of Barclay and Perkins) “ENTIRE”—would enjoy thy book, undocked of its due proportions, uncurtailed of a single page—would bask in the rays of thy GENIUS, unshorn of a single beam. As often as the collected works of other classic worthies are ushered into the world, the melancholy appendage on the title-page of

“*Omnia quæ extant*”

is sure to meet our eye, reminding us, in the very announcement of the feast of intellect, that there is an *amari aliquid*; viz., that muchentertaining matter has irretrievably perished.

The *torso* of the Belvidere is, perhaps, as far as it goes, superior to the Apollo; but the latter is a complete statue: a Greenwich pensioner with a wooden leg is though a respectable only a truncated copy of humanity. *Thy* MSS. have come down to us unmutilated by the pumice-stone of palimpsestic monk, unsinged by the torch of Calif Omar, ungnawed by the tooth of Time. The perfect preservation of thy writings is only equalled by the universality of their diffusion—a point especially dwelt on in that joyously geographic rhapsody of a prophetic soul (lib. ii. ode 20), wherein thou pourest forth thy full anticipation of œcumenic glory. If thou canst hardly be said still to haunt the “shores of the Bosphorus,” take “OXFORD” as a literal substitute: though disappointed of fame among the “remote Geloni,” thou hast an equivalent in the million schoolboys of South America. Should the “learned Iberian” chance to neglect thee amid the disasters of his country, hanging up thy forsaken lyre on the willows of the Guadalquivir—should they “who drink the Rhone” divide their affections between (thy brother bard) Béranger and THEE, thou mayest still count among “the Dacians” of the Danube admirers and commentators. Thou hast unlooked-for votaries on the Hudson and the St. Lawrence; and though Burns may triumph on the Tweed, Tom Moore can never prevent thee from being paramount on the Shannon, nor Tom D’Urfey evict thee from supremacy on the Thames. In accordance with thy fondest aspiration, thou hast been pointed out as the “prime performer on the Roman lyre,” by successive centuries as they passed away (*digito prætereuntium*): the dry skeleton of bygone criticism hung up in our libraries, so designates thee with its bony index: to thee, PRINCE OF LYRIC POETS! is still directed in these latter days, albeit with occasional aberrations (for even the magnetic needle varies under certain influences), the ever-reverting finger of Fame.

Here, then, I say, is a HEALTH TO HORACE! Though the last cheerful drop in my vesper-bowl to-night be well-nigh drained, and the increasing feebleness of age reminds me too plainly that the waters are ebbing fast in my Clepsydra of life, still have I a blessing in reserve—a benison to bestow on the provider of such intellectual enjoyment as yon small volume has ever afforded me; nor to the last shall I dis-

continue holding sweet converse, through its medium, with the GRACES and the NINE.

Ου πανομοι τας χαριτας
 Μουσαισι συγκαταίγνυς
 Ηδισταν συζυγίαν.

In the brief biographic memoir left us by Suetonius, we read that the emperor was in the habit of comparing the poet's book, and the poet himself, to a FLAGON—*cum circuitus voluminis sit ογκωδέστατος, sicut est ventriculi tui*. Various and multiform are the vitrified vases and terracotta jars dug up at Pompeii, and elsewhere, with evidence of having served as depositories for Roman sack; but the peculiar Horatian shape alluded to by Augustus has not been fixed on by antiquaries. The Florentine academy *Della Crusca*, whose opinion on this point ought to obtain universal attention, have considered themselves authorised, from the passage in Suetonius, to trace (as they have done, in their valuable vocabulary) the modern words, *flaccone*, *fiasco* (whence our *flask*) to Q. Horat. FLACCVS. The origin of the English term *bumper*, it is fair to add, has been, with equal sagacity, brought home by Joe Miller to our "*bon père*," the pope. But commend me to the *German* commentators for transcendental ingenuity in classical criticism. Need I more than instance the judicious Milcherlick's hint, that the birth of our poet must have presented a clear case of *lusus naturæ*; since, in his ode *Ad Amphoram* (xxi. lib. iii.), we have, from his own lips, the portentous fact of his having come into the world "in company with a bottle," under the consulship of Manlius? Should the fact of his having had a twin-brother of that description be substantiated, on historical and obstetric principles, we shall cease, of course, to wonder at the similitude discovered by the emperor. Byron maintains, though without any data whatever to warrant his assertion, that "HAPPINESS was born a twin" (*Juan*, canto ii. st. 172); the case was, perhaps, like that imagined by Milcherlick.

My own theory on the subject is not, as yet, sufficiently matured to lay it before the learned of Europe; but from the natural juxtaposition of the two congenial objects now before me, and the more than chemical affinity with which

I find the contents of the Elzevir to blend in harmonious mixture with those of the jug, I should feel quite safe in predicating (if sprightliness, vigour, and versatility constitute sufficiently fraternal features) that the "spirit in the leaves" is brother to the "bottle imp."

"Alterius sic,
Altera poscit opem res et conjurat amicé."
Art. Poet. 410.

The recondite philosophy of the common expression, "ANIMAL SPIRITS," has not, that I am aware of, been thoroughly investigated, or its import fully developed, by modern metaphysicians. How animal matter may become so impregnated, or, to use the school term, "compenetrated," by a spiritual essence, as to lose its substantive nature and become a mere adjective, or modification of the all-absorbing *πνευμα*, is a "rub" fit to puzzle Hamlet. In my Lord Brougham's *Natural Theology*, which gives the solution of every known question, this difficulty is unaccountably neglected. There is not a single word about animated alcohol. An ingenious doubt was expressed by some great thinker—Jack Reeve, or Doctor Porson—after a protracted sitting, whether, legally, the landlord could remove him off the premises without a "permit." That was genuine metaphysics, far above all Kant's rubbish. How are we, in fact, to draw the distinction? Is there to be one law for a living vessel, and another for an inert jar? May not the ingredients that go to fill them be the same? the quantity identical in both recipients? Why, then, should not the Excise anxiously track the footsteps of so many walking gallons of X X X, with the same maternal solicitude she manifests in watching the progress and removal of spirit in earthenware? This common-sense view of the matter was long ago taken up by Don Quixote, when, acting on the suggestion of calm logic, he gave battle to certain goat-skins, distended with the recent vintage of Valdepenas. Cervantes may sneer, but the onslaught does not appear to me irrational. Was the knight to wait till the same juice should offer itself under the form and colour of blood, to be shed from the bodies of bloated buffoons in buckram? Clearly not!

But to return. If by ANIMAL SPIRITS be meant that

state of buoyancy and elevation in which the opaque corporeal essence is lost in the frolicsome play of the fancy, and evaporates in ethereal sallies, a collateral and parallel process takes place when the imaginative and rarified faculties of *mind* are, as it were, condensed so as to give a precipitate, and form a distinct portion of visible and tangible *matter*. Yon Elzevir is a case in point. In the small compass of a duodecimo we hold and manipulate the concentrated feelings and follies, the “quips and cranks,” the wit and wisdom, of a period never equalled in the history of mankind: the current conversational tones and topics are made familiar to us, though the interlocutors have long since mouldered in the grave. The true FALERNIAN wine ripens no more on the accustomed slope; the FORMIANTI COLLES are now barren and unprofitable; but, owing to the above-mentioned process, we can still relish their *bouquet* in the odes of Horace: we can find the genuine smack of the Cæcuban grape in the effusions it inspired.

I recollect Tom Moore once talking to me, after dinner, of Campbell's *Exile of Erin*, and remarking, in his ordinary *conchetto* style, that the sorrows of Ireland were in that elegy CRYSTALLISED and made immortal. Tommy was right; and he may be proud of having done something in that way himself: for when the fashion of drinking “gooseberry champagne” shall have passed away, future ages will be able to form a notion of that once celebrated beverage from the perusal of *his* poetry. There it is, crystallised for posterity.

Horace presents us, in his person, with an accomplished specimen of the *bon vivant*; such as that agreeable variety of the human species was understood by antiquity. Cheerfulness and wit, conjointly with worldly wisdom, generally insure a long, jolly, and prosperous career to their possessor.

I just now adverted to the good luck which has secured his *writings* against accident: his *personal* preservation through what Mathews would term the “wicissitudes and vaccinations” of life, appears to have been, from his own account, fully as miraculous. A somewhat profane French proverb asserts, *qu'il y a une Providence pour les ivrognes*; but whatever celestial surveillance watches over the zigzag progress of a drunkard—whatever privilege may be pleaded by the plenipotentiary of Bacchus, poetry would seem, in

his case, to have had peculiar prerogatives. Sleeping in his childhood on some mountain-top of Apulia, pigeons covered him with leaves, that no "bears" or "snakes" might get at him (lib. iii. ode iv.); a circumstance of some importance to infant genius, which, alas! cannot always escape the "hug" of the one or the "sting" of the other. Again, at the battle of Philippi, he tells us how he had well nigh perished, had not MERCURY snatched him up from the very thick of the *melée*, fully aware of his value, and unwilling to let him run the risk to which vulgar *chair à canon* is exposed. Subsequently, while walking over his grounds at the Sabine farm, the falling trunk of an old tree was within an ace of knocking out his brains, had not FAUN, whom he describes as the guardian-angel of mercurial men—*mercurialium custos virorum*—interposed at the critical moment. To Mercury he has dedicated many a graceful hymn: more than one modern poet might safely acknowledge certain obligations to the same quarter. But all are not so communicative as Horace of their personal adventures.

What he states in his bantering epistle to Julius Florius cannot be true; viz., that poverty made a poet of him:

*"Paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem."*—Ep. ii. 2, 51.

On the contrary, far from offering any symptoms of jejune inspiration or garret origin, his effusions bear testimony to the pleasant mood of mind in which they were poured forth, and are redolent of the joyousness of happy and convivial hours. Boileau, a capital judge, maintains, that the jovial exhilaration pervading all his poetry betrays the vinous influence under which he wrote—

"Horace a bu son saoul quand il voit les Menades :"

an observation previously made by a rival satirist of Rome—

"Satur est cum dicit Horatius OHE!"

Hints of this kind are sometimes hazarded in reference to very grave writers, but, in the present instance, will be more readily believed than the assertion made by Plutarch, in his *Συμποσιον*, that the gloomy Æschylus "was habitually drunk when he wrote his tragedies."

In adopting the poetical profession Horace but followed the bent of his nature: thus, LYRICS were the spontaneous produce of his mind, as FABLES were of a kindred soul, the *naïf* Lafontaine. "*Voilà un FIGUIER,*" said the latter one day to Madame de la Sablière, in the gardens of Versailles; "*et moi, je suis un FABLIER.*" Let us take the official manifesto with which Horace opens the volume of his odes, and we shall be at once put in possession of his views of human life, through all its varied vanities; of which poetry is, after all, but one, and not the *most* ridiculous.

ODE I.—TO MECÆNAS.

"Mecænas! atavis edite regibus," &c.

MY FRIEND and PATRON, in whose veins runneth right royal blood,
Give hut to some the HIPPODROME, the car, the prancing stud,
Clouds of Olympic dust—then mark what ecstasy of soul
Their bosom feels, as the rapt wheels glowing have grazed the goal.
Talk not to them of diadem or acceptre, save the whip—
A branch of palm can raise them to the GODS' companionship.

And there be some, my friend, for whom the crowd's applause is food,
Who pine without the hollow shout of ROME's mad multitude;
Others, whose giant greediness whole provinces would drain—
Their sole pursuit to gorge and glut huge granaries with grain.

Yon homely hind, calmly resigned his narrow farm to plod,
Seek not with ASIA's wealth to wean from his paternal aod:
Ye can't prevail! no varnished tale that simple swain will urge,
In galley built of CYPREUS oak, to plough th'EGEAN surge.

Your merchant-mariner, who sighs for fields and quiet home,
While o'er the main the hurricane howls round his path of foam,
Will make, I trow, full many a vow, the deep for aye t'eschew.
He lands—what then? Pelf prompts again—his ship's afloat anew!

Soft Leisure hath its votaries, whose bliss it is to bask
In summer's ray the live-long day, quaffing a mellow flask
Under the green-wood tree, or where, but newly born as yet,
Religion guarda the cradle of the infant rivulet.

Some love the camp, the horseman's tramp, the clarion's voice; aghast
Pale mothers hear the trumpeter, and loathe the murderous blast.

Lo! under wint'ry skies his game the Hunter still pursues;
And, while his bonny bride with tears her lonely bed bedews,

He for his antler'd foe looks out, or tracks the forest whence
Broke the wild boar, whose daring tusk levelled the fragile fence.

THEE the pursuits of learning claim—a claim the gods allow ;
Thine is the ivy coronal that decks the scholar's brow :

ME in the woods' deep solitudes the Nymphs a client count,
The dancing FAUN on the green lawn, the NAIAD of the fount.
For me her lute (sweet attribute !) let POLYHYMNIA sweep ;
For me, oh ! let the flageolet breathe from EUTERPÈ's lip ;
Give but to me of poesy the lyric wreath, and then
Th' immortal halls of bliss won't hold a prouder denizen.

His political creed is embodied in the succeeding ode ; and never did patriotism, combined (as it not always is) with sound sense, find nobler utterance than in the poet's address to the head of the government. The delicate ingenuity employed in working out his ultimate conclusion, the apparently natural progression from so simple a topic as the "state of the weather," even coupled as it may have been with an inundation of the Tiber, to that magnificent *dénouement*—the apotheosis of the emperor—has ever been deservedly admired.

ODE II.

"Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ Grandinis," &c.

Since JOVE decreed in storms to vent The winter of his discontent, Thundering o'er ROME impenitent With red right hand, The flood-gates of the firmament, Have drenched the land !	And, by the deluge disposses't Of glade and grove Deers down the tide, with antler'd crest, Affrighted drove.
Terror hath seized the minds of men, Who deemed the days had come again When PROTEUS led, up mount and glen, And verdant lawn, Of teeming ocean's darksome den The monstrous spawn.	WE saw the yellow TIBER, sped Back to his TUSCAN fountain-head, O'erwhelm the sacred and the dead In one fell doom, And VESTA'S pile in ruins spread, And NUMA'S tomb.
When PYRRHA saw the ringdove's nest Harbour a strange unbidden guest,	Dreaming of days that once had been, He deemed that wild disastrous scene Might soothe his ILIA, injured queen !

And comfort give her,
Reckless though Jove should inter-
vene,
Uxorious river!

Our sons will ask, why men of Rome
Drew against kindred, friends, and
home,
Swords that a Persian hecatomb
Might best imbue—
Sons, by their fathers' feuds become
Feeble and few!

Whom can our country call in aid?
Where must the patriot's vow be
paid?
With orisons shall vestal maid
Fatigue the skies?
Or will not VESTA'S frown upbraid
Her votaries?

Augur APOLLO! shall we kneel
To THEE, and for our commonweal
With humbled consciousness ap-
peal?
Oh, quell the storm!
Come, though a silver vapour veil
Thy radiant form!

Will VENUS from Mount EREX
stoop,
And to our succour hie, with troop
Of laughing GRACES, and a group
Of Cupids round her?

Or comest THOU with wild war-
whoop,
Dread MARS! our FOUNDER?

Whose voice so long bade peace
avaunt;
Whose war-dogs still for slaughter
pant;
The tented field thy chosen haunt,
Thy child the ROMAN,
Fierce legioner, whose visage gaunt
Scowls on the foeman.

Or hath young HERMES, MAIA'S
son,
The graceful guise and form put on
Of thee, AUGUSTUS? and begun
(Celestial stranger!)
To wear the name which THOU hast
won—
"CÆSAR'S AVENGER?"

Blest be the days of thy sojourn,
Distant the hour when ROME shall
mourn
The fatal sight of thy return
To Heaven again,
Forced by a guilty age to spurn
The haunts of men.

Rather remain, beloved, adored,
Since ROME, reliant on thy sword,
To thee of JULIUS hath restored
The rich reversion;
Baffle ASSYRIA'S hovering horde.
And smite the PERSIAN!

It was fitting that early in the series of his lyrics there should appear a record of his warm intimacy with the only Roman poet of them all, whose genius could justly claim equal rank with his. It is honourable to the author of the *Aeneid* that he feared not, in the first instance, to introduce at the court of Augustus, where his own reputation was already established, one who alone of all his contemporaries could eventually dispute the laureateship, and divide the applause of the imperial circle, with himself. Virgil, however, though he has carefully embalmed in his pastorals the names of Gallus, Asinius Pollio, Varius, and Cinna; nay,

though he has wrapt up in the amber of his verse such grubs as Bavius and Mævius, has never once alluded to Horace—at least, in that portion of his poems which has come down to us—while the lyrist commemorates his gifted friend in more than a dozen instances. I should feel loath to attribute this apparently studied omission to any discreditable jealousy on the part of the Mantuan; but it would have been better had he acted otherwise. Concerning the general tenor of the following outburst on the shores of the Adriatic, while Virgil's galley sunk below the horizon, it will be seen, that his passionate attachment leads him into an invective against the shipping interest, which I do not seek to justify.

ODE III.—TO THE SHIP BEARING VIRGIL TO GREECE.

“Sic te diva potens,” &c.

May Love's own planet guide thee o'er the wave!

Brightly aloft

HELEN's star-brother's twinkling,
And ÆOLUS chain all his children, save

A west-wind soft

Thy liquid pathway wrinkling,
Galley! to whom we trust, on thy parole,

Our VIRGIL,—mark

Thou bear him in thy bosom
Safe to the land of GREECE; for half my soul,
O gallant bark!

Were lost if I should lose him.

A breast of bronze full sure, and ribs of oak,
Where his who first

Defied the tempest-demon:

Dared in a fragile skiff the blast provoke,
And boldly burst

Forth on the deep a Seaman!

Whom no conflicting hurricanes could daunt,
Nor BOREAS chill,

Nor weeping HYADS sadden,

E'en on yon gulf, whose lord, the loud LEVANT,
Can calm at will,

Or to wild frenzy madden.

What dismal form must Death put on for him
Whose cold eye mocks

The dark deep's huge indwellers!

Who calm athwart the billows sees the grim
CERAUNIAN rocks,

Of wail and woe tale-tellers!—

Though Providence poured out its ocean-flood,
 Whose broad expanse
 Might land from land dis sever,
 Careering o'er the waters, Man withstood
 Jove's ordinance
 With impious endeavour.

The human breast, with bold aspirings fraught,
 Throbs thus unawed,
 Untamed, and unquiescent,
 Fire from the skies a son of Japhet brought,
 And, fatal fraud!
 Made earth a guilty present.
 Scarce was the spark snatch'd from the bright abode,
 When round us straight
 A ghastly phalanx thickened,
Fever and Palsy; and grim Death, who strode
 With tardy gait
 Far off,—his coming quickened!

Wafted on daring art's fictitious plume
 The Cretan rose,
 And waved his wizard pinions;
 Downwards Alcides pierced the realms of gloom,
 Where darkly flows
 Styx, through the dead's dominions.
 Naught is beyond our reach, beyond our scope,
 And heaven's high laws
 Still fail to keep us under;
 How can our unreposing malice hope
 Respite or pause
 From Jove's avenging thunder?

The tone of tender melancholy which pervades all his dreams of earthly happiness—the constant allusions to Death, which startle us in his gayest and apparently most careless strains, is a very distinguishing feature of the poet's mind. There is something here beyond what appears on the surface. The skull so ostentatiously displayed at the banquets of Egypt had its mystery.

ODE IV.

“*Solvitur acris hyems.*”

Now Winter melts beneath
 Spring's genial breath,
 And Zephyr

*Solvitur acris hiems
 Grata vics
 Veris et Favoni;*

Back to the water yields
 The stranded bark—back to the fields
 The stabled heifer—
 And the gay rural scene
 The shepherd's foot can wean,
 Forth from his homely hearth, to tread
 the meadows green.

Now Venus loves to group
 Her merry troop
 Of maidens,
 Who, while the moon peeps out,
 Dance with the Graces round about
 Their queen in cadence ;
 While far, 'mid fire and noise,
 Vulcan his forge employs,
 Where Cyclops grim aloft their ponderous
 sledges poise.

Now maids, with myrtle-bough,
 Garland their brow—
 Each forehead
 Shining with flow'rets deck'd ;
 While the glad earth, by frost uncheck'd,
 Buds out all florid ;—
 Now let the knife devote,
 In some still grove remote,
 A victim-lamb to Faun ; or, should he
 list, a goat.

Death, with impartial foot,
 Knocks at the hut ;
 The lowly
 As the most princely gate.
 O favoured friend ! on life's brief date
 To count were folly ;
 Soon shall, in vapours dark,
 Quenched be thy vital spark,
 And thou, a silent ghost, for Pluto's land
 embark ?

Where at no gay repast,
 By dice's cast
 King chosen,
 Wine-laws shalt thou enforce,
 But weep o'er joy and love's warm source
 For ever frozen ;
 And tender Lydia lost,
 Of all the town the toast,
 Who then, when thou art gone, will fire
 all bosoms most !

Trahuntque siccas
 Machinæ carinas :
 Ac necque jam stabulis
 Gaudet pecus,
 Aut arator igni ;
 Nec prata canis
 Albicant pruinis.

Jam Cytherea choros
 Ducit Venus,
 Imminente Luna ;
 Junctæque Nymphis
 Gratia decentes
 Alternò terram
 Quasiunt pede,
 Dum graves Cycloppum
 Vulcanus ardens
 Urit officinas.

Nunc decet aut viridi
 Nitidum caput
 Impedire myrto,
 Aut flore, terræ
 Quem ferunt solutæ.
 Nunc et in umbrosis
 Fauno decet
 Immolare lucis,
 Seu poscat, agnâ,
 Sive malit, hædo.

Pallida mors æquo
 Pulsat pede
 Pauperum tabernas,
 Regumque turres.
 O heate Sesti,
 Vitæ summs brevis
 Spem nos vetat
 Inchoare longam.
 Jam te premet nox,
 Fabulæque Manes.

Et domus exilis
 Plutonia :
 Quo simul mearis,
 Nec regna vini
 Sortiere talis ;
 Nec teneram Lydiam
 Mirabere,
 Quâ calet juvenus
 Nunc omnis, et tunc
 Magis incalabit.

In the following lines to Pyrrha we have set before us a Roman lady's boudoir, sketched *à la Watteau*. Female fickleness was, among the Greeks, a subject deemed inexhaustible. Horace has contrived to say much thereanent throughout his volume; but the matter seems to be as fresh as ever among the moderns.—It has, no doubt, given great edification to Mr. Poynder to observe that the pagan practice alluded to, towards the closing verses, of hanging up what is called an "*ex voto*" in the temples, still prevails along the shores of the Mediterranean. For that matter, any Cockney, by proceeding only as far as Boulogne sur Mer, may find evidence of this classic *heathenism* in full vogue among the Gallic fishermen.

ODE V.—PYRRHA'S INCONSTANCY.

"Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ."

Pyrrha, who now, mayhap, Pours on thy perfumed lap, Withrosy wreath, fair youth, his fond addresses!	Quis multâ gracilis Te puer in rosâ Perfusus liquidis Urget odoribus Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro? Cui flavam religas comam,
Within thy charming grot, For whom, in gay love-knot, Playfully dost thou bind thy yellow tresses?	Simplex munditiis? Heu! quoties fidem Mutatosque Deos Flebit, et aspera Nigris æquora ventis Emirabitur insolens,
So simple in thy nestness! Alas! that so much sweetness Should prelude prove to disillusion painful! He shall bewail too late His sadly altered fate, Chilled by thy mien, repellent and disdainful,	Qui nunc te fruitur Credulus aureâ; Qui semper vacuum, Semper smabilem Sperat, nescius auræ Fallacis! Miseri, quibus.
Who now, to fondness prone, Deeming thee all his own, Revels in golden dreams of favours boundless; So bright thy beauty glows, Still fascinating those Who've yet to learn all trust in thee is groundless.	Intentata nites! Me tabulâ sacer Votivâ paries Indicat uvida Suspendisse potenti Vestimenta maris Deo.
I the false light forswear, A shipwreck'd mariner, Who hangs the painted story of his suffering Aloft o'er Neptune's shrine; There shall I hang up mine, And of my dripping robes the votive offering!	

The naval rencontres off Actium, Lepanto, and Trafalgar,

offer in European history three gigantic "water-marks," such as no three battle-plain ashore can readily furnish: but the very magnitude of each maritime event has probably deterred shrewd poets from grappling with what they despaired to board successfully. Our Dibdin's dithyrambic,

*"'Twas in Trafalgar bay
We saw the Frenchman lay," &c.,*

as well as the Venetian barcarola,

*" Cantiam tutti allegamente," &c.,**

were, no doubt, good enough for the watermen of the Thames, and the gondoliers of the Gulf. But when the Roman admiral begged from Horace an ode, emblazoning the defeat of the combined fleets of Antony and Cleopatra, it required much tact and ability to eschew the perilous attempt. The following effort shows how he got out of the scrape. The only parallel instance of clever avoidance we remember, occurred when the great Condé offered a thousand ducats for the best poem on his campaign of Rocroi. A Gascon carried the prize by this audacious outburst:

*"Pour célébrer tant de hauts faits,
Tant de combats, et tant de gloire,
Mille ecus! Parbleu! MILLE ECUS?
Ce n'est qu'un SOU par victoire."*

ODE VI.

"Scriberis Vario," &c.

Agrippa! seek a loftier bard; nor ask
Horace to twine in songs
The double wreath, due to a victor's casque
From land and ocean: such Homeric task
To Varius belongs.

Our lowly lyre no fitting music hath,
And in despair dismisses
The epic splendours of "Achilles' wrath,"
Or the "dread line of Pelops," or the "path
Of billow-borne Ulysses."

* See "Songs of Italy," *apud nos*.—O. Y.

The record of the deeds at Actium wrought
 So far transcends our talent—
 Vain were the wish! wild the presumptuous thought!
 To sing how Cæsar, how Agrippa, fought—
 Both foremost 'mid the gallant!

The *God of War* in adamantine mail;
 Merion, gaunt and grim;
 Pallas in aid; while Troy's battalions quail,
 Scared by the lance of Diomed . . . must fail
 To figure in our hymn.

Ours is the banquet-song's light-hearted strain,
 Roses our only laurel,
 The progress of a love-suit our campaign,
 Our only scars the gashes that remain
 When romping lovers quarrel.

Deprecating the mania for foreign residence, which hurried off then (as it does now) estimable citizens from a far more reputable sojourn in their native country-villas, the poet exhorts PLANCUS to give up his project of retiring into Greece (from the displeasure of Augustus), to continue in the service of the state, and, above all, to stick to the bottle.

ODE VII.—TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

“Laudabunt alii claram RHODON.”

Rhodes, Ephesus, or Mitylene, Or Thessaly's fair valley, Or Corinth, placed two gulfs atween, Delphi, or Thebes, suggest the scene Where some would choose to dally;	Plancus! do blasts for ever sweep Athwart the welkin rancoured? Friend! do the clouds for ever weep?— Then cheer thee! and thy sorrows deep
Others in praise of Athens launch, And poets lyric Grace, with Minerva's olive-branch Their panegyric.	Drown in a flowing tankard: Whether “the camp! the field! the sword!” Be still thy motto, Or Tibur to thy choice afford A sheltered grotto.
To Juno's city some would roam— Argos—of steeds productive; In rich Mycenæ make their home, Or find Larissa pleasurable, Or Sparta deem seductive; Me Tibur's grove charms more than all	When Teucer from his father's frown For exile parted, Wreathing his brow with poplar- crown,
The brook's bright bosom, And o'er loud Anio's waterfall Fruit-trees in blossom.	In wine he bade his comrades drown Their woes light-hearted;

And thus he cried, Whate'er betide,
 Hope shall not leave me :
 The home a father hath denied
 Let Fortune give me !

Who doubts or dreads if Teucer
 lead ?
 Hath not Apollo

A new-found *Salamis* decreed,
 Old Fatherland shall supersede ?
 Then fearless follow.
 Ye who could bear ten years your
 share
 Of toil and slaughter,
 Drink! for our sail to-morrow's gale
 Wafts o'er the water.

The old tune of "Peas upon a trencher" has been adapted to "The time I've lost in wooing," by Tom Moore. Mr. Cazalès, of the *Assemblée Nationale*, has given a French version of the immortal original. *Ex gr.* :

"Garçon, apportez moi, moi,
 Des pois, des petis pois, pois :
 Ah, quel plaisir ! quand je les vois
 Verts, sur leur plat de boie, bois," &c. &c.

I hope there is no profanation in arranging an ode of Horace to the same fascinating tune.—The diary of a Roman man of fashion can be easily made up from the elements of daily occupation, supplied by the following :

ODE VIII.

"Lydia, dic per omnes," &c.

Enchanting Lydia ! prithee,
 By all the gods that see thee,
 Pray tell me this : Must Sybaris
 Perish, enamoured with thee ?
 Lo ! wrapt as in a trance, he
 Whose hardy youth could fancy
 Each manly feat, dreads dust and heat,
 All through thy necromancy !

Why rides he never, tell us,
 Accoutred like his fellows,
 For curb and whip, and horsemanship,
 And martial bearing zealous ?
 Why hange he back, demurrent
 To breast the Tiber's current,
 From wrestlers' oil, as from the coil
 Of poisonous snake, abhorrent ?

No more with iron rigour
 Rude armour-marks disfigure
 His pliant limbs, but languor dims
 His eye and wastes his vigour.

Lydia, dic per omnes
 Te Deos oro,
 Sybarim
 Cur properas amando,
 Perdere ? cur apricum
 Oderit campum,
 Patiens
 Purveris atque Solis ?

Cur neque militaris
 Inter æquales
 Equitat ?
 Gallica nec lupatis
 Temperat ora frænis ?
 Cur timet flavum
 Tiberim
 Tangere ? cur olivum.

Sanguine viperino
 Cautius vitat ?
 Neque jam
 Livida jestat armis

Gone is the youth's ambition
To give the lance emiasion,
Or hurl adroit the circling quoit
In gallant competition.

And his embowered retreat is
Like where the Son of Thetia
Lurked undivulged, while he indulged
A mother's soft entreaties,
Robed as a Grecian girl,
Lest soldier-like apparel
Might raise a flame, and his kindling frame
Through the ranks of slaughter whirl.

Brachia, aæpe disco,
Sæpe trans finem
Jaculo
Nobilis expedito ?

Quid latet, ut marinæ
Filiam dicunt
Thetidis,
Sub lachrymosa Trojæ
Funera, ne virilia
Cultus in cædem, et
Lycias
Proriperet catervas.

To relish the ninth ode, the reader must figure to himself the hunting-box of a young Roman, some miles from Rome, with a distant view of the Mediterranean in front; Mount Soracté far off on the right; a tall cypress grove on the left, backed by the ridge of Apennines.

ODE IX.

"Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum
Socrate," &c.

VERSIO PROUTICA.

See how the winter blanches
Soracté's giant brow !
Hear how the forest-branches
Groan for the weight of snow !
While the fix'd ice impanels
Rivers within their channels.

Out with the frost ! expel her !
Pile up the fuel-block,
And from thy hoary cellar
Produce a Sabine crock :
O Thaliarek ! remember
It count a fourth December.

Give to the gods the guidance
Of earth's arrangements. Liat !
The blaats at their high biddance
From the vex'd deep desist,
Nor 'mid the cypreas riot ;
And the old elms are quiet.

TRADUTTA DAL GARGALLO.

Vedi tu di neve in copia
Il Soratte omai canuto
Vedi come crollan gli alberi
Sotto al peso ; e 'l gelo acuto
Come ai fiumi trà le sponde
Fa indurar le liquid' onde.

Sciogli 'l freddo con man prodiga
Rifornendo, O Taliarco !
Legni al foco ; e più del solito
A spillar non esser parco
Da orecchiuto orcio Sabino,
Di quattr' anni 'l pretto vino.

Sien del resto i numi gli arbitri
Ch'ove avran d' Auatro e di Borea
Abattuto il fervid impeto
Per la vasta arena equorea
Ne i cipressi urto nemico
Scuoterà, ne l' orno antico.

Enjoy, without forehoding, Life as the moments run ; Away with Care corroding, Youth of my soul ! nor shun Love, for whose smile thou'rt suited ; And 'mid the dancers foot it.	Ciò indagar fuggi sollecito Che avvenir doman dovrà ; Guigni a lucro il dì che reduce La Fortuna a te darà Ne sprezzar ne' tuoi fresc' anni Le carole e dolci affanni.
--	---

While youth's hour lasts, beguile it ; Follow the field, the camp, Each manly sport, till twilight Brings on the vesper-lamp ; Then let thy loved one lisp her Fond feelings in a whisper.	Sin che lunga da te vegeto Sta canuta età importuna Campi e piazze ti riveggano ; E fidele quando imbruna T' abbia l' ora che ti appella A ronzar con la tua bella.
---	--

Or in a nook hide furtive, Till by her laugh betrayed, And drawn, with struggle sportive, Forth from her ambushade ; Bracelet or ring th' offender In forfeit sweet surrender !	Or' è oaro quel sorridere Scopritor della fanciulla Che in un angolo internandosi A celarsi si trastulla, Ed al finto suo ritegno Trar d' armilla o anello il pegno.
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The subsequent *morceau* is not given in the usual printed editions of our poet: even the MSS. omit it, except the *Vatican Codex*. I myself have no hesitation as to its genuineness, though Burns has saved me the trouble of translation.

ODE X.

“Virent arundines.”—“Green grow the rushes, O !”

There's naught but care on every han', In every hour that passes, O ! What signifies the life of man, An' 'twere not for the lasses, O ! Green grow the rushes, O ! Green grow the rushes, O ! The sweetest hours that e'er I spent, Were spent among the lasses, O !	Curæ corrodunt Urbem, Rus, Et sapientum cellulas, Nec vitâ vellem frui plus* Nî foret ob puellulas— Virent arundines ! At me tenellulas Tædet horarum nisi queis Inter fui puellulas !
The warly race may riches chase, And riches still may flee them, O ! And when at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O ! Green grow the rushes, O ! Green grow the rushes, O ! The sweetest hours that e'er I spent, Were spent among the lasses, O !	Divitias avaro dem, Insudet auri cumulo, Quærat quocumque modo rem, Inops abibit tumulo. Virent arundines ! At me tenellulas Tædet horarum nisi queis Inter fui puellulas !

* Another MS. reads, “Nec viverem diutius,” but the emphasis and accent on the final rhyme is thus impaired, though the idiom is improved.

Give me a canny hour at e'en, My arms about my deary, O! Then warly cares and warly men May all gang tapsalteery, O! Green grow the rashes, O! Green grow the rashes, O! The sweetest hours that e'er I spent, Were spent amang the lasses, O!	Cùm Sol obscurat spicula, Stringente, fit, amiculâ, Mî, brachio tunc niveo, Rerum dulcis oblivio! Virent arundines! At me tenellulas Tædet horarum nisi queis Inter fui puellulas!
For ye sæ douce ye sneer at this, Ye're naught but senseless asses, O! The wisest man the world e'er saw, He dearly loved the lasses, O! Green grow the rashes, O! Green grow the rashes, O! The sweetest hours that e'er I spent, Were spent amang the lasses, O!	Nam dices contrâ? canum grex! An fuit vir sagacior Quàm Solomon? aut unquam rex In virgines salacior? Virent arundines! At me tenellulas Tædet horarum nisi queis Inter fui puellulas!
Dame Nature swears the lovely dears Her noblest wark, she classes, O! Her prentice han' she tried on man, And then she made the lasses, O! Green grow the rashes, O! Green grow the rashes, O! The sweetest hours that e'er I spent, Were spent amang the lasses, O!	Quas cum de terræ vasculo Natura finxit bellulas, Tentavit manum masculo Formavit tunc puellulas. Virent arundines! At me tenellulas, Tædet horarum nisi queis Inter fui puellulas!

THE SONGS OF HORACE.

DECADE THE SECOND.

"Horatium in quibusdam nolim interpretari."—QUINCT. *Instit. Or.*, i. 8.

"The lyrical part of Horace can never be perfectly translated."

SAM. JOHNSON *apud* BOSWELL, vol. vii. p. 219.

"Horacio es de todos los poetas latinos el mas defícil de manejar."

DON JAVIER DE BURGOS, p. 11. *Madrid*, 1820.

"Horace crochette et furette tout le magasin des mots."

MONTAIGNE, *Essais*.

"Prout's translations from Horace are too free and easy."

Athenæum, 9th July, 1836.

Πειρασομαι λεγειν, Ω ΑΝΔΡΕΣ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΙ, δεηθεις ἡμῶν τοσαυτον,
επειδων παντα ακουσητε, κρινατε, και μη προτερον προλαμβανετε.

DEMOST., Φιλίπ. Πρωτ.

The sage Montaigne, a grave Castillian,
Old Dr. Johnson, and Quinctillian,

Would say, a task, by no means facile,
 Had fallen to him of Watergrasshill.
 May he, then, claim indulgence for his
 Renewed attempt to render Horace? . . .
 As for your critic o' th' Asinæum,
 We (Yorke), unrancoured, hope to see him
 Smoking yet many a pipe, an't please ye,
 With us at old Prout's "FREE and EASY."—O. Y.

IT is fully admitted at this time of day, that endurable translations, in any modern idiom, of the Greek and Roman *capi d'opera*, are lamentably few. But if there be a paucity of successful attempts in prose, it must not surprise us that the candidates for renown in the poetical department should be still less fortunate in the efforts they have made to climb the sacred hill by catching at the skirts of some classic songster. The established and canonised authors of antiquity seem to view with no favourable eye these surreptitious endeavours to get at the summit-level of their glorious pre-eminence, and HORACE in particular (as Mawworm, or Mathews, would say) has positively resolved on "*wearing a Spenser*." To the luckless and presumptuous wight who would fain follow him, in the hope of catching at a fold of his impracticable jacket, he turns round and addresses, in his own peculiar Latin, the maxim which we will content ourselves with giving in the French of Voltaire :

"Le nombre des elus au Parnasse est complet!"

"The places are all taken, on the double-peaked mountain of Greek and Roman poesy the mansions are all tenanted; the classic Pegasus won't carry double; there is not the slightest chance here: go elsewhere, friend, and seek out in the regions of the north a Parnassus of your own."

Whereupon we are reminded of an anecdote of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, when the German horse-auxiliaries were routed at Ballynacoppul, in the county Wexford, by the bare-footed heroes of the pike and pitchfork. A victorious Patlander was busily engaged in a field pulling off the boots from a dead trooper, when another repealer, coming up, suggested the propriety of dividing the spoil—half-a-pair being, in his opinion, a reasonable allowance for both. "Why, then, neighbour," quietly observed the operator in reply,

“can't you be aisy, and go and kill a Hessian *for yourself?*” By what process of induction this story occurred to us just now we cannot imagine; *à-propos des bottes*, most probably.

Certain it is, that, to succeed, a translation must possess more or less intrinsic originality. Among us, POPE'S HOMER is, beyond all comparison, the most successful performance of its kind; not that it textually reproduces the *Iliad*—a task far more accurately accomplished by the maniac Cowper, in *his* unreadable version—but because the richly endowed mind of Pope himself pours out its own opulence in every line, and works the mineral ores of Greece with the abundant resources of English capital.

Dryden's forcible and vigorous, but more frequently rollicking and titubant, progress through the *Æneid*, may awhile arrest attention; nay, ever and anon some bold passage will excite our wonder, at the felicitous hardihood of “glorious John:” but it would be as wrong to call it VIRGIL, as to take the slapdash plungings of a “wild goose at play” for the graceful and majestic motion of the Swan of Mantua gliding on the smooth surface of his native Mincio, under a luxuriant canopy of reeds. The TACITUS of Arthur Murphy is *not* the terse, significant, condensed, and deep-searching contemporary of Pliny; no one would feel more puzzled than the Roman to recognise his own semi-oracular style in the sonorous phraseology, the *quasi*-Gibbonian period, the “long-impedimented march of oratoric pomp” with which the Cork man has encumbered him. And yet Murphy tacitly passes for a fit English representative of the acute ANNALIST, the scientific ANALYSER of imperial Rome. Our Junius alone could have done justice to the iron Latinity of Tacitus. To translate the letters of old “*Nominis umbra*” into French or Italian, would be as hopeless an experiment as to try and Anglicise the *naïf* Lafontaine, or make Metastasio talk his soft nonsense through the medium of our rugged gutturals. Plutarch was lucky enough to have found long ago, among the French, a kindred mind in old Amyot: the only drawback to which good fortune is, that your modern Gaul requires somebody to translate the translator. Abbé Delille has enriched his country with an admirable version of the *Georgics*; but the same ornamental touches which he used so successfully in embellishing Vir-

gil, have rendered his translation of our Milton a model of absurdity.

No one reads *Ossian* now-a-days in England; his poems lie neglected among us—"desolate" as the very "walls of Balclutha;" yet in Italy, thanks to Cesarotti, "Fingal" still brandishes his spear "like an icicle," and the stars continue "dimly to twinkle through thy form, ghost of the gallant Oscar!" The affair presents, in truth, a far more ornate and elaborate specimen of the bombast in the *toscana favella* than it doth in the original Macphersonic; and Buonaparte, who confessedly modelled the style of his "proclamations" on the speeches of these mad Highlanders, derived all his phil-Ossianism from the work of Cesarotti. Of the *Paradise Lost* there happen to be a couple of excellent Italian versions (with the author of one, the exiled Guido Sorelli, we now and then crack a bottle at Offley's); and *l'Eneide* of Annibal Caro is nearly unexceptionable. RABELAIS has met, in our Sir Thomas Urquhart, a congenial spirit; but DON QUIXOTE has never been enabled to cross the Pyrenees, much less the ocean-boundaries of the peninsula. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that Westminster has lately sent, in Evans, a rival of the woful knight's chivalry to St. Sebastian. To return to the classics: when we have named Dr. Gifford's *Juvenal*, with the praiseworthy labours of Sotheby and Chapman, we think we have exhausted the subject; for it requires no conjurer to tell us that Tom Moore's *Anacreon* is sad rubbish, and that, in hundreds of similar cases, the *traduttore* differs from a *traditore* only by a syllable.

On the theory, as well as the practice of translation, old Prout seems to have bestowed considerable attention; though it would appear, at first, somewhat strange, that so eccentric and self-opiniated a genius as he evidently was, could stoop to the common drudgery of merely transferring the thoughts of another from one idiom into a second or third—nay, occasionally, a fourth one (as in the case of "Les Bois de Blarney"), instead of pouring out on the world his own ideas in a copious flood of original composition. Why did he not indite a "poem" of his own? write a treatise on political economy? figure as a *natural* theologian? turn history into romance for the ladies? or into an old almanack for the Whigs? We believe the matter has

been already explained by us; but, lest there should be any mistake, we do not care how often we repeat the father's favourite assertion, that, in these latter days, "ORIGINALITY there can be none." The thing is not to be had. Disguise thyself as thou wilt, Plagiarism! thou art still perceptible to the eye of the true bookworm; and the silent process of reproduction in the world of ideas is not more demonstrable to the scientific inquirer than the progressive metempsychosis of matter itself, through all its variform molecules. As Horace has it:

"Multa renascuntur quæ jam cecidere."—*Ep. ad Pison.*, 70.

Or, to quote the more direct evidence of honest old Chaucer, who discovered the incontrovertible fact at the very peep-o'-day of modern literature:

... "Out of olde feldies, as man seieth,
Comith all this newe corne from yete to yearn;
And out of olde bokis, in good faithe,
Comith all this newe science that menne learn."

Scarce is an ancient writer sunk into oblivion, or his works withdrawn from general perusal, when some literary Beau Tibbs starts upon town with the identical cast-off intellectual wardrobe, albeit properly "refreshed" so as to puzzle any mortal eye, save that of a regularly educated Jew old-clothesman. ADDISON has hinted, somewhat obscurely, his belief in the practice here described, when (recording his judgment allegorically) he says—

"Soon as the shades of night prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale."

Should any one wish to see this truth further developed, let him purchase a book called *The Wondrous Tale of Aloy*, by Benjamin Disraeli the Younger; of which, no doubt, a few copies remain on hand.

So long ago as the seventy-second Olympiad, an ingenious writer of Greek songs had already intimated his knowledge of these goings-on in the literary circles, and of the brain-sucking system generally, when he most truly (though enigmatically) represents the "black earth" drinking the rain-water, the trees pumping up the moisture of the soil, the

sun inhaling the ocean vapours and vegetable juices, the moon living equally on suction—

Ο δ' ηλιος θαλατταν
Τον δ'ηλιον σεληνη·

and so on, through a long series of computations and mutual hobnobbing, to the end of the chapter. Most modern readers are satisfied with moonshine.

Prout had too high a sense of honesty to affect original writing; hence he openly gave himself out as a simple translator. "*Non meus hic sermo*" was his constant avowal, and he sincerely pitied the numerous pretenders to inventive genius with whom the times abound. Smitten with the love of antique excellence, and absorbed in the contemplation of classic beauty, he turned with disdain from books of minor attraction, and had no relish save for the ever-enduring perfections of the Greek and Roman muse. He delighted in transferring these ancient thoughts to a modern vocabulary, and found solace and enjoyment in the renewed repercussion of remote and bygone "old familiar" sounds.

There is not, in the whole range of pagan mythology, a more graceful impersonation than that of the nymph Echo—the disconsolate maiden, who pined away until nothing remained but the faculty of giving back the voice of her beloved. To the veteran enthusiast of Watergrasshill, little else was left in the decline of his age but a corresponding tendency to *translate* what in his youth he had admired; though it must be added, that 'his echoes were sometimes like the one at Killarney, which, if asked, "*How do you do, Paddy Blake?*" will answer, "*Pretty well, I thank you!*"

OLIVER YORKE.

Regent Street, July 26th.

Watergrasshill, half-past eleven.

IN the natural progress of things, and following the strict order of succession, I alight on the tenth ode of book the first, whereof the title is "AD MERCURIUM." This personage, called by the Greeks HERMES, or the inter-"preter," deserves particular notice at my hands in this place; foras-

much as, among the crowd of attributes ascribed to him by pagan divines, and the vast multiplicity of occupations to which he is represented as giving his attention (such as performing heavenly messages, teaching eloquence, guiding ghosts, presiding over highways, patronising commerce and robbers), he originated, and may be supposed to preserve a lingering regard for, the art of *translation*. Conveyancing is a science divisible into many departments, over all which his influence, no doubt, extends: nor is it the least troublesome province of all aptly to convey the meaning of a difficult writer. With ORPHEUS, then, may it be allowable to address him on the threshold of a task like mine—

Κλυθι μου Ερμεια, Διος αγγελε, κ. τ. λ.

Indeed Dean Swift, in his advice to poets, seems to be fully aware of the importance to be attached to the assistance of so useful and multiform an agent, when he knowingly penned the following recipe for "*the machinery*" of an epic:

"Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use; separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle: let Juno set him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember, on all occasions, *to make use of VOLATILE MERCURY.*"

The quantity of business necessarily transacted by him in his innumerable capacities, has furnished that profane scoffer at all established creeds, LUCIAN, with matter of considerable merriment; he going so far, in one of his dialogues, as to hint that, though young in appearance (according to what sculpture and painting have made of his outward semblance), he must fain be as old as Japhet in malice. This degenerate Greek would seem to look on the god of wit, eloquence, commerce, and diplomacy as a sort of pagan compound of Figaro, Rothschild, Dick Turpin, and Talleyrand. It would be naturally expected that our neighbours, the French, should have evinced, from the earliest times, an instinctive partiality for so lively an impersonation of their own endemic peculiarities; and we therefore feel no surprise in finding that fact recorded by a holy father of the second century (*Tertull. adv. Gnostic. cap. vii.*), the same observation occurring to Cæsar in his *Commentaries*, viz. "*Galli deum maxime Mercurium colunt*" (lib. iv.). HUET, the illus-

trious bishop of Avranches, has brought considerable ability to the identification of Mercury, or *Hermes Trismegistus*, with the Hebrew shepherd MOSES; and this, I confess, has been my own system, long ago adopted by me on the perusal of Father Kircher's *Œdipus*.

The twisted serpents round his magical rod are but slight indications of his connexion with Egypt, compared to the coincidences which might be alleged, were it advisable to enter on the inquiry; and I merely allude to it here because Horace himself thinks proper, in the following ode, to call his celestial patron a "*nephew of Mount Atlas*:" setting thus at rest the question of his African pedigree. This odd expression has been re-echoed by an Italian poet of celebrity in some sonorous lines:

"Scendea talor degli inaurati scanni
E risaliva alle stellanti rote,
Araldo dagli Dei battendo i vanni
D'Atlante il facondissimo nipote."

We are told by Apollodorus how the god, walking one day on the banks of the Nile, after the annual inundation had ceased, and the river had fallen back into its accustomed channel, found a dead tortoise lying on its back, all the fleshy parts of which had been dried up by the action of the sun's rays, so intensely powerful in Egypt: but a few of the tougher fibres remained; upon touching which the light-fingered deity found them to emit an agreeable tone. Forthwith was conceived in his inventive brain the idea of a lute. Thus the laws of gravitation are reported to have suggested themselves to Newton, while pondering in his orchard of an afternoon, on seeing a ripe apple fall from its parent branch. The Corinthian capital was the result of a Greek girl having left her clothes-basket, covered over with a tile, on a plant of acanthus. The STEAM-ENGINE originated in observing the motion of the lid on a barber's kettle. Whatever gracefulness and beauty may be found in the three first statements (and, surely, they are highly calculated to charm the fancy), the last, I fear (though leading to far more important consequences than all the rest), offers but a meagre subject for painting or poetry.

The Latin name of Mercury is derived, according to a tradition religiously preserved among those hereditary guar-

dians of primitive ignorance, the schoolmasters, from the word *merx*, merchandise. I beg leave to submit (and I am borne out by an old MS. in the King's Library, Paris, marked B. Φ.), that, though the name of commercial commodities may have been aptly taken from the god supposed to preside over their prosperous interchange, HE himself was so called from his functions of messenger between earth and heaven, *quasi MEDIUS CURRENS*; an origin of far higher import, and an allusion to far more sacred doctrines than are to be gathered from the ordinary ravings of pagan theology.

Among the Greeks, he rejoiced in the equally significant title of Hermes, or, the "expounder of hidden things." And it would appear that he was as constantly put in requisition by his classic devotees of old, as St. Antonio of Padua is at the present day among the *vetturini*, and the vulgar generally throughout Italy. It is, however, a somewhat strange contradiction in the Greek system of divinity, that the god of locomotion and rapidity should also be the protector of fixtures, milestones, land marks, monumental erections, and of matters conveying the idea of permanence and stability. The well-known signet of Erasmus, which gave rise to sundry malicious imputations against that eminent priest, was a statue of the god in the shape of a *terminus*, with the motto, "CEDO NULLI;" and every one knows what odium attached itself to the youth Alcibiades, when, in a mad frolic, he removed certain figures of this description, during a night of jollity, in the streets of Athens. The author of the Book of Proverbs gives a caution, which it were well for modern destructives to take to themselves, entering into the spirit that dictated that most sensible admonition (Prov. xxii. 28), "Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set:" "*Ne transgrediaris terminos antiquos quos posuerunt patres tui.*"

ODE X.—HYMN TO MERCURY.

"MERCURI facunde Nepos ATLANTIS."

Persuasive Hermes! Afric's son!	Mercuri, facunde nepos Atlantis,
Who—scarce had human life begun—	Qui feros cultus hominum re-
Amid our rude forefathers shone	centum
With arts instructive,	Voce formasti catus, et decoræ
And man to new refinement won	More palæstræ!
With grace seductive.	

Herald of Jove, and of his court,
The lyre's inventor and support,
Genius! that can at will resort
 To glorious cunning;
Both gods and men in furtive sport
 And wit outrunning!

YOU, when a child the woods amid,
Apollo's kine drew off and hid;
And when the god with menace bid
 The spoil deliver,
Forced him to smile—for, while he chid,
 You stole his quiver!

The night old Priam sorrowing went,
With gold through many a Grecian
 tent,
And many a foeman's watchfire, bent
 To ransom Hector,
In you he found a provident
 Guide and protector.

Where bloom Elysium's groves be-
 yond
Death's portals and the Stygian pond,
You guide the ghosts with golden
 wand,
Whose special charm is
That Jove and Pluto both are fond
 Alike of Hermes!

Te esnam, magni Jovis et De-
 orum
Nuntium, curvæque lyræ paren-
 tem
Callidum, quidquid placuit, jo-
 coso
 Condere furto.

Te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
Per dolum amotas, puerum mi-
 naci
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetra
 Risit Apollo.

Quin et Atridas, duce te, super-
 bos,
Ilio dives Prismus relicto,
Thessalosque ignes et iniqua
 Trojæ
 Castra fefellit.

Tu piis lætis animas reponis
Sedibus, virgaque levem coerces
Aurea turbam, superis Deorum
 Gratus et imis.

So much for Mercury. Turn we now to another feature in the planetary system. The rage for astrological pursuits, and the belief in a secret influence exercised by the stars over the life and fortune of individuals, seems, at certain epochs of the world's history, to have seized on mankind like an epidemic; but never was the mania so prevalent as after the death of Julius Cæsar. The influx of Asiatic luxury had been accompanied by the arrival at Rome of a number of "wise men from the east," and considerable curiosity had been excited among all classes by the strange novelty of oriental traditions. Among these remnants of original revelation, the announcement of a forthcoming Conqueror, to be harbingered and ushered into the possession of empire by a mysterious star,* had fixed the attention of political intri-

* The expressions of Propertius are very remarkable:
"Quæritis et cælo PHœNICUM INVENTA sereno
 Quæ sit stella," &c. &c.—Lib. ii. 20, 60.

guers as a fit engine for working on popular credulity ; and hence the partisans of young Octavius were constantly ringing the changes on "CÆSARIS ASTRUM" and "JULIUM SIDUS," until they had actually forced the populace into a strong faith in the existence of some celestial phenomenon connected with the imperial house of Cæsar. Those who recollect, as I do, how famously *Pastorini's Prophecies* assisted the interests of Captain Rock and the Dynasty of Derrynane, will understand the nature of this sort of humbug, and will readily imagine how the mob of Rome was tutored by the *augurs* into a firm reliance on the interference of heaven in the business. Buonaparte was too shrewd a student of human weaknesses, and had read history too carefully to overlook the tendency of the vulgar towards this belief in supernatural apparitions ; hence he got up an *ignis fatuus* of his own, which he called the "SOLEIL D'AUSTERLITZ," and out of which he took a particular shine on more than one brilliant occasion. Many an old infidel grenadier was firmly persuaded, that, better than Joshua the Jew, their leader could command the glorious disc to do his bidding ; and every battle-field, consequently, became a "valley of Ajalon," where they smote the sourcroust children of Germany to their hearts' content. But we are wandering from the era of Augustus. By a very natural process, the belief in a ruling star, in connexion with the imperial family, expanded itself from that narrow centre into the broad circumference of every family in the empire ; and each individual began to fancy he might discover a small twinkling shiner, of personal importance to himself, in the wide canopy of heaven. Great, in consequence, was the profit accruing to any cunning seer from the east, who might happen to set up an observatory on some one of the seven hills for the purpose of allotting to each lady and gentleman their own particular planet. Nostradamus, Cagliostro, Dr. Spurzheim, and St. John Long, had long been anticipated by Roman practitioners ; and in the annals of roguery, as well as of literature and politics, there is nothing new under the sun.

In Mr. Ainsworth's romance of the *Admirable Crichton* (which he wisely submitted in embryo to my perusal), I cannot but commend the use he has made of the astrological practices so prevalent under the reign of

Henry de Valois, and in the days of Catherine de Medicis ; indeed, I scarcely know any of the so-called historical novels of this frivolous generation, which has altogether so graphically reproduced the spirit and character of the times, as this dashing and daring portraiture of the young Scotchman in Paris and his contemporaries.

The mistress of Horace, it would seem, had taken it into her head to go and consult these soothsayers from Chaldea as to the probable duration of the poet's life and her own—of course, fancying it needless to inquire as to the probability of their amours being quite commensurate with their earthly career ; a matter which circumstances, nevertheless, should render somewhat problematical—whereupon her lover chides the propensity, in the following strain of tender and affectionate remonstrance :

ODE XI.—AD LEUCONOEN.

Love, mine ! seek not to grope
Through the dark windings of Chaldean witch-
ery,

To learn your horoscope,
Or mine, from vile adepts in fraud and treach-
ery,

My Leuconoë ! shun
Those sons of Babylon.

Far better 'twere to wait,
Calmly resigned, the destined hour's maturity,
Whether our life's brief date
This winter close, or, through a long futurity,
For us the sea still roar
On yon Tyrranean shore.

Let Wisdom fill the cup ;—
Vain hopes of lengthened days and years fel-
icitous

Folly may treasure up ;
Ours be the day that passeth—unsolicitous
Of what the next may bring.
Time flieth as we sing !

Tu ne quæsieris,
Scire nefas,
Quem mihi, quem tibi,
Finem Di dederint,
Leuconoë,
Nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros.—
Ut melius.

Quidquid erit, pati,
Seu plures hiemes,
Seu tribuit
Jupiter ultimam,
Quæ nunc oppositis
Debilitat
Pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum !

Sapias, vina liques,
Et spatio brevi
Spem longem reseces.
Dum loquimur.
Fugerit invida
Ætas. Carpe diem,
Quam minimum
Credula postero.

Horace has been often accused of plundering the Greeks,

and of transferring entire odes from their language into Latin metres. The charge is perfectly borne out by conclusive facts, and I shall have perhaps an opportunity of recurring to the evidences, as afforded in the subsequent decades of this series. The opening of the following glorious dithyramb is clearly borrowed from the *Ἀναξίφορομύγγες Ἵμνοι* of Pindar; but I venture to say that there is not among the Songs of Horace a more truly Roman, a more intensely national effusion, than this invocation of divine protection on the head of the government. The art of lyrical progression, the *ars celare artem*, is nowhere practised with greater effect; and the blending up of all the historical recollections most dear to the country with the prospects of the newly-established dynasty, the hopes of the young Marcellus, and the preservation of the emperor's life, is a masterstroke of the politico-poetical tactician. The very introduction of a word in honour of the republican Cato, by throwing the public off its guard, and by giving an air of independent boldness to the composition, admirably favours the object he has in view. A more august association of ideas, a bolder selection of images, is not to be found within the compass of any ode, ancient or modern—save, perhaps, in the canticle of Habakkuk, or in the "Persian feast" of Dryden.

ODE XII.—A PRAYER FOR AUGUSTUS.

"Quem virum aut heroa."

Aria—"Sublime was the warning."

Name. Clio, the man! or the god. . —for whose sake
 The lyre, or the clarion, loud echoes shall wake
 On thy favourite hill, or in Helicon's grove? . . .
 Whence forests have followed the wizard of Thrace,
 When rivers enraptured suspended their race,
 When the ears were vouchsafed to the obdurate oak,
 And the blasts of mount Hæmus bowed down to the yoke
 Of the magical minstrel, grandson of Jove.

First to Him raise the song! whose parental control
 Men and gods feel alike; whom the waves, as they roll—
 Whom the earth, and the stars, and the seasons obey,
 Unapproached in his godhead; majestic alone,
 Though Pallas may stand on the steps of his throne,

Though huntress Dians may challenge a shrine,
And worship be due to the god of the vine,
And to archer Apollo, bright giver of day!

Shall we next sing Alcides? or Leda's twin-lights—
Him the Horseman, or him whom the Cestus delights?
Both shining aloft, by the seaman adored;
(For he kens that their rising the clouds can dispel,
Dash the foam from the rock, and the hurricane quell.)—
Of Romulus next shall the claim be allowed?
Of Nums the peaceful? of Tarquin the proud?
Of Cato, whose fall hath ennobled his sword?

Shall Scaurus, shall Regulus fruitlessly crave
Honour due? shall the Consul, who prodigal gave
His life-blood on Cannæ's disastrous plain?—
Camillus? or he whom a king could not tempt?
Stern Poverty's children, unfashioned, unkempt,—
The fame of Marcellus grows yet in the shade,
But the meteor of Julius besms over his head,
Like the moon that outshines all the stars in her train!

Great Deity, guardian of men! unto whom
We commend, in Augustus, the fortunes of Rome,
REIGN FOR EVER! but guard *his* subordinate throne.
Be it his—of the Parthian each inroad to check;
Of the Indian, in triumph, to trample the neck;
To rule all the nations of earth;—be it Jove's
To exterminate guilt from the god's hallowed groves,
Be the bolt and the chariot of thunder THINE own!

Next comes an ode in imitation of Sappho. Who has not read that wondrous woman's eloquent outburst of ecstatic passion? In all antiquity, no love-song obtained such celebrity as that which has come down to us in the form of a fragment; but though many attempts have been made to divest it of its Grecian envelope, and robe it in modern costume, I am sorry for the sake of the ladies to be obliged to say, that it never can be presented in any other shape than what it wears in the splendid original. That is the more to be regretted, as, in a recent volume of very exquisite poetry, Letitia Landon has devoted six glowing pages* to the development of Sappho's supposed feelings. If kindred eloquence could be taken as a substitute, and if the delicate instinct of a lively and fervent female soul may be ima-

* Pp. 115—121 of the *Vow of the Peacock, and other Poems*, by L. E. L. 1 vol. small 8vo. Saunders and Ottley.

gined fully capable of catching the very spirit of Greek inspiration, then may it be permitted to apply the words of Horace occurring in another place :

“Spirat adhuc amor
Vivuntque commissi calores
Lætitia fidibus puellæ.”—Lib. iv. ode ix.

But, returning to the ode before us, it is not my province to decide whether the jealousy which our poet here describes was really felt, or only affected for poetic purposes. From the notorious unsteadiness of his attachments, and the multitudinous list of his loves, including in the catalogue Lalagé, Glycera, Leuconoë, Neæra, Cloris, Pyrrha, Nerine, Lycé, Phidylé, Cynaris, &c. &c. (by the way, all *Greek* girls), I should greatly doubt the sincerity of his ardour for Lydia. It is only necessary, for the explanation of “*dente labris notam*,” terminating the third stanza, in reference to Roman ideas of proper behaviour towards the ladies, to record what Flora says of her friend Pompey, in Plutarch’s life of that illustrious general :—*Μνημόνευσεν της προς τον Πομπειον ομιλιας ως ουχ ην εκεινω συναναπαυσαμενην, ΑΔΗΚΤΩΣ απελθειν.* For the right understanding of that singular phrase in the fourth stanza, the “quintessence,” or fifth part, of *NECTAR*, be it remembered that the sweetness of the celestial beverage so called was supposed to be divided into ten parts, the tenth or tythe whereof constituted what men call *honey* : Το μελι, εννατον της αμβροσιας μερος, quoth Ibius. From which it is as plain as Cocker, that Love, being the fifth part, or $\frac{1}{5}$, gives a fractional sweetness of much higher power and intensity.

ODE XIII.—THE POET’S JEALOUSY.

“Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam,” &c.

Lydia, when you tauntingly
Talk of Telephus, praising him
For his beauty, vauntingly
Far beyond me raising him,
His rosy neck, and arms of alabaster,
My rage I scarce can master !

Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam,
Cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, vœ! meum
Fervens difficili
Bile tumor jecur.

Pale and faint with dizziness, All my features presently Paint my soul's uneasiness ; Tears, big tears, incessantly Steal down my cheeks, and tell in what fierce fashion My bosom burns with passion.	Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color Certâ sede manet ; Humor et in genas Furtim labitur, arguens Quam lentis penitus Macerer ignibus.
'Sdeath ! to trace the evidence Of your gay deceitfulness, Mid the cup's improvidence, Mid the feast's forgetfulness, To trace, where lips and ivory shoulders pay for it, The kiss of your young favourite !	Uror, seu tibi candidos Turpârunt humeros Immodicæ mero Rixæ ; sive puer furens Impressit memorem Dente labris notam.
Deem not vainly credulous, Such wild transports durable, Or that fond and sedulous Love is thus procurable : Though Venus drench the kiss with her quin- tessence, Its nectar Time soon lessens.	Non, si me satis audias, Speres perpetuum Dulcia barbaré Lædentem oscula, quæ Venus Quintâ parte sui Nectaris imbuit.
But where meet (thrice fortunate !) Kindred hearts and suitable, Strife comes ne'er importunate, Love remains immutable ; On to the close they glide, mid scenes Elysian, Through life's delightful vision !	Felices ter, et amplius, Quos irrupta tenet Copula ; nec malis Divulsus querimoniis Supremâ citius Solvét Amor die !

Quintilian (lib. viii. 6) gives the following address to the vessel of the state as a specimen of well-sustained allegory. It appears to have been written at the outbreak of the civil war between Octavius and Marc Antony, and of course, as all such compositions ought to do, explains itself. There is, however, a naval manœuvre hinted at in st. ii. admirably illustrative of a passage in the Acts of the Apostles (cap. xxvii. v. 17), where the mariners are described by St. Luke as "*undergirding* the ship" that carried Paul. Ropes, it appears, were let down, and drawn under the keel of the vessel to keep all tight: this is what Horace indicates by *sine funibus carinæ*. I recommend the point to Captain Marryat, should he make St. Paul's shipwreck on the isle of Malta the subject of his next nautico-historical novel.

ODE XIV.—TO THE VESSEL OF THE STATE. AN ALLEGORY.

AD REMPUBLICAM.

What fresh perdition urges,
Galley! thy darksome track,
Once more upon the surges?
Hie to the haven back!
Doth not the lightning show thee
Thou hast got none to row thee?

Is not thy mainmast shattered?
Hath not the hoisterous south
Thy yards and rigging scattered?
In dishabille uncouth,
How canst thou hope to weather
The storms that round thee gather?

Bent are the sails that deck'd thee;
Deaf are thy gods become,
Though summoned to protect thee,
Though sued to save thee from
The fate thou most abhorrest,
Proud daughter of the forest!

Thy vanity would vaunt us,
Yon richly pictured poop
Pine-timbers from the Pontus;
Fear lest, in one fell swoop,
Paint, pride, and pine-trees hollow,
The scoffing whirlpool swallow!

I've watched thee, sad and pensive,
Source of my recent cares!
Oh, wisely apprehensive,
Venture not unawares
Where Greece spreads out her seas,
Beggemmed with Cyclades!

O navis, referent
In mare te novi
Fluctus? O quid agis?
Fortiter occupa
Portum. Nonne vides ut
Nudum remigio latus

Et malus celeri
Saucius Africo
Antennæque gemant,
Ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius

Æquor? Non tibi sunt
Integra lintæ,
Non Di quos iterum
Pressa voces malo;
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Silvæ filia nobilis,

Jactes et genus et
Nomen inutile.
Nil pictis timidus
Navita puppibus
Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.

Nuper sollicitum
Quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium,
Curaque non levis
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

The same "*intéret de circonstance*" which may have given piquancy to the allegory, possibly attached itself also to the following spirited lines. Antony and Cleopatra must have looked on the allusion to Paris and Helen as libellous in the extreme. Considered merely in the light of a political squib, the ode is capital; but it has higher merit as a finished lyric; and Tom Campbell evidently found it in the form as well as substance of his popular and spirited effusion:

"Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle-array."

ODE XV.—THE SEA-GOD'S WARNING TO PARIS.

“*Pastor eum traheret,*” &c.

As the Shepherd of Troy, wafting over the deep
Sad Perfidy's freightage, bore Helen along,
Old Nereus uprose, hushed the breezes to sleep,
And the accreta of doom thus revealed in his song.

Ah! homeward thou bringest, with omen of dread,
One whom Greece will reclaim!—for her millions have sworn
Not to rest till they tear the false bride from thy bed,
Or till Priam's old throne their revenge overturn.

See the struggle! how foam covers horsemen and steeds!
See thy Ilium consigned to the bloodiest of sieges!
Mark, arrayed in her helmet, Minerva, who speeds
To prepare for the battle her car and her ægis!

Too fondly thou deemest that Venus will vouch
For a life which thou apendest in trimming thy curls,
Or, in tuning, reclined on an indolent couch,
An effeminate lyre to an audience of girls.

Though awhile in voluptuous pastime employed,
Far away from the contest, the truant of lust
May baffle the howmen, and Ajax avoid,
Thy adulterous ringlets are doomed to the dust!

See'st thou him of Ithaca, scourge of thy race?
Gallant Teucer of Salamis? Nestor the wise?
How, urging his car on thy cowardly trace,
Swift Sthenelus poises his lance as he flies?

Swift Sthenelus, Diomed's brave charioteer,
Accomplished in combat like Merion the Cretan,
Fierce, towering aloft see his master appear,
Of a breed that in battle has never been beaten.

Whom thou, like a fawn, when a wolf in the valley
The delicate pasture compels him to leave,
Wilt fly, faint and breathless—though flight may not tally
With all thy beloved heard thee hoast to achieve.

Achilles, retired in his angry pavilion,
Shall cause a short respite to Troy and her games;
Yet a few winters more, and the turrets of Ilium
Must sink mid the roar of retributive flames!

Horace first burst on the town as a satirist, and more

than one fair dame must have had cause, like Tyndaris, to fall out with him. There is a graceful mixture of playfulness and remonstrance in the following *amende honorable*, in which he dwells on the unseemly appearance of resentment and anger in the features of beauty. With reference to Stanza V., it would appear that the tragedy of *Thyestes*, by Varus, was at that moment in a successful run on the Roman boards.

ODE XVI.—THE SATIRIST'S RECAPITULATION.

PALINODIA AD TYNDARIDEM.

- | | |
|---|---|
| Blest with a charming mother, yet,
Thou still more fascinating daughter! | O ! matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior,
Quem criminosis
Cunque voles modum |
| Prythee my vile lampoons forget—
Give to the flames the libel—let
The satire sink in Adria's water ! | Pones iambis ; sive flamma,
Sive mari libet Hadriano. |
| Not Cybèle's most solemn rites,
Cymbals of brass and spells of
magic ; | Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem sacerdotum
Incola Pythius, |
| Apollo's priest, 'mid Delphic flights ;
Or Bacchanal, 'mid fierce delights,
Presents a scene more tragic | Non Liber æque, non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra. |
| Than Anger, when it rules the soul.
Nor fire nor sword can then surmount her,
Nor the vex'd elements control,
Though Jove himself, from pole to
pole,
Thundering rush down to the counter. | Tristes ut iræ ; quas neque Noricus
Deterret ensis,
Nec mare naufragum,
Nec sævus ignis, nec tremendo
Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu. |
| Prometheus—forced to graft, of old,
Upon our stock a foreign scion,
Mix'd up—if we be truly told—
With some brute particles, our
mould—
Anger he gathered from the lion. | Fertur Prometheus addere principi
Limo coactus
Particulam undique
Desectam, et insani leonis
Vim stomacho apposuisse
nostro. |
| Anger destroyed Thyestes' race,
O'erwhelmed his house in ruin
thorough,
And many a lofty city's trace
Caused a proud foeman to efface,
Ploughing the site with hostile
furrow. | Iræ Thyesten exitio gravi
Stravere, et altis
Urbibus ultimæ
Stetere causæ cur perirent
Funditus, imprimeretque muris |

Oh, be appeased! 'twas rage, in aooth,
 First woke my song a satiric tenor;
 In wild and unreflecting youth,
 Anger inspired the deed uncouth;
 But, pardon that foul misdemeanour.

Hostile aratrum exercitus inaeolens,
 Compesce mentem;
 Me quoque pectora
 Tentavit in dulci juventutem
 Fervor, et in celeres iambos

Lady! I swear—my recreant lays
 Henceforth to rectify and alter—
 To change my tones from blame to
 praise,
 Should your rekindling friendship
 raise
 The spirits of a sad defaulter!

Misit furem: nunc ego mitibus
 Mutare quaero tristia
 Dum mihi
 Fias recantatis amica
 Opprobriis, animumque red-
 das.

Here follows a *billet-doux*, conveying to the same offended lady (whose wrath we must suppose to have vanished on perusal of the foregoing) a gallant invitation to the rural mansion of our author. To perceive the difference between a *bonâ fide* invite and a mere moonshine proposal, it is only necessary to collate this with Tom Moore's

“Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?
 Our bed shall be roses all spangled with dew!”

ODE. XVII.—AN INVITATION TO HORACE'S VILLA.

AD TYNDARIDEM.

Oft for the hill where ranges My Sabine flock, Swift-footed Faun exchanges Arcadia's rock, And, tempering summer's ray, forbids Untoward rain to harm my kids.	Velox amœnum Sæpe Lucretilem Mutat Lycæo Faunus, et igneam Defendit ætatem capellis Usque meis pulvisque ventos.
And there in happy vgrance, Roams the she-goat, Lured by marital fragrance, Through dells remote; Of each wild herb and shrub partakes, Nor fears the coil of lurking anakea.	Impune tutum Per nemus arbutos Quærun latentes Et thyma devix Olientia uxorea mariti: Nec viridca metuunt colubras,
No prowling wolves alarm her; Safe from their gripe While Faun, immortal charmer! Attunes his pipe, And down the vale and o'er the hills Uatica's every echo fills.	Nec martiales Hædulex lupos; Utæunque dolci, Tyndari, fistula Valles, et Uaticæ cubantis Levix personuere saxa.

The Gods, their bard caressing, With kindness treat : They've fill'd my house with blessing— My country-seat, Where Plenty voids her loaded horn, Fair Tyndaris, pray come adorn !	Dî me tuentur ; Dis pietas mea Et musa cordi est. Hic tibi copia Manabit ad plenum benigno Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.
From Sirius in the zenith, From summer's glare, Come, where the valley screeneth, Come, warble there Songs of the hero, for whose love Penelopé and Circé strove.	Hic in reductâ Valle caniculæ Vitabis æstus, Et fide Teiâ Dices laborantes in uno Penelopen vitreamque Circen.
Nor shall the cup be wanting, So harmless then, To grace that hour enchanting In shady glen. Nor shall the juice our calm disturb, Nor aught our sweet emotions curb ?	Hic innocentis Pocula Lesbii Duces sub umbrâ Nec Semeleius Cum Marte confundet Thyoneus Prælia; nec metues proter- vum
Fear not, my fair one ! Cyrus Shall <i>not</i> intrude, Nor worry thee desirous Of solitude, Nor rend thy innocent robe, nor tear The gariand from thy flowing hair.	Suspecta Cyrum Ne male dispari Incontinentes Injiciat manus, Et scindat hærentem coronam. Crinibus, immeritamque ves- tem.

ODE XVIII.

This drinking song is a manifest translation from the Greek of Alcæus. To the concluding words, "*perlucidior vitro*," I have ventured to attach a meaning which the recent discoveries at Pompeii, of drinking utensils made of a kind of silicious material, would seem fully to justify.

"Nullam, Vare, sacrâ vite prius severis arborem," &c.

Μηδὲν ἄλλο φυτευσης προτερον δενδρον ἀμπελω κ. τ. λ.

ALCÆUS apud ATHENÆUM.

Nullam, Vare, sacre vite prius severis arborem
Circa mite solum Tiburis, et mœnia Catili :
Siccis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit ; neque
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.

Quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem crepat ?
Quis non te potius, Bacche pater, teque, decens Venus ?
At ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi,
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero

Debellata ; monet Sithoniis non levis Evius,
 Quum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
 Discernunt avidi. Non ego te, candide Bassareu,
 Invitum quatiam ; nec variis obsita frondibus

Sub divum rapiam. Sæva tene cum Berecynthio
 Cornu tympana, quæ subsequitur cæcus amor sui,
 Et tollens vacuum plus nimio gloria verticem,
 Arcanique fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.

Since at Tivoli, Varus, you've fixed upon planting
 Round your villa enchanting,
 Of all trees, O my friend ! let the Vine be the first.

On no other condition will Jove lend assistance
 To keep at a distance
 Chagrin, and the cares that accompany thirst.

No one talks after wine about "battles" or "famine ;"
 But, if you examine,
 The praises of love and good living are rife.

Though once the Centaurs, 'mid potations too ample,
 Left a tragic example
 Of a banquet dishonoured by bloodshed and strife,

Far removed be such doings from us ! Let the Thracians,
 Amid their libations,
 Confound all the limits of right and of wrong ;

I never will join in their orgies unholy—
 I never will sully
 The rites that to ivy-crowned Bacchus belong.

Let Cybèle silence her priesthood, and calm her
 Brass cymbals and clamour ;
 Away with such outbursts, uproarious and vain !

Displays often followed by Insolence mulish,
 And Confidence foolish,
 To be seen through and through, like this glass that I drain.

In the first decade of Horatian songs, it became my duty to supply in the original Latin, from the Vatican *Codex*, a long-lost effusion of the Sabine farmer, commencing "*Virent arundines ;*" or, as the Scotch have it, "Green grow the rushes, O !" I am equally happy to be enabled, owing to the late Sir Humphry Davy's experiments on the calcined volumes found at Herculaneum, to supply, in concluding this second essay, *another* lost ode of Horace, which has been imitated

both in French and English (unconsciously, no doubt) by two modern versemongers.

ODE XIX.

LA CHUTE D'EMMA.

Ah ! mandite soit l'heure,
Quand de l'humble demeure
D'Emma, le faux seigneur
eut franchi le souil.
Pauvre fille ! la lune
Pleura ton infortune,
Et couvrit son visage
en signs de deuil.

Bientôt la Inne étale
Sa clarté de Vestale,
Et de son chaste front
les nuages s'en vont.—
Mais la tache qui reste
De cette nuit funeste,
Qui pourra l'effacer ?
ou réparer l'affront ?

La neige virginale
Couvrirait tout l'intervalle
Du superbe manoir
au modeste réduit ;
Et la blanche surface
Garda plus d'une trace
Des pas du faux seigneur
cette fatale nuit.

Un rayon du soleil,
A son premier réveil,
Effaca pour toujours
les vestiges du parjure ;
Mais, Emma ! il te faut
La lumière d'en haut,
Qui verse un doux oubli
sur ta mésaventurs !

EVELINE'S FALL.

Ah ! weep for the hour,
When to Eveline's bower,
The lord of the valley
With false vows came.
The moon hid her light
In the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds
For the maiden's shame.

The clouds pass soon
From the cold chaste moon,
And the heaven smiled again
With her vestal flame ;
But who shall see the day
When the cloud will pass away
Which that evening left
Upon Eveline's name ?

The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway,
Where the lord of the manor
Crossed over the moor ;
And many a deep print,
On the white snow's tint,
Shewed the track of his footsteps
To Eveline's door.

The first sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace of the passage
Where the false lord came ;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
The stain upon the snow
Of Eveline's fame !

LAPSUS EMMAE.

Heu lachrymor horam
Cum, fraudibus malis,
Dux virgine coram
Apparuit vallis,
Non tulit impuné
Congressum misella,...
Cor doluit Lunæ
Pro lapsu puellæ !

Quæ condidit frontem
Sub nubium velo,
Mox vultum iusontem
Explicuit cœlo.
Sed utinam casti
Sic nominis gemma,
Quam tu inquinasti,
Claresceret, Emma !

Tegebant rus nives,
Cum meditans ericem,
Pedem tulit dives
Ad pauperis limen.
Et ager est fassus,
Vel indice calle,
Quâ tulerat passus
In caudidâ valle.

Exoriens mané
Sol uti consuevit
Vestigia plané
Nivemque delevit ;
Puella ! par lumen
Quod sanet remoraum,
Misericors Numen
Det tibi deorsum !

THE SONGS OF HORACE.

DECADE THE THIRD.

"Tu Latium beas Horatî
Alcæo potior lyristes ipso."—SIDON. APOLLIN., Ep. viii.

"Le seul Horace en tous genres excelle—
De Citharée exalte les faveurs,
Chante les dieux, les héros, les buveurs ;

Des sots auteurs berne les vers ineptes,
 Nous instruisant par gracieux préceptes,
 Et par sermons, de joie antidotès."—J. B. ROUSSEAU.

Horace, in one small volume, shows us what it is
 To blend together every kind of talent ;—
 'Tis a bazaar for all sorts of commodities,
 To suit the grave, the sad, the grave, the gallant :
 He deals in songs and "sermons," whims and oddities,
 By turns is philosophic and pot-valiant,
 And not unfrequently with sarcasm slaughters
 The vulgar insolence of coxcomb authors.—O. Y.

THE "*diffusion*" of knowledge is, we suspect, somehow irreconcilable with its *condensation* ; at least, we see no other way of explaining the notorious fact, that one old standard author contains (either in the germ or in full development) more ideas than a whole modern "*Cyclopædia*;" furnishing more materials for thought and feeling than are now accumulated during a whole Olympiad in the warehouses of Paternoster Row. It is for this reason that we gladly revert with Prout to the small Elzevir which, towards the close of his earthly career, formed the subject of his vesper meditations, and cheerfully accompany him through another "decade" of his classic rosary.

We know not how it will be with us next month, or whether we shall be tempted to take up a newspaper after the fatal ides of September 1836.

The removal of the stamp-duty on the 15th, bids fair to open the floodgates of "*diffusion*," so as to swamp us altogether. Then will begin the grand millenium of cheap knowledge ; from that auspicious day will be dated the hegira of Hetherington. The conquest of China by the Tartars will find its parallel in the simultaneous rush of writers over the great wall, which the sober wisdom of former reigns had erected to restrain such-like inroads of Calmuc vagrancy. The breaking down of the dykes of Holland, and the letting in of the Zuydersee, is to be rehearsed in the domains of literature. The Dutchmen were drowned by a rat—we are to be inundated by Rice.* SOAP, it is true, will continue to be as dear as ever, but the

* The Right Hon. Spring R., chancellor of the Exchequer, 1836.

“waters of instruction” are to be plentifully supplied to the unwashed.

“Venit vilissima rerum
Hic aqua.”—*Iter Brundis.*

One cannot help imagining, that a concomitant reduction on the former most useful article would prove as beneficial to the Radicals as the cheapening of brimstone (for example) would be to the writers and readers of the *Caledonian Mercury*; but the Whigs, probably, wish to monopolise yet awhile the staple manufacture of Windsor, for the exclusive purpose of blowing bubbles to delude the rabble. We observe, by a recently discovered process, that *flints* have been found less hard-hearted than the Chancellor, and actually yield soap from silica.

To the press, as hitherto constituted, we acknowledge ourselves exceedingly indebted. On a late occasion,* the unanimous expression of cordial sympathy which burst from every organ of public opinion, in reprobation of a brutal assault, has been to us consolatory and gratifying. We shall hazard the charge of vanity, perhaps, but we cannot help replying to such testimonies of fellow-feeling towards ourselves in the language of a gifted Roman:—
“*Est mihi jucunda in malis, et grata in dolore, vestra erga me voluntas; sed curam de me queso deponite.*” (*Catilin.* iv.)
The interests of literature are still uppermost in our thoughts, and take precedency of any selfish considerations. We will be ever found at our post, intrepidly denouncing the vulgar arrogance of booby scribblers, unsparingly censuring the obtrusion into literary circles of silly pretenders ignorant horse-jockies, and brainless bullies.

We took up a number of the “*Carlton Chronicle*” for last month, in which we read with some astonishment the assertion that Marc Antony “was justified” in causing M. T. Cicero to be waylaid and butchered in cold blood, as some atonement for his “wounded feelings” on reading that glorious oration called the SECOND PHILIPPIC. The *Carlton Chronicle* is conducted by a young barrister of eminent attainments, and we therefore experience some surprise at the views of Roman law, or the laws of civilized society (as

* The brutal assault of Grantley Berkeley on the publisher Fraser.

contradistinguished from the laws of "LYNCH," the American Lycurgus) put forth in this startling announcement. Our illustrious namesake, Oliver, was not very scrupulous in his respect for the "baubles" of legal arrangement; yet even he took alarm at the title of a pamphlet, called, "Killing no Murder." We are not exactly members of the Inner Temple, but we beg to question the propriety of the above decision, which we cannot otherwise qualify than as

"A sentiment exceedingly atrocious,
Not to be found (we trust) in Puffendorff or Grotius."

We rejoice, however, at the introduction of Tully's immortal speech, and are thankful for being thus reminded of a classic precedent for intrepidly exposing to the scorn of all rightly thinking men those blunders and follies which force themselves into public notice, and, baboon-like, exhibit their shameful side by a false position of their own choosing.

Cicero had to reply to an elaborate composition of his stupid adversary, published by Marc Antony himself, at his own expense, at the bookshop of the Roman Bentley of the day; need we add, miserably deficient in literary value, and rich only in absurdities—"hoc ut colligeres homo amentissime tot dies in aliend villâ scriptitasti?" (*Philip. ii.*) In that production the booby had touched upon points which he should have been, of all other men, careful to avoid. Mark, we pray you, gentle reader, the words of Tully: "*Maximè miror mentionem te hæreditatum ausum esse facere cum ipse hæreditatem patris non adisses.*"—*It. ibidem.**

We need not point out the passage, of which this is the exact prototype; neither is it necessary to indicate where may be found a fac-simile for the subsequent exclamation of the indignant orator—"O misera mulieris facunditatem calamitosam!" (*it. ibidem*); nor the allusion contained in the words by which he reproaches his opponent for the confirmed stupidity evinced in his literary production, albeit he had enjoyed certain advantages of family wit—"aliquid enim salis ob uxore mimâ trahere potuisti" (*it. ibid.*). The following picture of his adversary's personal appearance, and the

* This refers to the lawsuits of the Berkeley family.

admission of his signal accomplishments in all the graces of a prize-fighter, ought not to be forgotten :

“ Tu istis faucibus, istis lateribus, istâ gladiatorîâ totius corporis firmitate.”—*It. ibidem.*

We recommend the whole discourse (beyond comparison the first model of classic eloquence in existence, and the most powerful *exposé* that folly and brutality ever received) to the attentive meditation of those concerned.

“ Nullo luet hoc Antonius ævo !”

In the course of Prout's youthful rambles through Italy, we find that he has recorded the circumstances of a devout pilgrimage, undertaken by him, to the very spot where the illustrious orator—the terror of all Roman ruffians, from Clodius to Catiline, from Antony to Verres—was cowardly assassinated by the hero of the *Second Philippic*.* It is a green lane, leading off the *via Appia* down to the shores of the Mediterranean; and close by the scene of the disgraceful event stands to the present day, on the ruins of the Formian villa which had belonged to the murdered statesman, an hotel, known by the classic designation of “Albergo di Cicerone.” The details of that visit, with sundry delectable matters appertaining thereunto, remain in our “chest” for further use, when we shall have to entertain our readers with other (and collateral) subjects; when from Horace we shall pass to some of his contemporaries.

To Horace we now return. In HIM the dunces and bullies of Rome found an uncompromising foe—equally formidable to “Mævius the blockhead” and to “Gorgonius the he-goat,” to “the debauchee Nomentanus,” and to “Pantolabus the buffoon.” It is, however, as a lyric poet that Prout chooses to dwell on his merits; and in this, as in most matters, we recognise the professional tendency of the father to peaceful topics and inoffensive disquisitions.

OLIVER YORKE.

* Who appears to have been in his day the “lady's man”—*κατ' εἰσοχην*. We know not, however, whether *he* was fool enough to talk of bringing the matrons of Rome into the senate-house, like Grantley Berkeley.

Watergrasshill, ad 1^{am} noctis vigiliam.

WHEN first I took up the Songs of Horace, with a view to record my imaginings thereanent (for the benefit of my parishioners), it occurred to me that something in the shape of methodical arrangement would not be amiss, and that these miscellaneous odes would come more acceptable if an attempt were made at classification. In this department, the moderns have a decided advantage over the writers of antiquity; the bump of "order," as it relates to section and subdivision, being of comparatively late developement. Pagan antiquity had been content, ever since the goddess Flora enamelled the earth with so many charming varieties of form and colour, to admire them for their very confusion, and to revel in the delightful contrasts they afforded; nor do we learn, from the author of Genesis, that there was any regular system of botanical science understood by Eve, in her state of horticultural innocence: it was reserved for the great Dutchman, Linnæus, to methodise the beauty and to classify the fragrance of flowers. My old friend and school-fellow, l'Abbé Moutardier, who, since the French emigration, resides at Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire (where the Weld family have gathered round him a small congregation), carries the practice of regular classification to a great extent in his Anglo-Gallic addresses from the modest pulpit of the castle-chapel; *ex. gr.* "My frinds, the sermong of twoday vill be in *four pints*; after vich, I vill draw for you a little mor-ale," &c. In pursuance of this praiseworthy system of orderly arrangement, I had set out by dividing these songs under six comprehensive heads: 1° politicalsquibs; 2° convivial and bacchanalian; 3° love songs; 4° philosophical effusions; 5° theological hymns; and 6° lastly, certain odes addressed to Virgil, Mæcenas, &c., dictated by the purest *friendship*, and bearing, more than all the rest, the impress of earnestness and sincerity. The *catalogue raisonné*, made out after this fashion, took in, I found, the whole range of his lyrics; and, instead of the wild luxuriancy of uncontrolled productiveness—the very wilderness of thought and sentiment which the book now presents—reduced the collection to all the symmetry of a civilized parterre laid out by Evelyn or Lenôtre.

Much meditating, however, on the peculiar genius of the poet, and fully aware that, with reference to the "*series juncturaque*," he practised what he preached, I concluded that, in publishing his four books of occasional minstrelsy in their actual order of succession, totally regardless of the date of each particular composition, he must have been guided by some hidden principle of refined taste, applicable to the precise consecutive position assigned to every song. Of himself, as well as of the father of poetry, it may be safely predicated, that *nil molitur inepté*. Hence, on maturer consideration, I shrunk from interrupting the present law of precedence, established by recognised authority; and I resolved to maintain it as steadfastly as if I had taken a regular oath not to "weaken or disturb the line of succession" in the harmony of Horace I have not yet got through the first book. If I recollect right, a drinking bout "to VARUS" (numbered ode xviii.) wound up the last paper; a love-song "to GLYCERA" (ode xix.) shall, therefore, usher in the essay of to-night.

Horace was not very lucky in his loves. In spite of all the fervour with which he exalts the fascinations and chants the merits of the fair sex—notwithstanding the delicacy with which he could flatter, and the sprightly ingenuity with which he could amuse the ladies of Rome, he appears, from the desponding tenor of his amatory compositions, to have made but small havoc among the hearts of patrician matrons. These ditties are mostly attuned to the most plaintive strain, and are generally indicative of unrequited attachment and disappointed hopes. He has made Posterity the *confidante* of his jealousy regarding "PYRRA;" "LYDIA" forsakes him for "TELEPHUS," who was probably a stupid life-guardsmen, measuring five feet eleven; "CHLOE" runs away from his addresses, begging her mother to say she is "yet too young to form an engagement;" he records the perjured conduct of "BARINÉ" towards him; laments the inconstancy of "NEERA," the *hauteur* of "LYCÉ;" makes an abject apology to "TYNDARIS," whose pardon we do not find that he obtains; he invites her to his villa; we don't learn that she accepted the invitation.

The fact is, he was in stature a dwarf, with a huge head,

à la Quasimodo ; further endowed with an ungainly prominence of abdomen ; eyes which required the constant application of unguents and *collyria* ; was prematurely bald, like Béranger—

“Moi, à qui la sagesse
A fait tomber tous les cheveux ;”

and, like him, he might break forth into that affecting outburst of *naïf* despondency derived from the consciousness of a deformed figure :

“Elle est SI BELLE,
Et moi—et moi—je suis SI LAID !”

By the way, to Béranger's immortal credit be it remarked, that he is the only *Frenchman* who ever, under any circumstances of personal ugliness, made a similar admission. “Mons. Mayeux” fancied himself an ADONIS ; so does M. Thiers, though his portraits prove him to be what Theodore Hook has imagined, as the exact symbol, or *vera imago*, of Tom Moore : viz. “something between a toad and a Cupid.”

Still, nothing could keep Horace from trying his fortune among the girls. “His only books were woman's looks ;” though “folly” (as in Moore's case) was positively all he gathered from the perusal. Though his addresses are repeatedly rejected, he still perseveres ; and, in spite of his notorious scepticism in religious matters, he actually offers up a propitiatory sacrifice to Venus, in the hope of forwarding, by supernatural agency, the object of his desires. His case, in truth, appears one of peculiar hardship ; and so graphic is the picture he draws of his hopeless passion, that Racine has found nothing more powerful wherewith to represent the frensied feelings of Phædra, in his wonderful tragedy of that name, than two lines borrowed from the following ode :

“Ce n'est plus une ardeur dans mes veines cachée,
C'est VÉNUS toute entière à sa proie attachée.”

ODE XIX.

DE GLYCERA.

Love's unrelenting Queen,
With Bacchus—Theban maid ! thy wayward
child

Mater sæva Cupidinum
Thebanæque jubet

Whene'er I try to wean,
My heart, from vain amours and follies wild,
Is sure to intervene,
Kindling within my breast some passion un-
foreseen.

Glycera's dazzling glance,
That with voluptuous light my vision dims—
The graces that enhance
The Parian marble of her snow-white limbs,
Have left my heart no chance
Against her winning wiles and playful petulance.

Say not that Venus dwells
In distant Cyprus, for she fills my breast,
And from that shrine expels
All other themes: my lyre, by love possest,
No more with war-notes swells,
Nor sings of Parthian shaft, nor Scythian
slaughter tells.

Come hither, slaves! and pile
An altar of green turf, and incense burn;
Strew magic vervain, while
I pour libations from a golden urn:
These rites may reconcile
The goddess of fierce love, who yet may deign
to smile.

How different from this melancholy love-lyric, "made to his mistress's eye-brow," is the jovial style which he assumes when Mæcenas has promised to look in on his rustic dwelling, on his road to some sea-port. "A friend and pitcher" seem to constitute the native and proper element of Horace. Mark how he disports himself in the contemplation of the prime-minister of Augustus seated by his cheerful hearth, and partaking of such homely fare as the Sabine farm could furnish; insinuating at the same time, without the least appearance of cajolery or toadyism, one of the most ingenious compliments that ever statesman received from dedicatory poet in ancient or modern times. Under pretext of specifying the exact age of some bottled liquor, which he promises shall be forthcoming, he brings up the mention of a fact most gratifying to the feelings of his exalted patron. As Tasso has it,

"E quel che cresce sommo pregio all' opre
L' arte che tutto fa, nulla si scuopre."

Me Smeles puer,
Et lasciva Licentia,
Finitis animum
Reddere amoribus.

Urit me Glycæræ nitor
Splendentis Pario
Marmore purius:
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium
Lubricus aspici.

In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit:
Nec patitur Scythas,
Et versis animosum
equis
Parthum dicere; neo
Quæ nihil attinent.

Hic vivum mihi cespitem,
hic
Verbenas, pueri
Ponite, thuraque,
Bimi cum patera meri:
Mactata veniet
Lenior hostia.

ODE XX.—“POT-LUCK” WITH HORACE.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Since thou, Mæcenas, nothing loth, Under the bard's roof-tree, Canst drink rough wine of Sabine growth, Here stands a jar for thee!— The Grecian delf I sealed myself, That year the theatre broke forth, In tribute to thy sterling worth,	Vile potabis modicis Sabinum Cantbaris, Græca quod ego ipæ testa Conditum levi, datus in theatro Quum tibi plausus,
When Rome's glad shout the welkin rent, Along the Tiber ran, And rose again, by Echo sent, Back from Mount Vatican;— When with delight, O Roman knight! Etruria heard her oldest flood Do homage to her noblest blood.	Care Mæcenas eques, ut paterni Fluminia ripæ, simul et jocosa Redderet laudea tibi Vaticanani Montis imago.
Wines of Falernian vintage, friend, Thy princely cellar stock; Bethink thee, should'st thou condescend To share a poet's crock, Its modest shape, Cajeta's grape Hath never tinged, nor Formia's hill Deigned with a purple flood to fill.	Cæcubum et prælo domitam Caleno Tu bibes uvam; mea nec Fa- lernæ Temperant vites, neque For- miani Pocula colles.

Followeth, in due consecutive order, one of those performances which, in my catalogue above alluded to, I had set down as one of the “hymns theological.” Our poet, besides filling at the court of Augustus an office similar to the laureateship of old Nahum Tate, of birthday-ode memory, seems to have combined with that responsible situation the more sacred functions of Sternhold and Hopkins. The *Carmen Sæculare* was like Southey's *Vision of Judgment*—an official effusion of devout loyalty to church and state. This hymn, recommending (very properly) the worship of Diana to the maidens of Rome, while he exhorts the Roman youth to reverence Apollo, must have been composed about the year v.c. 731, when scarcity, combined with the prospect of war, threatened the country. That Persia and Great Britain should be made the scapegoats on the occasion seems natural enough; the Jews had similar uncharitable ideas, as may be gathered from the Psalms of David. (lxxix. 6, and *passim*).

ODE XXI.—AD PUBEM ROMANAM.

Dianam teneræ dicite virgines, Intonsum pueri dicite Cynthium, Latonamque supreme Dilectam penitús Jovi.	Vos Tempé totidem tollite laudibus, Natalemque, mares, Delon Apollonis, Insignemque pharetrâ, Fraternâque humerum lyrâ.
Vos lætam fluviis et nemorum comâ, Quæcumque aut gelido prominet Algido, Nigris aut Erymanthi, Silvis aut viridis Cragi.	Hic bellum lachrymosum, hæc mise- ram famem, Pcstemque a populo et principe Cæ- sare, In Persas atque Britannos, Vestrâ motus aget prece.

TO THE RISING GENERATION OF ROME.

Worship Diana, young daughters of Italy!
Youths! sing Apollo—both children of Jove:
Honour Latona, their mother, who mightily
Triumphed of old in the Thunderer's love.

Maids! sing the Huntress, whose haunts are the highlands,
Who treads, in a buskin of silvery sheen,
Each forest-crowned summit through Greece and her islands,
From dark Erymanthus to Cragus the green.

From Tempé's fair valley, by Phœbus frequented,
To Delos his birthplace—the light quiver hung
From his shoulders—the lyre that his brother invented—
Be each shrine by our youth and each attribute sung.

May your prayers to the regions of light find admittance
On Cæsar's behalf;—and the Deity urge
To drive from our land to the Persians and Britons,
Of Famine the curse! of Bellona the scourge!

That he considered himself the object of special solicitude to the gods, is very perceptible in his writings; that he actually believed in the existence of these celestial personages is, nevertheless, as nice an historical problem as the pedigree of Perkin Warbeck or the piety of O'Connell. Like Boniface, however, he "thrived on his ale."

"Di me tuentur: dis pietas mea," &c.

He kept his skin intact (*bene curatâ cute*), his neighbours in good humour, and the table in a roar. One day, having extended his rambles beyond the boundary of his

farm, humming as he went an ode "to Lalagé," which we have unfortunately lost (unless it be the fifth of the second book), behold! an enormous wolf suddenly stares him in the face, and as precipitately takes to flight, without any apparently efficient cause. The dogs, according to Shakspeare, barked at Richard; this wolf may have been, probably, frightened by the poet's ugliness: for, according to his own description, he was a regular scarecrow. Nevertheless, mark, reader, how he chooses to account for the miracle. The ode, in a literary point of view, has always been (and most deservedly) admired: "*Aristius fuscus*" was, however, a sort of wag, as may be gathered from the satire "*Ibam viâ sacrâ,*" &c. &c.

ODE XXII.

AD ARISTIUM FUSCUM.

<p>Aristius! if thou canst secure A conscience calm, with morals pure, Look upwards for defence! abjure All meaner craft— The bow and quiver of the Moor, And poisoned shaft.</p>	<p>Integer vitæ scelerisque purus Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque aren, Nec venenatis gravida sagittis, Fusce, pharetra;</p>
<p>What though thy perilous path lie traced O'er burning Afric's boundless waste Of rugged Caucasus the great, Or doom'd to travel Where fabulous rivers of the East Their course unravel! . . .</p>	<p>Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas, Sive facturus per inhospitalem Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus Lambit Hydaspes.</p>
<p>Under my Sabine woodland shade, Musing upon my Grecian maid, Unconsciously of late I strayed Through glen and meadow, When, lo! a ravenous wolf, afraid, Fled from my shadow.</p>	<p>Namque me silva lupus in Sabina Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra Terminum curis vagor expeditis, Fugit inermem:</p>
<p>No monster of such magnitude Lurks in the depth of Daunia's wood, Or roams through Lybia unsubdued The land to curse— Land of a fearful lion-brood The withered nurse.</p>	<p>Quale portentum neque militaris Daunia in latis alit esculetis; Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum Arida nutrix.</p>

Waft me away to deserts wild,
 Where vegetation never smiled,
 Where sunshine never once beguiled
 The dreary day,
 But winters upon winters piled
 For aye delay.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
 Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
 Quod latus mundi nebulae ma-
 lusque
 Jupiter urget ;

Place me beneath the torrid zone,
 Where man to dwell was never known,
 I'd cherish still one thought alone,
 Maid of my choice !
 The smile of thy sweet lip—the tone
 Of thy sweet voice !

Pone sub curru nimium propin-
 qui
 Solis, in terra domibus negata :
 Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
 Dulce loquentem.

Here is another 'love ditty ; and, as usual, it places on record some discomfiture of the poet in his attempt to play *l'homme à bonnes fortunes*.

ODE XXIII.—A REMONSTRANCE TO CHLOË THE BASHFUL.

Why wilt thou, Chloë, fly me thus ?
 The yearling kid
 Is not more shy and timorous,
 Our woods amid,
 Seeking her dam o'er glen and hill,
 While all her frame vain terrors thrill.

Vitas hinnuleo
 Me similis, Chloë,
 Quærenti pavidam
 Montibus aviis
 Matrem, non sine vano
 Aurarum et silvæ metu :

Should a green lizard chance to stir
 Beneath the bush—
 Should Zephyr through the mountain-
 fir
 Disporting gush—
 With sudden fright behold her start,
 With trembling knees and throbbing
 heart.

Nam, seu mobilibus
 Vepris inhorruit
 Ad ventum foliis
 Seu virides rubum
 Dimovere lacertæ,
 Et corde et genibus tremit.

And canst thou think me, maiden fair !
 A tiger grim ?
 A Lybian lion, bent to tear
 Thee limb by limb ?
 Still canst thou haunt thy mother's shade,
 Ripe for a husband, blooming maid ?

Atqui non ego te,
 Tigris ut aspera,
 Getulusve leo,
 Frangere persequor.
 Tandem desine matrem
 Tempestiva sequi viro.

No "elegy," in all antiquity, appears to have given such general satisfaction as that which followed Quintilius to the tomb. History would have taken no notice of his name, but Horace has secured him immortal celebrity. All we know of him is contained in the chronicle of Eusebius,

quoted by St. Jerome, and merely refers to the date of his death; nor would the holy father probably have mentioned him at all, but for the eloquent *requiem* chanted over his grave. It possesses ineffable sweetness in the original; the tender melancholy diffused throughout the composition is still more saddened by the absence of anything like hope or belief in a future state of existence, which was totally undreamt of in the Horatian system of philosophy. David's elegy over Saul and Jonathan is clouded by the same gloomy misgiving as to the chances of a blessed futurity: yet, what can be more beautiful than the Hebrew poet's exclamation—

“Let the dew never fall on the hills where the pride
Of thy warriors, O Israel! lies slain:
They were lovely in life; and, oh mark! how the tide
Of their hearts' blood hath mingled again!”

Milton's *Lycidas*; Burns's splendid effusion over Captain Henderson: Malherbe's

“Rose elle a vecu ce que vivent les roses
L'espace d'un matin!”

Pope's “Unfortunate Lady,” and Wolf's “Funeral of Sir John Moore,” all deserve to be commemorated in connexion with this ode of Horace. Nor should I omit to notice (*honoris causâ*) Gray's elaborately mournful Elegy, in which he has gathered into one sepulchral urn the ashes of the human race, and mingled the tears of all mankind in one grand “lachrymatory.”

ODE XXIV.—AD VIRGILIUM. DEFLET QUINCTILII MORTEM.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus tam cari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
Cautus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater vocem cum cithara dedit.

Ergo Quinctilium perpetuus sopor urget! cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror,
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas, quando ullum invenient parem?

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit; nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili!
Tu frustra pius, heu! non ita creditum poscis Quinctilium Deos.

Quid! si Threicio blandius Orpheo auditam moderere arboribus fidem,
Num vanæ redeat sanguis imagini, quam virga semel horrida,

Non lenis precibus fata recludere nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi?
Durum! sed levius fit patientia quidquid corrigere est nefas.

TO VIRGIL. A CONSOLATORY ADDRESS.

Why check the full outburst of sorrow? Why blush
 To weep for the friend we adored?
 Raise the voice of lament! let the swollen tear gush!
 Bemoan thee, Melpomene, loudly! nor hush
 The sound of thy lute's liquid chord!

For low lies Quinctilius, tranced in that sleep
 That issue hath none, nor sequel.
 Let Candour, with all her white sisterhood, weep—
 Truth, Meekness, and Justice, his memory keep—
 For when shall they find his equal?

Though the wise and the good may bewail him, yet none
 O'er his clay sheds the tear more truly
 Than you, beloved Virgil! You deemed him your own:
 You mourn his companionship.—'Twas but a loan,
 Which the gods have withdrawn unduly.

Yet not though Eurydice's lover had left
 Thee a legacy, friend, of his song!
 Could'st thou warm the cold image of life-blood bereft,
 Or force death, who robbed thee, to render the theft,
 Or bring back his shade from the throng,

Which Mercury guides with imperative wand,
 To the banks of the fatal ferry.—
 'Tis hard to endure;—but 'tis wrong to despond:
 For patience may deaden the blow, though beyond
 Thy power, my friend, to parry.

Flowers have, at all times, suggested hints for metaphor and allegory. Poets cannot get on at all without constant reference to botanical matters; and Flora, by right, should have been one of the Muses. A crazy German writer (one Ludwig Tieck) maintains, that "the man who has no taste for posies cannot have God's grace:" a sort of parody on something about music in Shakespeare. Another mad sentimentalist, from the same district, defines woman to be "something between a flower and an angel." In fact, the "florid style" cannot be well got up without a due admixture of such fancies, any more than a plum-pudding without plums. Ask Tom Moore, for example, how he could manage, if deprived of these gay and gaudy materials for his *con-cetti*? He might, perhaps, tell you that he still would have *rainbows, stars, crystals, pearls, butterflies*, and such other

“glittering glories,” but, without Covent Garden Market, he would soon be at a loss to carry on his business. Even in the flower department he is obliged to borrow. Anacreon and Horace had, long ago, both hit on an idea, which he has appropriated, without the slightest scruple or acknowledgment, in a well-known melody, of which he has stolen the tune from the “Groves of Blarney,” and, I am sorry to say, spoiled it by some outlandish variations of his OWN.

ODE XXV.

Ροδον Ανακρεοντος.

MOORE'S BOGUERY.

MOBATH BOSABIUM.

Μονον θερους ροδων μοι
Τουτ' υστατον μεν ανθει'
Πασαι τε και εταιραι
Απωλεσαντο'

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone—
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone!

Eheu rosarum floruit ultima!
Vel mille nuper cincta sororibus,
At nunc amicarum cohorti
Floribus et sociis superstes!

Ου τι
Των συγγενων παρεστι
Ροδων, ομου γ' ανηαι
Ομου τε και ερευθειν'

No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud, is nigh,
To reflect back her bushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

Nec una mansit conscia quæ
propè
Suspriorum suavè olentium,
Suspiret ultro—quæ rubenti
Erubeat, pia frons, vicissim.

Ου λειψομαι σε χηρη'
Επει καλαι θανοντο
Απελθε' συν καλαισι
Ιδου σε χρη καθευδειν'

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.

Non te relinquam stemmate
lugubre.
Quæ singulari fers caput nica!
Iers dormitum sodales,
Turisliquis comesito—dormi!

Σας ευφρονωι σεθεν τας
Κομας εγω σκεδαζω'
Οπου νεκραι τε κοσμοι
Κηποιο σαι εταιραι
Ειδουσι καλλιφυλλοι.

Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

Sparsis amicâ sic foliis mann,
Finire tristes pergo tibi moras;
Siccis odoratas per hortum
Fronibus i supsrads
frondes.

Ουτως τε και οφελλεν
Ταχυν φιλη επεσθαι
Οταν μαραινεται φυ-
λα φιλης ερωτος
Κυκλον τ' απο φαεινου
Πιπτουσιν οισμαραγδοι.

So soon may I follow
When friendships decay
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away.

Et misit olim sors eadem, precor!
Quando sodales, quæque mi-
cantia,
Ornant amicornum coronam
Gemmata, depersunt—ps-
rire!

Φιλαι οτι ωλεσαντο
Αι καρδιαι, τις οιοσ
Τουτω εκων θελοιτο
Κοσμφ ναιειν ερημφ;

When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Abrepta fato dissociabili
Quando tot eheu! corda jacent
humi
Quis poscat annos? vita talis
Nonne foret mera solitudo?

How much more creditable and gentlemanly has been the conduct of an old English song-writer, George Herbert, who having occasion to work out the same thought, scorns to copy with servile fidelity the Greek or Roman lyric; but, giving it a new form altogether, makes it, as far as possible,

his own property. Here is the canzonet; and any one, who has the slightest pretension to a taste for antique simplicity, must see how far superior it is to Moore's artificial composition:

"I made a posie while the day ran by—
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither in my hand.

Farewell, dear flowers! sweetly your time ye spent;
Fit while ye lived for smell or ornament,
And, after death, for cures.
I follow straight, without complaint or grief;
And, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours."

The date of the subsequent ode is clearly fixed, by the allusion it contains to the troubles occasioned in the northern parts of the empire by the proceedings of King Tiridates. It is addressed to Lamia, a Roman general, who had distinguished himself in the peninsular war (*bello Cantabrico*), and was at that time enjoying his half-pay in or about Tivoli.

ODE XXVI.—FRIENDSHIP AND POETRY THE BEST
ANTIDOTES TO SORROW.

ANNO AB U.C. 1730.

Air—"Fill the bumper fair."

Sadness—I who live	Musis amicus
Devoted to the Muses,	Tristitiam et metus
To the wild wind give,	Tradam protervis
To waft where'er it chooses;	In mare Creticum
Deigning not to care	Portare ventis.—
What savage chief be chosen	Quis sub arcto
To reign beneath "the Bear,"	Rex gelidæ
O'er the fields for ever frozen.	Metuatur oræ,
Let Tiridates rue	Quid Tiridatem
The march of Roman legions,	Terreat, unicé
While I my path pursue	Securus. O quæ
Through poesy's calm regions—	Fontibus integris
Bidding the Muse, who drinks	Gaudes, apricos
From the fountains unpolluted,	Necte flores,
To weave with flowery links	Necte meo
A wreath, to Friendship suited,	Lamiæ coronam.

For gentle Lamia's brow.—	Pimplei dulcis,
O Muse melodious! sweetly	Nil sine te mei
Echo his praise; for thou	Possunt honores;
Alone canst praise him fitly.	Hunc fidibus novis,
For him thy Lesbian shell	Hunc Lesbio
With strings refurbish newly,	Sacrare plectro,
And let thy sisters swell	Teque tuasque
The jocund chorus duly.	Decet sorores.
Sadness—I who live devoted, &c.	Musis amicus, &c.

Next comes a lively and animated picture of Roman conviviality. The ode partakes of the dramatic character, and would appear to be extemporaneously poured out by Horace, in his capacity of "wine-king," or "toast-master," at a jovial meeting. The evening is far advanced; sundry debateable subjects have been started; the retort uncourteous has been more than once interchanged; the cup of boisterous hilarity has kindled in its circulation; of a sudden the guests have started from their couches, in the ardour of discussion, and, heated with wine, are about to come to blows, when the poet rising obtains silence for a song. The ingenuity with which he turns their attention to topics of a less exciting nature, and the gracefully playful style of his address, present us with a most amiable idea of the poet's disposition, and prove him to have been a man of consummate tact.

ODE XXVII.—AD SODALES.

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis	Cessat voluntas?—Non alia bibam
Pugnare, Thracum est. Tollite bar-	Mercede.—Quæ te cumque domst
barum	Venus,
Morem, verecundumque Bacchum	Non erubescendis adurit
Sanguineis prohibete rixis.	Ignibus, ingenuoque semper
Vino et lucernis Medus acinaces.	Amore peccas! Quidquid habes,
Immane quantum discrepat! Im-	age,
pium	Depone tutis auribus.—Ah! miser
Lenite clamorem, sodales,	Quanta laboras in Charybdi,
Et cubito remanete presso.	Digne puer meliore flamma!
Vultis severi me quoque sumere	Quæ ssga, quis te solvere Thessalis
Partem Falerni? dicat Opuntia	Magnus venenis, quis poterit Deus?
Frater Megillæ quo beatus	Vix illigatum te triformi
Vulnere, qua pereat sagitta.	Pegasus expedit Chimæra.

A BANQUET-SCENE. TOAST AND SENTIMENT.

To make a weapon of joy's cup, my friends,
 Is a vile Thracian custom ;
 Shame on such practices !—they mar the ends
 Of calm and kindly Bacchus. Bloodshed tends
 To sadden and disgust him.

Here, 'mid the bowls, what business hath the sword ?
 Come, sheathe yon Persian dagger ;
 Let the bright lamp shine on a quiet board ;
 Recline in peace—these hours we can't afford
 For brawling, sound, and swagger.

Say, shall your chairman fill his cup, and drain
 Of brimming bowls another ?
 Then, first, a TOAST his mandate shall obtain ;
 He'll know the nymph whose witcheries enchain
 The fair Megilla's brother.

What ! silent thus ? Dost fear to name aloud
 The girl of thy affection ?
 Youth ! let thy choice be candidly avowed ;
 Thou hast a delicate taste, and art allowed
 Some talent for selection.

Yet, if the loud confession thou wilt shun,
 To my safe ear discover
 Thy cherished secret. . . . Ah, thou art undone !
 What ! *she* ? How little such a heartless one
 Deserves so fond a lover !

What fiend, what Thracian witch, deaf to remorse,
 Hath brewed thy dire love-potion !
 Scarce could the hero of the wingèd horse
 Effect thy rescue, or—to free thee—force
 That dragon of the ocean !

In the usual editions of our poet, the twenty-eighth ode presents us with a rather stupid "dialogue" between one "Archytas and a Sailor." I have no hesitation in substituting, from Hardouin's "*Ψευδο Horatius*" (folio, Amst. 1740), the proper reading ; which, on examination, will be found to preserve the essence of the colloquy, while it is much more Horatian in spirit. Marcus EPULO BIBAX is a well-known character in the annals of Rome, as may be

seen in Niebuhr's admirable work. His monument (a fine old pyramidal erection) stands at the gate opening on the Via Ostia, and adds a solemn dignity to the adjacent burial-ground of our countrymen—" *Il Cimitero degli Inglesi.*"

ODE XXVIII.

When Bibo went down
To the regions below,
Where the waters of Styx
Round Eternity flow,
He awoke with a cry,
That "he would be brought back ;
For his soul it was dry,
And he wanted some sack."

"You were drunk," replied Charon,
"You were drunk when you died ;
And you felt not the pain
That to death is allied."
"Take me back !" answered Bibo,
"For I mind not the pain ;
Take me back ! take me back !
Let me die once again !"

Meantime the gray ferryman
Ferried him o'er,
And the crazy old bsrk
Touched the Stygian shore ;
There old Bibo got out,
Quite unable to stand,
And he jostled the ghosts
As they crowded the strand.

"Have a care !" cried out Charon ;
"Have a care ! 'tis not well :
For remember you 're dead,
And your soul is in hell."

Moral.

"I'm in hell," replied Bibo ;
"Well I know by the sign :
'Twas a hell upon earth
To be wanting of wine."

Cum Bibax barâthro
Decenderat imo
Quæ loca Styx atro
Circumfluit limo,
Evigilans, poscit
Num forte Falerni
Vas bibere mos sit
Id regnis Averni.

Cui Charon, "Venisti
Huc gravis lagenâ,
Sic funeris tristi
Immunis a poenâ."—
Tum Bibax, "Retrorsùm
Duc iterum vitæ,
Ut funeris morsum
Experiar rité."

Sed interim pigrâ
Transvehitur rate,
Quæ ripâ mox nigrâ
Sistit delicaté :
In littore statim,
Exoritur scena,
Umbras catervatim
Disturbat arenâ.

Cui Charon de nave :
"Hic Orcus est, homo
Ne titubes cave
Plutonis in domo."

L'Enboj.

"Plutonis caverna
Parebat viventi,
Siquando taberna
Deerat sitienti."

THE SONGS OF HORACE.

DECADE THE FOURTH.

“Horatii curiosa felicitas.”—PETRON. ARBITER, cap. 118.

“D’ un sì vivace
Splendido colorir, d’ un sì fecondo
Sublime immaginar, d’ una sì ardita
Felicità sicura

Altro mortal non arrichi natura.”

ABBATE METASTASIO, *Opera*, tom. xii. Firenze, 1819.

“Sublime, familier, solide, enjoyé, tendre,
Aisé, profond, naïf, et fin ;
Vive, Horace, avant tout ! l’univers pour l’entendre
Aime à redevenir Latin.”—LA MOTTE, *Poès. Leg.*

“When Alba warred with Rome for some disputed frontier farms,
Three Horaces gained fatherland ascendancy in arms ;
A single-handed champion now amid the lyric throng,
ONE of the name, stands forth to claim supremacy in song.”

BARRY CORNWALL.

WHEN the celebrated lame poet, Paddy Kelly, had the honour of being introduced to George the Fourth, on that monarch’s *Mulgravising* visit to Dublin (an honour extended to several other distinguished natives, such as Falvey the sweep, Jack Lawless the orator, Daniel Donnelly the boxer, and another DANIEL, who of late years has practised a more profitable system of *boxing*), his majesty expressed himself desirous of personally witnessing an exhibition of the bard’s extemporaneous talent, having heard many marvellous accounts of the facility with which his genius was wont to vent itself in unpremeditated verse. The Hibernian *improvisatore* forthwith launched out into a dithyramb, of which the burden appeared to be a panegyric on Byron and Scott, whose praises he sang in terms of fervid eulogy ; winding up with what certainly seemed to his illustrious auditor a somehow abrupt and startling conclusion, viz. :

“’Twould take a Byron and a Scott, I tell ye,
Rolled up in one, to make a PAT O’KELLY !”

Doubtless such *was* the honest conviction of the Irish

rhapsodist; and if so, he had an undeniable right to put his opinion on record, and publish it to the world. Are we not, every week, favoured by some hebdomadal LONGINUS with *his* peculiar and private ideas on the SUBLIME; of which the last new tragedy, or the latest volume of verse (blank or otherwise), is pronounced the finest model? What remedy can the public have against the practice of such imposition? None whatever, until some scientific man shall achieve for literature what has been done for the dairy, and invent a critical "lactometer," by which the exact density of milk-and-water poetry may be clearly and undeniably ascertained. At present, indeed, so variable seems the standard of poetical merit, that we begin to believe true what Edmund Burke says of TASTE among the moderns: that "its essence is of too ethereal a nature for us ever to hope it will submit to bear the chains of definition."

In this vague and unsatisfactory state of things, Prout has, perhaps, "chosen the better part." *He* would appear to confine the range of his admiration within the happy circle of recognised, incontestable, and transcendent excellence.

All this he has found supereminently in the canonised object of these running commentaries. He stands not alone in hailing therein HORACE as prince of all lyric poets of every age and clime. In so doing, he merely bows to the general verdict of mankind; which, when fairly collected and plainly uttered, constitutes a final and irrevocable award, the maxim of Vincent, abbot of Lerins, being, "*Quod SEMPER, quod UBIQUE, quod ab OMNIBUS traditum est.*" Geometry and logarithms may admit of being demonstrated in the abstract nakedness of their intrinsic evidences; but in poetry, as in religion, the experience of every day sufficiently shows the proneness of individual judgment to strange and fantastic theories, which can only be rectified by a reference to the universal sentiment—the *sensus communis* of the human species. Prout always paid deference to time-honoured reputations. Great was, hence, his veneration for the "venerable Bede;" and, notwithstanding the absence of all tangible evidences, most vigorously did he admire the "admirable Crichton." In ARISTOTLE he persisted to recognise the great master-mind of metaphysics; he scouted the transcendentalism of KANT:

sufficient for him was the cosmogony of MOSES ; he laughed to scorn the conjectures of geology.*

This reminds us of the "astounding discovery" with which Dr. BUCKLAND is reported to have lately electrified the Bristolians. Ephraim Jenkinson's ghost must have heard with jealousy, on the banks of the Styx, the shouts of applause which echoed the Doctor's assertion on the banks of the Avon, that the world had already lasted "millions of years;" that a "new version of Genesis" would be shortly required, since a new light "had been thrown on Hebrew scholarship!" The doctor's declaration is very properly described as the only "original fact" elicited at the meeting. What fun! to hear a mite in the cavity of a Gloucester cheese gravely reasoning on the streaks (or strata) of red and yellow, and finally concluding, all things duly considered, that the invoice of the farmer who made it bears a wrong date, and that the process of fabricating the cheese in question must have been begun as long ago, at least, as the days of the heptarchy!

There is often more strict logic, and more downright common sense, in a poet's view of nature and her works, than in the gravest and most elaborate mystifications of *soi-disant* philosophy. We shall, therefore, hesitate not to place in contraposition to this Bucklandish theory the ideas of Chateaubriand on the subject, leaving to any dispassionate thinker to say on which side reason and analogy preponderate. "They tell us," says the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*, whose exact words we cannot remember at this time of the evening, "that the earth is an old toothless hag, bearing in every feature the traces of caducity; and that six thousand years are not enough to account for the hidden marks of age discoverable to the eyes of Science:—but has it never occurred to them, that, in producing this globe for the dwelling of man, it may have suited Providence to create all its component parts in the stage of full maturity, just as Adam himself was called into being at the full age of manhood, without passing through the preparatory process of infancy,

* At this period the difficulty of reconciling geology with Genesis was yet rife, and Colburn, dean of York, was applauded in his denunciations of Dr. Buckland, subsequently dean of Westminster.

boyhood, or youth? When God planted the soil of Paradise, think ye that the OAK of a hundred years' growth was wanting to shed its mighty shadow over our first parents? or are we to believe that every tree was a mere shrub, just emerging from the ground? Was the LION, whom Milton describes so graphically as

‘Pawing to get free
His hinder parts,’

nothing but a new-born cub? I do not believe it. I hold that the grove waved its majestic pines, already bearing among their topmost branches the ready-built nest of the rook and the young family of the dove; that the sheep browsed on the green sward, with her attendant lamb; and that the bold rock overhung the running stream, with the mantling ivy already twining through its crevices, and exhibiting the *marks of age* on its hoary surface. Did not the Creator understand the effect and the beauty of what we are agreed to call the *picturesque*? or, in his EDEN, did HE overlook the graces of landscape? What a clumsy artificer these men would represent their Maker to be! What a crude and ill-assorted planet would they describe as issuing from the hands of Omnipotence, to require the operation of time and the influence of chemical agents to bring it to perfection! ‘Non! non! le jour même que l’océan épanchait ses premières vagues sur nos rives, il baigna, n’en doutons point, des écueils déjà rongés par les flots, des grèves semées de débris, de coquillages, et des caps décharnés, qui soutenaient contre les eaux les rivages croulans de la terre; sans cette vieillesse originaire, il n’y aurait eu ni pompe ni majesté dans l’univers.’”——“The great whales lay

‘Floating many a rood’

at the first instant of their creation, and the full-grown elephant roamed in the Indian forest, among gigantic trees coeval with a world of yesterday.” So much for Buckland.

We feel that we have digressed from the professed object of this paper, by going so far back as the *hexameron*, or six days' work of the Creator. In Racine's only-begotten comedy of the *Pleasers*, the judge, anxious to bring an advocate, who had indulged in a similar flight, back to the

stolen capon, which formed the matter in dispute, gently interposes by the celebrated joke, "*Passons au déluge.*" We shall take the hint, and return to Horace.

This decade terminates the *first book* of the ODES. Prout has thus furnished the world with a complete translation—so far—of the Sabine songster. Whether we shall be able to fish up any further leaves of the Horatian category from the old trunk is yet a riddle. Sufficient, however, has been done to place the critic of Watergrasshill on a level with the long-winded Jesuit, FATHER SANADON, in the muster-roll of the poet's commentators.

OLIVER YORKE.

Regent Street, 23d September.

Watergrasshill, al solito.

THE life of HORACE, as all the world knows, has been epitomised by SÜETONIUS, a Roman biographer, who (so far as we may judge from the portion of his works we possess) must have entertained peculiar notions as to the relative attraction possessed by the individual subjects selected for his memoirs. In Falstaff's tavern-bill there appeared but one ha'porth of bread to counterbalance several dozens of sack; SÜETONIUS furnishes us with a miscellaneous account of celebrated characters, in which the rules of proportion are just as little attended to—there is but one* *poet* to twelve "*Cæsars.*"

In this solitary life of an *homme de lettres*, which seems to have found its way, through some mistake, into the gorgeous circle of imperial biography, there is one occurrence marked down by the courtly chronicler with more than usual carefulness; sparing neither circumstantial nor documentary detail in his anxiety to put us in full possession of the (to him inexplicable) conduct of the poet on the occasion.

One fine evening, towards the close of autumn, Flaccus was seated, *al fresco*, under the porch of his Sabine villa, his

* Prout seems to think that the fragments relating to Lucan, Terence, and Juvenal are not to be ascribed to the biographer of Horace. Sau-maise has not decided the question.—O. Y.

arms crossed on his breast in a pensive attitude, a tall Greek jar, filled with home-made wine, standing out in bold relief before him, his eye apparently intent on the long shadow projected by the graceful *amphora* as it intercepted the rays of the setting sun.

He was thinking of VIRGIL, who had just died at NAPLES, after a long and painful illness, and whose loss to literature and social companionship no one could appreciate more feelingly than HORACE. They had but lately wept in common over "Quinctilius;" and the same reflection which had dried up the tear of the mourners then (viz., that "there was no help for it"), was probably the only one that presented itself to his mind to mitigate the pangs of this fresh bereavement. A slave was meantime seen approaching in the distant landscape, dressed in the peculiar costume of the *tabellarii*, and bearing, in the dust and exhaustion visible throughout his person, evidence of a hurried journey from the metropolis. On reaching the spot where the poet sat, absorbed and "gazing on vacancy," the arrival of one in whom he recognised a familiar servant of Mæcenas was sufficient to draw him from his reverie; especially when, on examining the tablets handed to him by the slave, he perceived on the seal that closed the silver thread with which the letter was bound up, the impression of a sphynx—a well-known emblem used by his patron. He broke the envelope at once, and read as follows:

"OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, Augustus, Prince of the Senate, perpetual Consul, Tribune for life, to C. MÆCENAS, Knight, Prefect of Rome, dwelling on the Esquiline, health.

"Hitherto I have been able to find time for keeping up a friendly intercourse by letter with my numerous correspondents myself, but the increasing press of business, and my growing infirmities, now put it out of my power. I therefore wish to entice our friend Horace from your exclusive circle. Allow him to exchange your hospitable board for a residence at the palace here. He is to act as my private secretary. Farewell.

*"From Mount Palatine, the kalends of October."**

Mæcenas had transmitted to his friend and guest the im-

* Verbatim from Suetonius. See Cuvillier Fleury, R.D. Paris, 1830.

perial epistle, without adding a single syllable of note or comment to what was thus briefly couched in the handwriting of his august correspondent. Horace was at first at a loss to account for this deficiency, but, after a moment's reflection, could not but bestow his approval on the delicate reserve, which left him entire liberty to act according to his own unbiassed judgment in a matter so wholly personal to himself.

The slave, meantime, stood waiting in respectful silence; the poet motioned him to follow into the *atrium*, where he traced a few lines for his master, and despatched him back to Rome. That night, at supper, Mæcenas conveyed to Augustus the result of his message to the Sabine farm: it was a refusal to accept the offer of the emperor.

The secret motives which influenced a determination so prompt and decisive on the poet's part, he most probably did not communicate to Mæcenas. It is likely that he adopted in his reply the usual plea of "ill health," though his jolly, plump, and rubicund appearance at their next meeting sufficiently gave the lie to any valetudinarian pretences. Perhaps he put forward his predilections for a country life, and his fondness for rural solitude, of which he has so often (ironically) celebrated the charms: such pretext must have amused those who were best acquainted with his versatile disposition, and knew how little the dull monotony of rustication was suited to his lively humour.

"*Romæ Tibur amem; ventosus Tibure Romam.*"—Ep. i. 8. 12.

Are we, then, to conjecture that sheer idleness dictated the refusal? Are we to conclude that the *dolce far niente* of a modern lazzarone had been practically anticipated, and exemplified in the conduct of an ancient Roman? I shall have a word or two to say hereupon, ere a verdict is given dishonourable to the character of Horace. I merely remark *en passant*, that the duties of a private secretary in the palace of Augustus were far from bearing any resemblance to the tedious functions imposed by the prosy and long-winded style of correspondence adopted in recent diplomacy: *billets-doux* of old were quite as short as those of Lord Melbourne.*

* *Ex. gr.*: "How are you? I shall call at two.

(Signed)

"MELBOURNE."—O. Y.

In Trial of Hon. G. C. Norton v. Melbourne.

There were no foolscap sheets of protocol nonsense interchanged in those days; and the secretaryship on Mount Palatine would have been, as nearly as possible, a luxurious sinecure.

But may not he, as an *homme de lettres*, have looked on the mere technical employment of "polite letter-writer" as something degrading to his genius, and derogatory to the high aspirings of intellect; as clogging the wings of fancy, and impeding the lofty flights of lyrical enthusiasm? There may be something in this surmise, yet it is far from affording a satisfactory explanation of the matter. The case, I apprehend, admits of reasoning drawn from analogy. PINDAR held some such ministerial appointment at the Sicilian court of HIERO, yet he soared unshackled into the ærial regions with undiminished buoyancy, fixing on the effulgent source of poetic inspiration an eagle gaze that never faltered. Old JOHN MILTON was "*Latin secretary*" to the copper-nosed usurper at Whitehall, yet what spirit like his could

"Tempt, with wandering feet,
The dark, unfathomed, infinite abyss;
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way? or waft his airy flight,
Upborne on indefatigable wings?"

TASSO had an epistolary engagement in the household of Este, at Ferrara; VIDA did the duties of a Roman canonicate, and held a Tusculan prebend at the hands of Leo X. RACINE occupied the post of "historiographer" to the *Grand Monarque*; Addison and Prior, Chateaubriand and Petrarch, have been each in his day members of the "*corps diplomatique*," without suffering any detriment in their imaginations and poetic faculties. But of all the official ministrations which have brought literary men in contact with courts and sovereigns, no two more similar positions could be instanced than those relatively occupied by Voltaire at Potsdam, and (had he chosen to accept) by Horace in the palace of Augustus. It is true, that the witty French infidel occasionally complained of being compelled to revise and retouch the poetic effusions of Frederick—" *Je lave le linge sale de sa majesté*;" and it would appear that the Roman emperor had a similar mania for trying his hand at versification, as

several hexameter fragments still extant seem to indicate: hence no doubt he intended to avail himself of our poet's facility and good nature to introduce certain metrical graces into the dull routine of imperial correspondence. Certain it is, that (snuff, brandy, obscene jokes, and blasphemy, apart) the *petits soupers* of Potsdam might be not inaptly compared to the *noctes cœnæque dædum* enacted of old on Mount Palatine.

But I do not believe that the repugnance of Horace to the proposed arrangement had its origin in any fear of stultifying his inventive powers, or dimming his poetic perceptions in the apprehended drudgery of an amanuensis. Neither, as I said before, do I concur in the supposition that downright indolence—arrant sloth—kept him in such habitual thralldom that he could not muster energy sufficient for undertaking the functions of secretary. To vindicate him from the charge of yielding to imbecile lethargy, of succumbing in utter incapability of all strenuous effort, need I recall the historical fact of his having been selected to take command of a regiment in perilous times, days of iron exertion?

“*Cùm mihi pareret legio Romana tribuno.*”
Sat. i. 6.

Need I instance the further proof of his business habits and worldly capacity, afforded us by the well-authenticated circumstance of his having held, and duly discharged, the important office of commissioner of the public revenue (*scriba quæstorius*), somewhat equivalent to the attributions which, in a subsequent age, were deemed the fittest to occupy the abilities of ROBERT BURNS, “poet and *exciseman*”—(not to speak of one Wordsworth, distributor of stamps in Cumberland)? Need I observe, in corroboration of all the other evidences which prove his willingness to work, that he at one time of his life went through the most wearisome and laborious of all the hard tasks to which flesh is heir—the crowning drudgery of all human toils—that of earning his bread by scribblement and versemongery?

“*Paupertas impulit audax*
Ut versus facerem.”

The gods, when they hate a man with uncommon abhorrence,

are said to drive him to the profession of schoolmaster: but a pedagogue may "go further" into the depths of misery, and "fare worse," should he be tempted to worry his brains (τον νουν) in gathering intellectual samphire—

"Dreadful trade!"

This is the true reading of a fragmentary passage from Euripides, which is often misquoted:

Όταν δε Δαιμων ανδρι προσυνη κακα
Τον νουν εβλαψε πρωτον.

Incertæ Trag., publ. by BARNES.

What our poet endured in passing through that expiatory stage of his chequered existence we can only conjecture, as he barely alludes to it. He had long since arrived at the enjoyment of a moderate competence, and if he still courted the Muses and indulged "in numbers," it was (like Pope)

"Because the numbers came."

Having thus fully acquitted Horace of a propensity to idleness, it is time to state my own view of the cause which operated in producing the rejection of so tempting an offer as that conveyed by letter to the poet, "from the highest quarter," through the instrumentality of Mæcenas. Fully to understand the delicacy of mind and the sensitive feelings of honour he evinced on this occasion, it is perhaps expedient to recapitulate anterior occurrences.

Horace, by the mere circumstance of birth, could scarcely claim admittance into what we call the middle class of society.* His father was a freedman of POMPEY'S house, and, on his emancipation from service in that distinguished family, had set himself up in trade as a crier, or collector, at public auctions: a social position, need I add, far from equalling the splendid rank held in modern times by George Robins of Covent Garden. He was, however, an old man of considerable sagacity; and to him, much pondering on the unsettled state of the political horizon, there appeared no reason why he should not look out for the chances of

* He was not ashamed to own it:

"*Ego pauperum sanguis parentum.*"—Ode ii. 20, 6.

raising up his dynasty in the midst of the coming confusion. Wherefore to the education of his only son, Flaccus—rather a smart boy for his age—he devoted all his earnings and energies, so as to fit him for the very highest functions of the state, should fortune turn favourable. He accordingly sent him to the tip-top school of the day—the Eton or Harrow of Rome, kept by one Orbilius “for a select number of the young nobility and gentry.” Nor has Horace omitted gratefully to record the pains and trouble which the worthy principal of this academy bestowed on his studies; though he jocosely applies to him now and then the endearing epithet of “*plagosus*,” and is supposed by the German philologist, Wolff, to have drawn his portrait in the well-known lines about Death:

“*Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidove tergo.*”—Lib. iii. ode ii.

Having exhausted, at the age of twenty, all the stock of information possessed by *Orbilius*, his excellent father, begrudging no expense, and securely calculating on a full return for the capital invested in so hopeful a son, now sent him to Athens, where Philosophy still sauntered in the shady walks of Academus, and Wisdom yet held forth from the porch of Zeno. Here was congregated all the young blood of Rome; the promising scions of every noble house were allowed to grow up in the genial sunshine of Greece: Athens was the fashionable university. The youthful acquaintances formed here by Horace were, naturally enough, selected from the partisans and supporters of POMPEY; such as young Plancus, Messala, Varus, Bibulus, Cicero (son of the orator), and all that set. What a delightful and interesting picture it were to contemplate the development, in these ardent breasts, of genius, passion, patriotism, and all the workings of the Roman soul; to note the aspirings of each gallant spirit; to watch the kindling of each generous emotion, fanned into a blaze by the recollections of Grecian renown and the memorials of bygone glory! Nor were it a less curious study to observe the contrast of Roman and Athenian manners in this refined and intellectual city, at once frivolous and profound, servile and enthusiastic; the parent of Pericles, Phidias, and Phocion, yet nursing nume-

rous and genuine specimens of the sycophant and the sophist, to all appearance equally indigenous in the soil with the hero and the sage.

Dwelling with fondness on this young colony of noble students, imagination revels in the vision of their joyous and animated intercourse; fancy follows them through their pursuits of science or of pleasure, their reveries of Stoic or Epicurean philosophy—(for PAUL had not yet astounded the Areopagus with the announcement of Revelation)—calm dreams, not unmixed with speculations on the symptoms of important change, already but too manifest in the political system of the mother-country. Of a sudden, the news of Cæsar's murder in the senate-house burst on the quiet leisure of these pleasant hours; and, to add to the excitement, the arrival at Athens of BRUTUS himself, fresh glowing from the deed of antique stoicism, communicated an irresistible impulse to the cause, and sent an electric shock through the veins of each young POMPEIAN. Loud was the acclaim, and warm the welcome, with which Horace and his circle hailed the asserter of the rights and privileges of the Roman aristocracy: for this, *en passant*, is the true light in which the hero of the ides of March should be considered by those who wish to understand the actuating motives and political views of that period. An army was to be organised in all haste; and high must have been the opinion of our poet's personal intrepidity and skill, when Brutus did not hesitate to place him at once at the HEAD OF A REGIMENT: the post of "military tribune" being equivalent to the functions of colonel in our modern army-lists.

Here, then, we have the pupil of the "polu-flog-boyo" *Orbilius*, gallantly accoutred, unflinchingly erect in the van of a LEGION, forming one of the "staff" in an army of 100,000 men, who were soon to meet an equal number on the disastrous plains of *Philippi*. It was the last effort of the expiring constitution; the last bold stand made by the confederated nobility, the Cavaliers of Rome, against the odious idol of Democracy embodied in the Triumvirate. Several years subsequently, in a drinking-song alluding to this battle, *he charges himself* with the basest cowardice; describing his conduct as that of a runaway, who flung knapsack, belt, and buckler to be foremost in the flight

when *saue qui peut* was the cry. But we may safely look on the avowal as merely one of mock modesty, meant to be taken *cum grano salis*; especially as the bacchanalian song in question was addressed to one of the young POMPEYS (*Pomp. Grosph.*), before whom he would be loath to stultify or stigmatise himself by such a statement, if intended to be taken literally. We may confidently assert, in the absence of every other testimony but his own, that he behaved with proper courage on the occasion; and for this reason, viz. no one likes to joke on matters in which he is conscious of deficiency. Joe Hume, for instance, never ventures a witticism on the Greek loan.

The results of the campaign are well known. BRUTUS made away with himself with stoic consistency; but a number of his lieutenants—BIBULUS, his brother-in-law, MESSALA, PLANCUS, and many others, with 14,000 of the troops, capitulated, and made their submission to the triumvirs. A few years after, Messala fought at Actium, under the banner of Octavius, and is reported to have exclaimed in the hearing of Antony's antagonist, "*It is ever my destiny to bear arms at the side on which justice and honour are arrayed.*" A saying equally indicative of MESSALA'S free-spoken intrepidity, and the tolerating high-mindedness of the emperor who could listen without chiding or displeasure.

Horace followed the example of those whom he had known at Athens in the intimacy of early youth, when attachments are strongest, and the ties of indissoluble friendship are most effectually formed. But in this tacit adhesion to the new order of things, old feelings and long-cherished opinions were not readily got rid of. The Jacobites could not yet divest themselves of a secret antipathy to the house of Hanover. There still existed, among most of them, a sort of sulky reluctance to fraternise with the government, or accept its favour, or incur any obligation irreconcilable with the proud susceptibility of patrician independence.

It becomes obvious, from this brief *exposé*, that for Horace to accept a situation in the household of Augustus, would be tantamount on his part to a complete apostacy from all his old familiar friendship, and a formal renunciation of all acquaintanceship among the numerous surviving partisans of Pompey. Every one who recollects the abuse poured out

on Burke (in his capacity of government-pensioner), from the foul organs of Holland House, will understand the annoyance to which our poet would have subjected himself, had he yielded to the proposal of the emperor. Besides, he possessed a becoming share of national pride; and was unwilling to barter the free sentiments of his mind, and their honest expression, for emoluments and functions which would give to any support his writings might afford the established dynasty a semblance of venality, stamping him as a mere mercenary character. The friendship of Mæcenas had procured for him the restoration of some confiscated property which his father had acquired, but which had become forfeited by the part he had taken in the civil war: this was the "Sabine farm." Presents and valuable benefactions had flowed on him from the same munificent source, but perfect equality and reciprocal esteem were the terms on which the patron and poet lived towards each other. No wonder, then, that the letter of Augustus failed to seduce him from the table of Mæcenas, on the Esquiline Hill, to a secretary's duties, and accompanying golden shackles, on Mount Palatine.

Such is the simple explanation of an otherwise very extraordinary passage in the life of Horace. Viewed in this light, his reluctance would appear perfectly justifiable, and would seem to evince sound judgment, as well as a delicate sense of honour. I happen to have some very particular reasons, which it is unnecessary to specify, for dwelling on the conduct here described; and having, I trust, put the matter in its proper light, I now return to my hermeneutic labours.

We are informed by STRABO (lib. xvi.), that in the year 730 U.C., the emperor decided on sending out an army, under the command of GALLUS, to conquer *Arabia Felix*, the "land of Hus." This country, by all accounts, sacred and profane (see Isaiah, cap. lx., *et passim*), seems to have been celebrated for its treasure and renowned for its luxury, though very little traces remained a few centuries after of either riches or civilization: at the present day it is literally "as poor as Job." Such, however, were the ideas entertained at Rome of this *El Dorado* of the East, that thousands enrolled themselves under the standard of GALLUS, in the

hopes of making a rapid fortune from the spoils of the Arabs. The expedition proved a wretched failure. One ICCIUS, however, was among the deluded speculators, who joined it through sheer eagerness for pillage: he sold a capital law-library, to purchase an outfit and a commission in the newly-raised regiments. His abandonment of professional pursuits for a military engagement was the laughter of all Rome, and Horace heartily enjoyed the general merriment. Such was the occasion which provoked the following witty and polished remonstrance, addressed to the warlike lawyer:

ODE XXIX.—THE SAGE TURNED SOLDIER.

AIR—"One bumper at parting."

AD ICCIUM.

The trophies of war, and the plunder,
Have fired a philosopher's breast—
So, Iccius, you march (mid the wonder
Of all) for Arabia the blest.
Full sure, when 'tis told to the Persian,
That *you* have abandoned your home,
He'll feel the full force of coercion,
And strike to the banners of Rome!

What chief shall you vanquish and fetter?
What captive shall call you her lord?
How soon may the maiden forget her
Betrothèd, hewn down by your sword?
What stripling has fancy appointed,
From all that their palaces hold,
To serve you with ringlets anointed,
And hand you the goblet of gold?

His arts to your pastime contribute,
His foreign accomplishments shew,
And, taught by his parent, exhibit
His dexterous use of the bow.—
Who doubts that the Tiber, in choler,
May, bursting all barriers and bars,
Flow back to its source, when a scholar
Deserts to the standard of Mars?

When *you*, the reserved and the prudent,
Whom Socrates hoped to engage,
Can merge in the soldier the student,
And mar thus, an *embryo* sage—

Icci, beatis nunc
Arabum invides
Gazis, et acrem
Militiam paras
Non ante divitiis
Sabææ
Regibus, hor-
ribilique Medo

Nectis catenas.
Quæ tibi virginum,
Sponso necato,
Barbara serviet?
Puer quis ex aulâ
Capillis
Ad cyathum
Statuetur unctis,

Doctus sagittas
Tendere Sericas
Aru paterno?
Quis neget arduis
Pronos relabi
Posse rivos
Montibus, et
Tiberim riverti,

Quum tu coemptos
Undique nobiles
Libros Panæti,
Socraticam et domum

Bid the visions of science to vanish,
 And barter yon erudite hoard
 Of volumes from Greece for a Spanish
 Cuirass, and the pen for a sword ?

Mutare loriceis
 Iberis,
 Pollicitus
 Meliora, tendis ?

The "*Spanish*" cuirass would seem to indicate that the peninsula was, so far back as the Augustan age, renowned for its iron manufactures. The blades of Toledo kept up, during the middle ages, the credit of Spain for industry and skill in this department. Likewise, in the craft of *shoemaking*, the town of Cordova shone pre-eminent: nor did the hero of that ilk, Gonsalve *de Cordoue*, confer on it greater celebrity than its leathern glories; as the English word *cordwainer*, and the French term, *cordonnier*, still testify. In an old MS. of the King's Library, Paris (marked Q.), a monkish scholiast has made a marginal observation on this ode to Iccius, which is highly characteristic of cloister criticism:—" *Horatius reprehendit quemdam qui sua CLERICALIA OFFICIA mutat pro militaribus armis:*"—a clerk who could sell his "office-book," or *breviary*, for a suit of armour, was assuredly a fit subject for the poet's animadversion. It is to be regretted that the same worthy commentator did not continue his glossary throughout; as, for instance, what might he not discover in the next *morceau* ?

ODE XXX.—THE DEDICATION OF GLYCERA'S CHAPEL.

AIR—"The Boyne water."

AD VENEREM.

O Venus! Queen of Cyprus isle,
 Of Paphos and of Gnidus,
 Hie from thy favourite haunts awhile,
 And make abode amid us;
 Glycera's altar for thee smokes,
 With frankincense sweet-smelling—
 Thee, while the charming maid invokes,
 Hie to her lovely dwelling!

Let yon bright Boy, whose hand hath grasped
 Love's blazing torch, precede thee,
 While gliding on, with zone unclasped,
 The sister Graces lead thee:
 Nor be thy Nymph-attendants missed:
 Nor can it harm thy court, if
 Hebe the youthful swell thy list,
 With Mercury the sportive.

O Venus! Regina
 Gnidi, Paphique
 Sperne dilectam
 Cypron, et vocantis
 Thure te multo
 Glycæræ
 Decoram
 Transfer in ædem.

Fervidus tecum
 Puer, et solutis
 Gratix zonis
 Properentque
 Nymphæ,
 Et parum comis
 Sine te Juventas,
 Mercuriusque.

Honest *Dacier* says, in his own dry way: "*On ne doit pas s'étonner qu' Horace mette Mercure à la suite de Vénus; cela s'explique aisément!*"

Augustus, in the year u.c. 726, according to Dion (53. l.), built a temple to Apollo on Mount Palatine, to which he annexed a splendid library, much spoken of under subsequent emperors. The ceremony of its consecration appears to have called forth as many "*addresses*" as the re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre, in the heyday of Horace Smith: one only has been preserved to posterity. Here is the Roman laureate's effusion, replete with dignified and philosophic sentiments, expressed in the noblest language:

ODE XXXI.—THE DEDICATION OF APOLLO'S TEMPLE.

ANNO AB U.C. 726.

AIR—"Lesbia hath a beaming eye."

AD APOLLINEM.

When the bard in worship, low
Bends before his liege Apollo,
While the red libations flow
From the goblet's golden hollow,
Can ye guess his orison?
Can it be for "grain" he asketh—
Mellow grain, that in the sun
O'er Sardinia's bosom basketh?

No, no! The fattest herd of kine
That o'er Calabrian pasture ranges—
The wealth of India's richest mine—
The ivory of the distant Ganges?
No—these be not the poet's dream—
Nor acres broad to roam at large in,
Where lazy Liris, silent stream,
Slow undermines the meadow's margin.

The landlord of a wide domsin
May gather his Campsian vintage,
The venturous trader count his gain—
I covet not his rich per centage;
When for the merchandise he sold
He gets the balance he relied on,
Pleased let him toast, in cups of gold,
"Free intercourse with Tyre and Sidon!"

Quid dedicatum
Poscit Apollinem
Vates? Quid orat,
De patera novum
Fundes liquorem?
Non opimæ
Sardinia
Segetes feracis,

Non æstnosæ
Grata Calabria
Armenta, non aurum
Aut ebur Indicum,
Non rurs, quæ
Liris quietâ
Mordet aquâ,
Taciturnus amnis.

Premant Calenam
Falce, quibus dedit
Fortuna, vitem;
Dives et aureis
Mercator ex-
siccet culullis
Vina Syra
Reparata merce.

Each year upon the watery waste,
 Let him provoke the fierce Atlantic
 Four separate times— . . . I have no taste
 For speculation so gigantic.
 The gods are kind, the gain superb ;
 But, haply, I can feast in quiet
 On salad of some homely herb,
 On frugal fruit and olive diet.
 Oh, let Latona's son but please
 To guarantee me health's enjoyment !
 The goods he gave—the faculties
 Of which he claims the full employment ;
 Let me live on to good old age,
 No deed of shame my pillow haunting,
 Calm to the last, the closing stage
 Of life :—nor let the lyre be wanting !

Dis carus ipais ;
 Quippe ter et quater
 Anno revisens
 Æquor Atlanticum
 Impune. Me
 Pascunt olivæ,
 Me ciborea
 Levesque malvæ.
 Frui paratis
 Et valide mihi,
 Latœ, dones ;
 At, precor, integrâ
 Cum mente,
 Nec turpem senectam
 Degere nec
 Citharâ carentem.

The following stanzas would seem to form a sort of introductory flourish, or preamble ; and, in the opinion of Father Sanadon, were intended as a musical overture to the *Carmen Sæculare*. In it, Horace calls the lyre a *testudo* ; and tells us that Jupiter never dined without an accompaniment of the kind : "*Dapibus supremi grata testudo Jovis.*" My friend, William Jerdan, thinks, nevertheless, that "*fine lively turtle*" is of far greater acceptance, on festal occasions, than a mere empty tortoise-shell.

ODE XXXII.

AD LYRAM.

Poscimur . . . Siquid vacui sub umbrâ	Liberum, et Musas, Veneremque,
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in an-	et illi
num	Semper hærentem puerum canebat,
Vivat et plures, age, dic Latinum,	Et Lycam nigris oculis, nigroque
Barbite, carmen,	Crine decoram.
Lesbio primum modulate civi ;	O decus Phœbi, et dapibus supremi
Qui, ferox bello, tamen inter arma,	Grata testude Jovis ! o lahorum
Sive jactatam religarat udo	Dulce lenimen, mihi cumque salve
Litere navim,	Rite vocanti !

AN OCCASIONAL PRELUDE OF THE POET TO HIS SONGS.

AIR—"Dear harp of my country."

They have called for a lay that for ages abiding,
 Bids Echo its music through years to prolong ;
 Then wake, Latin lyre ! Since my country takes pride in
 Thy wild native harmony, wake to my song.

'Twas Alcæus, a minstrel of Greece, who first married
 The tones of the voice to the thrill of the chord ;
 O'er the waves of the sea the loved symbol he carried,
 Nor relinquished the lyre though he wielded the sword.

Gay Bacchus, the Muses, with Cupid he chanted
 —The boy who accompanies Venus the fair—
 And he told o'er again how for Lyca he panted,
 With her bonny black eyes and her dark flowing hair.

'Tis the pride of Apollo—he glories to rank it,
 Amid his bright attributes, foremost of all :
 'Tis the solace of life! Even Jove to his banquet
 Invites thee!—O lyre! ever wake to my call.

I do not admit the next ode to be genuine. The elegiac poet, Tibullus, to whom it is inscribed, died very young (twenty-six) ; and, besides, was too great a favourite of the ladies to have such lines as these addressed to him :

ODE XXXIII.

AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

Albi, ne doleas,
 Plus nimio memor
 Immitis Glycæræ,
 Neu miserabiles
 Decantes elegos,
 Cur tibi junior
 Læsâ præniteat fide, &c.

Be not astonished, dear Tibullus,
 That fickle women jilt and gull us !
 Cease to write "*elegies*," bemoaning
 Glycera's falsehood—idly groaning
 That thou in her esteem hast sunk, or
 That she prefers a roaring younker.
 K. τ. λ.

I consequently dismiss it to its appropriate place amid the *Apocrypha*.

It is a remarkable fact, though overlooked by most historians, that the "Reformation" originated in a clap of thunder. A German student was so terrified by the bolt (which killed his comrade) that he turned monk, and, having had originally no vocation for that quiet craft, afterwards broke out, naturally enough, into a polemical agitator. Horace was nearly converted by the same electric process as Luther. *Ex. gr.* :

ODE XXXIV.—THE POET'S CONVERSION.

AD SEIPSUM.

I, whom the Gods had found a client,
Rarely with pious rites compliant,
At Unbelief disposed to nibble,
And pleased with every sophist quibble—

I, who had deemed great Jove a phantom,
Now own my errors, and RECANT 'em!

Have I not lived of late to witness,
Athwart a sky of passing brightness,
The God, upon his car of thunder,
Cleave the calm elements asunder?
And, through the firmament careering,
Level his bolts with aim unerring?

Then trembled Earth with sudden
shiver;
Then quaked with fear each mount and
river;
Stunned at the blow, Hell reeled a mi-
nute,
With all the darksome caves within it;
And Atlas seemed as he would totter
Beneath his load of land and water!

Yes! of a God I hail the guidance;
The proud are humbled at his bid-
dance;
Fortune, his handmaid, now uplifting
Monarchs, and now the sceptre shifting,
With equal proof HIS power evincea,
Whether she raise or ruin Princes.

Parcus Deorum
Cultor et infrequens,
Insanientis
Dum sapientiæ
Conaultus erro, nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare cur-
sus

Cogor relictos.
Namque Diespiter,
Igri corusco
Nubila dividens
Plerumque, per purum tonantes
Egit equos, volucrumque
currum,

Quo bruta tellus,
Et vaga flumina,
Quo Styx, et invis
Horrida Tanari
Sedes, Atlantesque finis
Concutitur. Valet ima
summis

Mutare, et insignem
Attenuat Deus,
Obacura promena.
Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit, hic potuisse gau-
det.

Here is a specimen of the poet's more elevated manner— a sample of his grander style of composition. He invokes the smile of Fortune on two impending enterprises of the emperor: one an expedition to Arabia, composed of new recruits (concerning which, see the first ode of this decade); and, secondly, an excursion to Britain. Napoleon would call the first, "*l'Armée de l'Orient*;" and the other, "*l'Armée d'Angleterre*." Both were intended rather to divert public attention from politics than for real conquest. Horace, however, appears quite in earnest.

ODE XXXV.—AN ADDRESS TO FORTUNE.

AD FORTUNAM.

Fortune, whose pillared temple crowns
Cape Antium's jutting cliff,
Whose smiles confer success, whose
frowns

Can change our triumphs brief
To funerals—for life both lie at
The mercy of thy sovereign fiat.

THEE, Goddess! in his fervent prayers,
Fondly the frugal farmer courts;
The mariner, before he dares
Unmoor his bark, to THEE resorts—
That thy kind favour may continue,
To bless his voyage to Bithynia.

Rude Dacia's clans, wild Scythia's
hordes—

Abroad—at home—all worship THEE!
And mothers of barbarian Lords,
And purpled tyrants, bend the knee
Before thy shrine, O Maid! who seemest
To rule mankind with power supremest.

Lest THOU their statue's pillared pride
Dash to the dust with scornful foot—
Lest Tumult, bent on regicide,
Their ancient dynasty uproot;
When maddened crowds, with Fiends
to lead 'em,
Wreck empires in the name of *freedom*!

THEE stern Necessity leads on,
Loaded with attributes of awe!
And grasping, grim automaton,
Bronze wedges in his iron claw,
Prepared with sledge to drive the bolt in,
And seal it fast with lead that's molten.

Thee Hope adores.—In snow-white vest,
Fidelity (though seldom found)
Clings to her liege, and loves him best,
When dangers threat and ills sur-
round;
Prizing him poor, despoiled, imprisoned,
More than with gold and gems bediz-
ened.

O Diva, Gratum
Quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo
Tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superhos
Vertere funeribus triumphos,

Te pauper ambit
Sollicita prece
Ruris colonus;
Te dominam æquoris,
Quicumque Bithyna lacescit
Carpathium pelagus carina;

Te Dacus asper,
Te profugi Scythæ,
Urbesque, gentesque,
Et Latium ferox,
Regumque matres barbarorum,
et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni,

Injurioso
Ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam;
Neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque fran-
gat.

Te semper anteit
Sæva Necessitas,
Clavos trabales
Et cuneos manu
Gestans aena, nec severus
Uncus abest liquidumque
plumbum.

Te Spes, et albo
Rara Fides colit
Velata panno,
Nec comitem abnegat,
Ut cumque mutata potentes
Veste domos inimica linquis.

Not so the fickle crowd!—Not so
 The purchased Beauty, sure to fly
 Where all our boon companions go,
 Soon as the cask of joy runs dry:
 Round us the Spring and Summer
 brought 'em—
 They leave us at the close of Autumn!

The Prayer.

Goddess! defend, from dole and harm,
 Cæsar, who speeds to Britain's camp!
 And waft, of Rome's glad youth, the
 swarms

Safe to where first Apollo's lamp
 Shines in the East—the brave whose
 fate is

To war upon thy banks, Euphrates!

Oh! let our country's tears expunge
 From history's page those years ab-
 horr'd,

When Roman hands could reckless
 plunge,

Deep in a brother's heart, the sword;
 When Guilt stalked forth, with aspect
 hideous,

With every crime and deed perfidious;

When Sacrilege and Frenzy urged

To violate each hallowed fane.—

Oh! that our falchions were reforged,

And purified from sin and shame;—

Then—turned against th' Assyrian foe-
 man—

Baptised in exploits truly Roman!

At vulgus infidum
 Et meretrix retro
 Perjura cedit;
 Diffugiunt cadis
 Cum sæce siccatis amici,
 Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.

Antistrophe.

Serves iturum
 Cæsarem in ultimo
 Orbis Britannos,
 Et juvenum recena
 Examen Eois timendum
 Partibus, Oceanoque rubro.

Eheu! cicatricum
 Et sceleris pudet
 Fratrumque. Quid nos
 Dura refugimus
 Ætas? Quid intactum nefasti
 Liquimus? Unde manum
 juventus

Metu Deorum
 Continuit? Quibus
 Pepercit ariæ?
 O utinam nova
 Incude defingas retusum in
 Masaagetæ Arabasque fer-
 rum!

The unaffected simplicity of the next song, and the kindly warmth of affection it bespeaks, are highly creditable to the poet's heart. The "gentle Lamia" has already figured in this series,* but nothing is known of "Numida."

ODE XXXVI.—A WELCOME TO NUMIDA.

AD PLOTIUM NUMIDAM.

Burn frankincense! blow life
 A merry note!—and quick devote
 A victim to the knife,

Et thure et fidibus juvat
 Placare, et vituli
 Sanguino debito

* See last decade.

To thank the guardian powers
Who led from Spain—home once again,
This gallant friend of ours.

Dear to us all; yet *one*
Can fairly boast—his friendship most:
Oh, *him* he doats upon!

The gentle *Lamia*, whom,
Long used to share—each schoolday care,
He loved in boyhood's bloom.

One day on both conferred
The garb of men—this day, again,
Let a "white chalk" record.

Then send the wine-jar round,
And blithely keep—the "Salian" step
With many a mirthful bound.

Custodes Numidæ Deos,
Qui nunc, Hesperia
Sospes ab ultimâ,

Caris multa sodalibus,
Nulli plura tamen
Dividit oscula,

Quam dulci Lamiaë, memor
Acte non alio
Rege puertiaë,

Mutatæque simul togæ.
Cressâ ne careat
Pulchra dies notâ;

Neupromptæ modus amphoræ,
Neu morem in Salium
Sit requies pedum.

We now come to a political squib of loud *éclat* and dazzling brilliancy. How he exults in the downfall of an antinational confederacy! How he revels in the dastard Antony's discomfiture! The cowardice and effeminacy of the latter are not positively described, but cannot fail to strike us at once (as they did the contemporary public), by the forcible contrast with Cleopatra's intrepidity. This ill-fated queen receives due honour from the poet, who shews that he can appreciate a daring spirit even in an enemy. To my own version I have annexed *Victor Hugo's* celebrated French translation, as sung at the *Porte St. Martin* with rapturous applause, in his *Cléopâtre, Tragédie, par l'Auteur de Marie Tudor*.

ODE XXXVII.—THE DEFEAT OF CLEOPATRA. A JOYFUL BALLAD.

THE BALLAD.	"AD SODALES."	AIR DE "MALBROOK."
Now, comrades, drink Full bumpers, undiluted! Now, dancers, link Firm hands, and freely foot it! Now let the priests, Mindful of Numa's ritual, Spread victim-feasts, And keep the rites habitual!	Nunc est bibendum, Nunc pede libero Pulsanda tellus, Nunc Saliaribus Ornare pulvinar Deorum Tempus erat Dapibus, sodales!	Or sùs! buvons Plein verre; Dansons, frappons La terre, De fleurs ormons, Pour plaire Aux Dieux, tous nos Autels. (bis.)
'Till now, 'twas wrong To unlock th' ancestral cellar, Where dormant long Bacchus remained a dweller;	Antehac nefas Depromere Cæcubum Cellus avertis, Dum Capitolio	Sors! libre et sans Entrave, Bacchus, qui dans Ta cave

While Egypt's queen Vowed to erase (fond woman!) Rome's walls, and e'en The very name of Roman!	Regina Dementes ruinas Fumus et Imperio parsabat,	<i>Languis deux ans ; Qu' Octave Contre Egypte est en guerre (bis.)</i>
Girt with a band Of craven-hearted minions, Her march she planned Through Cæsar's broad dominions! With visions sweet Of coming conquest flattered; When, lo! her fleet Agrippa fired and scattered!	Contaminato Cum grege turpium Morbo virorum, Quidlibet impotens Sperare, fortunâ- que dulci Ebria. Sed Minuit furorâ	<i>D'un vil ramas Que mène Sa flotte, hélas! La Reine Ne rêvait pas Qu' a peine Le quart lui resterait. (bis.)</i>
While Cæsar left Nor time nor space to rally; Of all bereft —All, save a single galleys— Fain to escape When fate and friends forsook her, Of Egypt's grape She quaffed the maddening liquor;	Vix una aospes Navis ab ignibus. Mentemque lymphâ- tam Mareotico Redegit in Verâ timores Cæsar, ab Italia volantem	<i>Sa nef au vent Se livre; César se prend A suivre;— Elle, en fuyant S'enivre Du vin des bords du Nil. (bis.)</i>
And turned her back On Italy's fair region;— When soars the hawk So flies the timid pigeon; So flies the hare, Purged by Scythia's hunter, O'er fallow bare, Athwart the snows of winter.	Remis adurgens, Accipiter velut Molles columbas, Aut leporâ citâ Venator in Campia nivalis Hæmoniæ, Daret ut catanis	<i>Comme un vautour Deploye Son aile et court Sa proie, César, ce jour De joye Sur l'océan voguait! (bis.)</i>
The die was cast, And chains she knew t'await her;— Queen to the last, She spurned the foe-man's fetter; Nor ahelter sought In hidden harbours meanly;— Nor feared the thought Of death—but met it queenly!	Fatâ monstrem; Quæ generosius Perire quærena Nec muliebriter Expavit ensem, Nec latentes Classe citâ Reparavit oras.	<i>Lors elle à part Proscrite, Fixe un regard Tacite Sur son poignard, Et quitte Tout espoir d'é- chapper. (bis.)</i>
Untaught to bend, Calm 'mid a tottering palace— 'Mid scenes that rend Weak woman's bosom, callous— Her arm could grasp The writhing snake; nor waver, While of the asp It drank the venomed slaver!	Ausa et jacentem Visere regiam Vultu aereo, Fortia et asperas Tractans aerpentes. Ut atrum Corpore com- biberet venenum,	<i>Voit mis à bas Son trône, Sans que le cas L'étonne; Sans que son bras Frisonne Un serpent y grimper! (bis.)</i>
Grim Death unawed She hailed with secret rapture, Glad to defraud Rome's galleys of a capture! And, haughty dame, Scorning to live, the agent Of regal shame, To grace a Roman pageant!	Deliberatâ Morte ferocior; Sævâ Liburnia Scilicet invidena Privata deduci Superbo Non humilis Muller triumpho.	<i>Et par sa mort Équive D'entrer au port Captive; Ainsi le sort Vous prive Romains! d'un beau régâl! (bis.)</i>

Directions for supper are appropriately given in the concluding ode of the book: they are short and significant. I think I may now call for a fresh tumbler myself. Molly! bring me the "materials!"

ODE XXXVIII.—LAST ODE OF BOOK THE FIRST.

AD MINISTRUM. DIRECTIONS FOR SUPPER.

Slave! for my feast, in humble grot
 Let Persia's pomps be all forgot;
 With twining garlands worry not
 Thy weary fingers,
 Nor heed in what secluded spot
 The last rose lingers.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus;
 Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ:
 Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
 Sera moretur.

Let but a modest myrtle-wreath,
 In graceful guise, our temples sheathe—
 Nor thou nor I aught else herewith
 Can want, I'm thinking,
 Cupbearer thou;—and I, beneath
 The wine-tree drinking.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores
 Sedulus curæ; nec te ministrum
 Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub
 arcta
 Vite bibentem.

THE SONGS OF HORACE.

DECADE THE FIFTH.

“NIL ADMIRARI prope res est una Numici
 Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.”

HOR., *Lib. I., Epist. VI.*

“NOT TO ADMIRE *is all the art I know*
To make men happy, and to keep them sa'—
 Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech:
 So take it in the very words of CREECH.”

POPE'S *Epistle to Lord Mansfield.*

“But, had *none admired,*
 Would POPE have sung, or HORACE been inspired? ...
 Gad! I must say I ne'er could see the very
 Great *happiness* of this 'NIL ADMIRARI.'”

BYRON, *Juan, Canto V., st. 100 & 101.*

IF the sentiment sought to be conveyed by the deepest moralist, as well as the sweetest songster of Rome, be correctly given “*in the words of Creech,*” we must confess our utter inability to comprehend, and our decided repugnance to adopt it: for, in the catalogue of pleasurable sensations which help to make life endurable, we should place in the

very highest rank that delightful and exalted feeling which in psychology is termed ADMIRATION. We hold the legitimate indulgence of that faculty to constitute a most refined species of intellectual enjoyment—not the less to be prized, for that the objects which call it forth happen to be scarce, and that opportunities are seldom afforded of yielding up the soul to its delightful influence. Other and opposite emotions can be felt at every hand's turn. Take, for example, those of PITY or CONTEMPT. Fit objects of compassion abound. LAUGHTER, also, may be enjoyed at a cheap rate.* “Boz” wields (and long may he flourish it!) an indefatigable pen; Reeve is come back; and our old favourite, Brougham, is busy bottling up a rich stock of buffoonery *quæ mox depromat* among the Lords. But ADMIRATION bides her time: her visits, angelic fashion, are few and far between. Yet is her presence ever sure to be felt while calm philosophy, pellucid reason, and patriot eloquence, flow from the lips of LYNDBURST.

In literature, we are accused of being over-fastidious; forasmuch as, perhaps, as we value our admiration too highly to lavish it on every passing scribbler. The *North American Review* is here peculiarly amusing. In its October number, just received, and now lying in our waste-paper box, much comical indignation is vented on OLIVER YORKE, for slighting a poor creature, one “Willis,” who some time ago “pencilled his way” among us, and has been since forgotten. All we can remember about the man was his publishing what he called a poem, “edited” by “Barry Cornwall,” a fictitious name, under which one Proctor, a commissioner of lunacy in our courts, thought it part of his official functions to usher him into notice. We did not advert to that circumstance at the time, or we should have taken the hint, and adopted towards him, not the severity of justly provoked criticism, but the mild indulgence suited to his case. For we did not require the evidence of this “reviewer’s” article, to convince us that rational rebuke is wasted when the mind of the recipient is unsound. We are glad, however, of the opportunity afforded us, by this casual reference to American matters, for placing on record our unfeigned and cordial admiration of

* Dickens had just begun his *Pickwick Papers*.

EDWIN FORREST, whom night after night we have seen tread our stage after a fashion which none but the disingenuous can hesitate to admire and to applaud.

It was observed of Charlemain, that greatness had so mixed itself up with his character, that it eventually penetrated his very name, till magnificence and Charles were blended into the sound of CARLOMAGNE. The sentiment of ADMIRATION has similarly worked itself into individual nomenclature on two occasions: viz. in the case of St. Gregory, "*Thaumaturge*," and in that of an accomplished cavalier, who burst on the close of the sixteenth century as "*the admirable Crichton*." To the story of that gallant scholar we have, in another part of our current number, taken an opportunity of alluding; and having therein, as we think, fairly plucked out the heart of the mystery, we shall not here stop to notice a book which will probably be the *μεγα θαυμα* of the season.

But returning to the "*words of Creech*," do they fairly give the meaning of Horace? We don't believe it. The plain English of the maxim is, "Let nothing take you by surprise;" and its practical effect would merely go to preserve the equilibrium of the mind from any sudden or violent upset. The translation of Creech affords one of the many instances in which to be *literal* is to misinterpret. Old Roger Bacon attributes the subtle fooleries of scholastic wrangling which arose in his day to the bad Latin versions of Aristotle. A Greek term was Latinised into one *apparently* synonymous, and the metaphysical niceties of the original vanished in the process. *Vulgus studentium* ASININAT *circà male translata* are the words in which he of the brazen head ridicules contemporary disputation. The delicate subtleties of poetical diction are still more evanescent; and of translations which render with mere *verbal* fidelity, it may be said, when they appear side by side with the text, that, though VENUS may preside over the graceful original, the lame version hobbles with all the clumsiness of VULCAN. Such was the idea of a French wit, on perusing Abbé Pélégri's translation of our poet—

"L'on devrait (soit dit entre nous)
A deux divinités offrir les deux HORACES :
Le latin à Venus la déesse des graces,
Et le françois . . . à son époux."—*La Monnuye*.

In a Venetian folio edition, published by the celebrated Denis Lambinus (whose style of writing was so tedious, that "*lambiner*" became French for "*to loiter*"), there are some complimentary verses addressed to him, which he has taken care to print, and which are too good to be forgotten. Therein Horace is represented as consulting a *saga*, or Roman gipsy, concerning the future fate of his works; when, alluding to the ophthalmic affection under which he is known to have laboured, the prophetic hag maketh the vaticination following—

Talia respondit motâ vates anus urnâ—
 "Dura parens genuit te lippum, Flacce; noverca
 "Durior eripiet mox ætas lumen utrumque,
 "Nec teipsum agnosces nec cognosceris ab ullo.
 "At tibi LAMBINI raptum collyria lumen
 "Inlita restituent: clarusque interprete tanto
 "Nec lippus nec cæcus eris sed et integer ore."

Whereupon Denis triumphantly exclaims that what she foretold has come to pass, since, by the operation of his commentaries, such additional perspicuity has been shed over the text, as to have materially improved the poet's eyesight—

"Verum dixit anus,—HÆ SUNT COLLYRIA CHARTÆ!"

The personal infirmity thus alluded to had procured for the Latin lyrist a *sobriquet* well-known among his contemporaries, viz., "the weeping Flaccus:" nor can we refuse the merit of ingenuity to him who could make so unpoetical an idea the groundwork of so flattering a compliment. It is singular enough that these obscure lines should have suggested a celebrated epigram: for when Lefranc de Pompignan, in his *Poesies Sacrées*, versified the Lamentations of Jeremiah, he received a testimonial exceedingly analogous from Voltaire—

Scavez vous pourquoi Jeremie,
 A tant pleuré pendant sa vie?

C'est qu'en prophete il prevoyait,
 Qu'un jour Lefranc le traduirait.

Knowye why Jeremy, that holy man,
 Spent all his days in lamenta-
 tions bitter?

Prophetic soul! he knew that Poin-
 pignan
 One day would bring him out in
 Gallic metre.

That the labours of the father may call forth a similar

congratulatory effusion is more than we dare conjecture in these critical times. Yet we trust that, notwithstanding the general depreciation of all sorts of scrip, with exchequer bills at such an alarming discount, Prout paper may be still negotiated.

OLIVER YORKE.

Regent Street, Nov. 20.

Watergrasshill; after Vespers.

A FEW years previous to the outbreak of civil war between Octavius and Marc Antony, the poet Horace and a Greek professor of elocution (Heliodorus) received an intimation from Mæcenas of his wish to enjoy their company, on a trip connected with some diplomatic mission (*missi mognis de rebus*) to the port of Benevento. The proposal was readily accepted by these *hommes de lettres*, who accordingly started from Rome toward the close of autumn, anno u.c. 720. Their intelligent patron had appointed to meet them at ANXUR, a place better known by its more musical name of TERRACINA,—(two popular productions contributing to its celebrity, viz. *Horatii Opera*, and the opera of *Fra Diavolo*,)—whence, having received an important accession to their party, by the arrival of VIRGIL and VARIUS, they proceeded by easy stages along the whole line of the *Via Appia*, to the utmost terminus of that immortal causeway on the Adriatic.

Such excursions were frequent enough among the cockneys of Rome; and forming, as these things did, part of the ordinary occurrences of common-place life, had intrinsically little to recommend them to the poet or the historian, as subjects for story or for song. The proverbial difficulty of raising up such matters to the level of elegant composition—*propriè communia dicere* (*Ep. ad Pison.*)—was here pre-eminent. But genius is perhaps as frequently displayed in the selection of the objects on which to exercise its faculty, as in the working out of its once adopted conceptions; and mediocrity would no more have first chosen such a theme for its musings, than it would have afterwards treated it in the manner it has been executed by Horace.

“*Cæse in prosa mai dette nè in rima*”

formed the aspiration of Ariosto ; Milton gloried in grappling with

“ Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme ;”

and both exhibited originality, not only in the topics they fixed upon, but in their method of handling them. The *iter Brundusii* was without precedent in all the range of previously existing literature : it has remained unrivalled amid all the sketches of a similar kind which have been called into existence by its felicitous example.

There was, doubtless, nothing very new or wondrous in the practice of keeping a note-book while on a journey, or in registering duly such trivial incident of roadside experience. But when this ex-colonel of a legion at Philippi, in one of his leisure hours, at the remote outpost whither he had accompanied an illustrious friend, conceived the idea of embodying the contents of his *pugillaria* into the graceful shape which they now wear (Lib. I., Sat. V.), giving them a local habitation and a permanency among his works, he did more than merely delight his travelling companions, immortalise the villages along the route, and electrify by his graphic touch the listless idlers of the capital : he positively founded a new SECT—he propounded the KORAN of a new creed—he established the great SCHOOL of “peripatetic” writers ; furnishing the precious prototype on which thousands of disciples would, in after time, systematically model their literary compositions. By thus shewing that the mere personal occurrences and anecdotes of a pleasure-trip were capable of being wrought into so interesting a narrative, he unconsciously opened a new department in the theory of book-making, furnished a new field for the industry of the pen. There is no conjecturing how far a simple hint may be improved on in this quarter. Had not the African enthusiasm of St. Augustin suggested to that most impassioned of the Fathers the idea of publishing his “Confessions,” the practice of composing personal memoirs, the art of autobiography, which of late years has taken such wide extension, would, perhaps, have never been attempted. Peter Abelard would not have mustered courage to enlighten the dark ages, as he has done, with a full and true account of his doleful catastrophe (“*historia calamitatum suarum*”) ; and a

later age would not, in all probability, have been favoured with the confessions of the maniac Rousseau. May it not be similarly predicated of this famous Itinerary, that had it not given the first impulse, the world had wanted many an idle "TOUR."

"Rhymes on the road," "pencilings by the way," "impressions," "diaries," "ramblings," "records," "highways," "byeways," are therefore but a few of the many emanations from one common source: and, in good sooth, all these people should unite in some testimonial to Horace. But gratitude, I fear, is rarely manifested in cases of this description. A striking instance might be given. To none, perhaps, are "the eminent modern humourous writers" more indebted than to the writings of *Joe Miller*; yet that author, up to the present day, is without a monument; his bones lying, as all the world knows, in the churchyard of St. Clement, London, under the back windows of Tom Wood's tavern. 'Tis true that a club was established some years ago, by the exertions of the two Smiths (Horace and James), with Hook and Hood, the members of which dine monthly in the back parlour aforesaid, commanding a full view of the cemetery. They fully agreed to levy a fine of five shillings on each detected perpetrator of a "Joe," devoting the proceeds to the purchase of a grave-stone. By this time a goodly mausoleum might have been built; whereas old MOLITOR is yet without even a modest tablet to mark the spot of his repose. Who is the treasurer?

Horace should not be similarly defrauded of his claim. A moderate per centage on the profits of each professed tourist, with a slight deodand where the book falls still-born, might be appropriately devoted to erecting a terminal statue of the poet in some central part of the "Row." None ought to plead exemption from this "justice-rent." Inglis, Basil Hall, Quin, Barrow, Ritchie, Pückler Muskau, Emerson Tennant, Professor Hoppus, Waterton, the wanderer; Nick Willis, the eavesdropper; Rae Wilson, the booby: all should contribute—except, perhaps, Holman, the "blind traveller," whose undertaking was perfectly original.

To return. I have just been reading over, for perhaps the hundredth time, the witty Roman's gay and graceful itinerary, gathering from its perusal a fresh conviction, that it

comprises more humour, point, and clever writing, within the brief range of its one hundred lines, than are to be found in as many hundred octavo volumes of recent manufacture. But let that pass. The obvious beauties which distinguish these enduring monuments of bygone genius are not the passages which stand most in need of commentary ; and I am just now about to fix myself on a very unimportant expression occurring in the simple course of the poet's narrative ; a most trivial fact in itself, but particularly adapted to my present purpose. Swift's meditations on a broomstick have long ago proved that the Imagination, like one of Teniers' witches, will soar aloft on a hobby-horse of her own selection. Of late, the habit of indulging in reveries has, I confess, grown on me ; and I feel an increasing tendency to ruminate on the veriest trifles. This arises partly, I suppose, from the natural discursiveness of memory in old age, partly, I suspect, from the long familiarity of my mind with the great Cornelius a Lapide's elucidations of the prophet Ezekiel.

The words on which I would ponder thus, after the most approved method of the great Flemish commentator, are contained in the 48th verse, which runs as follows in all the known MSS. :

“*Tusum it Mæcenas ; dormitum ego Virgiliusque.*”

Lib. I., Sat. V., v. 48.

My approved good master, A LAPIDE, would hereupon, submitting each term to the more than chemical analysis of his scrutiny, first point out to the admiration of all functionaries in the diplomatic line, who happen to be charged with a secret mission, the sagacious conduct of MÆCENAS. The envoy of Augustus is fully conscious, on his arrival at CAPUA, that his motions are narrowly watched by the quidnuncs of that vagabond town, and that the probable object of his journey is sure to be discussed by every barber in and about the market-place. How does he act ? While the mules are resting at the “*caupona*,” (for it appears the *vetturini*-system of travelling is of very old date in the Italian peninsula), the *chargé d'affaires* seeks out a certain tennis-court, the most favourite place of public resort, and there mingles in a game with the citizens, as if the impending destinies of the future empire of the world were not a moment in his contemplation, or did not rather engross his whole faculties all the while.

This anecdote, I believe, has not been noticed by Mr. Taylor, in his profound book called the *Statesman*. It is at his service.

Leaving Mæcenas to the enjoyment of his game of rackets, let us return to the Capuan hostelry, and take cognisance of what may be supposed to be then and there going on. Here, then, we are, say, at the sign of "Silenus and the Jackass," in the "*Via Nolana*." In answer to our inquiries, it will appear that the author of the *Georgics* (the *Æneid* was yet unpublished) had, as usual with him on the slightest emergencies, found his stomach sadly out of order (*crudus*); while his fellow traveller, the distinguished lyrist of the day, has sympathetically complained of the effect produced on his tender eyelids (*lippus*) by the clouds of incessant dust and the glare of a noonday sun. They have both, therefore, previous to resuming their seats in the clumsy vehicles (*rhedæ*) which have conveyed them thus far, decided on devoting the sultry meridian hour to the refreshing process of a quiet *siesta*. The slave within whose attributions this service is comprised (*decurio cabicularis*) is quickly summoned; and but few minutes have elapsed before the two great ornaments of the Augustan age, the master spirits of the then intellectual world, are fairly deposited in their respective cells, and consigned to the care of tired nature's kind restorer. Whoever has explored the existing remains of similar edifices in the neighbouring town of Pompeii, will probably form a fair estimate of the scale of comfort and style of accommodation prevalent at the head inn of Capua. Entering by a smoky hall (*atrium*), the kitchen being on one side and the servants' offices on the other, your traveller proceeded towards the *compluvium*, or open quadrangular courtyard; on each side of which, in cloister fashion, were ranged the sleeping apartments, small dark chambers, each some eight or twelve feet square, having, at the height of about six feet from the mosaic ground-floor, a scanty aperture, furnished with a linen blind; a crockery lamp, a bronze tripod and basin (*pelvis*), a mirror of the same material, forming, with a hard couch (*stragula*), the complete inventory of the movables within. A knight-templar, or Carthusian monk, would feel quite at home in your antique hostelry.

Little dreamed, I ween, the attendant slave, mayhap still

less the enlightened *caupo* himself, of the high honour conferred on his establishment by an hour's occupancy of its chambers on that occasion. The very tall gentleman, with an ungainly figure and slight stoop in the shoulders, so awkward and bashful in his address, and who had complained of such bad digestion, became, no doubt, the object of a few not over respectful remarks among the *atrienses* of the household. Nor did the short, fat, Sancho-Panza-looking sort of personage, forming in every respect so complete a contrast to his demure and sedate companion, fail to elicit some curious comments, and some not very complimentary conjectures, as to what might be *his* relative position in society. In what particular capacity did they both follow the train of the rich knight, Mæcenas? This was, no doubt, acutely and diligently canvassed by the gossips of the inn. One thing was certain. In humour and disposition, as well as in personal appearance, they were the very antipodes of each other,—a musing Heraclitus yoked with a laughing Democritus; aptly illustrative, the one of *il penseroso*, the other of *l'alle-gro*. Mine host, with the instinctive sagacity of his tribe, at once had set down Horace as a man familiar with the metropolis, habituated to town life, and in every respect "fit to travel." It was equally clear that the other individual belonged to the agricultural interest, his manner savouring of much residence in the country; being, in sooth, not merely rural, but actually rustic. In a word, they were fair samples of the *rat de ville* and the *rat des champs*. Meantime the unconscious objects of so much keen investigation "slept on;" and "little they recked" anent what was thus "lightly spoken" concerning them by those who kept the sign of "Silenus and the Jackass," in the high street at Capua.

"Dormitum ego Virgiliusque."

Do I purpose to disturb them in their meridian slumber? —Not I. Yet may the scholar's fancy be allowed to penetrate each darkened cell, and take a hurried and furtive glance at the illustrious sleepers. Fancy may be permitted to hover o'er each recumbent form, and contemplate in silent awe the repose of genius. FANCY, after the fashion of her sister PSYCHE, and at the risk of a similar penalty, may be suffered, on tiptoe, and lamp in hand, to explore the couch

of her beloved, to survey the features and figure of those from whom she hath so long derived such exquisite sensations of intellectual enjoyment.

Plutarch delighted to bring two of his heroes together, and then, in a laboured parallel, illustrate the peculiarities of the one by setting forth the distinctive characteristics of the other. This was also done by Dr. Johnson, in his grand juxtaposition of Dryden and Pope. But could a more tempting opportunity ever occur to the great Beotian, or the great lexicographer, for a display of analysis and anti-thesis, than the respective merits and powers of the two great writers here entranced before us?

The Capuan innkeeper had gone more deeply into the subject than would be at first imagined, when he classified his guests under the heads of "town" and "country." The most elaborately metaphysical essay could not throw greater light on the relative idiosyncrasy of their minds.

Virgil, from his earliest infancy up to the period of confirmed manhood, had not left the banks of the MINCIO, or the plains of Lombardy. It required the confiscation of his little farm, and the transfer of his ancestral acres to a set of quasi *Cromwellian* intruders (Octavius Cæsar's military colonists), to bring him up to Rome in quest of redress. He was then in his 30th year. Tenderness, sensibility, a soul feelingly alive to all the sweet emotions of unvitiated nature, are the natural growth of such happy seclusion from a wicked world. Majestic thoughts are the offspring of solitude. Plato meditated alone on the promontory of Sunium: Virgil was a Platonist.

The boyhood and youth of Horace (as I think may be gathered from my last paper) were spent in a totally different atmosphere; and, therefore, no two poets could be nurtured and trained in *schools* of poetry more essentially opposite. The "*lake*" academy is not more different from the gymnasium of the "*silverfork*." Epicurus dwelt among the busy haunts of men: Horace was an Epicurean.

The latter was in every respect, as his outward appearance would seem to indicate, "of the town, townly." Mirabeau used to say, whenever he left Paris, that, on looking through his carriage-windows at the faces along the road, he could ascertain to a fraction how far he was from the capital.

The men were his mile-stones. Even genius in the provinces wears an aspect of simplicity. The Romans were perfectly sensible of this difference. *Urbanum sal* was a well-known commodity, as easily distinguished by men of taste in the metropolis, as the verbal provincialisms which pervade the decadés of Livy were quickly detected by the delicate sensibility of metropolitan ears.

In society, Horace must have shewn to great advantage, in contrast with the retiring and uncommunicative MANTUAN. Acute, brilliant, satirical, his versatile accomplishments fascinated at once. Virgil, however, inspired an interest of a different description. Thoughtful and reserved, "the rapt soul sitting in his eyes" gave intimation of a depth of feeling and a comprehensiveness of intellect far beyond the range of all contemporary minds. Habitually silent; yet when he spoke, in the solemn and exquisitely musical cadences peculiar to his poetry, it was as if the "spirit of Plato" revealed itself, or the Sibylline books were unfolded.

I can't understand that passage in the tenth satire (lib. i.) where the Sabine humourist asserts that the Muses who patronise a country life (*gaudentes rure camænæ*), having endowed Virgil with a mild and lenient disposition, a delicate sweetness of style, had also bestowed on him a talent for the *facetious* (*molle . . atque facetum*). There is, assuredly, more fun and legitimate drollery in a page of the said Satires, than in all the Eclogues and Georgics put together. To extract a laugh out of the *Æneid*, it required the help of SCARRON.

Horace was the delight of the convivial circle. The flashes of his Bacchanalian minstrelsy brightened the blaze of the banquet; and his love-songs were the very quintessence of Roman refinement. Yet never did he achieve such a triumph as is recorded of his gifted friend, when, having consented to gratify the household of Augustus and the imperial circle by reading a portion of his majestic poem, he selected that famous exposition of Plato's sublimest theories, the 6th book of his *Æneid*. The charm of his recitation gave additional dignity to that high argument, so nobly developed in harmonious verse. But when the intellect had feasted its fill—when he suddenly "changed his hand," and appealed to the heart—when the glowing episode of the young Mar-

cellus came by surprise on the assembled court, a fainting empress, amid the mingled tears and applause of veteran warriors, confessed the sacred supremacy of song.

The poetry of Horace is a pleasant *thought*; that of Virgil a delightful *dream*. The first had mingled in the world of reality; the latter dwelt in a fanciful and ideal region, from which he rarely came down to the vulgarities of actual life. The tranquil lake reflects heaven in its calm bosom: the running brook makes acquaintance with the thousand objects on its varied margin. Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Goethe, Lamartine, belong to the dreamy race of writers—they are “children of the mist”—their dwelling is in a land of visions. Byron, Béranger, Burns, Scott, Shakespeare, deal with men and things as they have found them, and as they really are. The latter class will ever be the most *popular*. The acute *thinker* will ever be preferred to the most enchanting “dreamer of dreams.”

In the empire of Augustus, Virgil saw the realisation of ancient oracles: he viewed as from a distance the mighty structure of Roman power, and imaged in his *Æneid* the vast idea of a heaven-descended monarchy. Horace took up his lantern *à la Diogene*, and went about exploring the *details* of the social system, the vices, the follies, the passions of Roman society. His poetry was of a more matter-of-fact nature: it came home to the bosom of his readers: it was the exact expression of contemporary joys and sorrows.

The character of each as a poet may not be inappropriately sought for in the well-known allegory with which the 6th book of the *Æneid* closes:

“*Sunt geminæ somni portæ quaram altera fertur
Cornea quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris,
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
Sed falsa ad cælum mittunt insonnia manes.*”

Or as Dryden has it—

“Two shining gates the house of sleep adorn;
Of polished ivory *this—that* of transparent horn,” &c.

I leave to my readers the evolving of this complex idea. The dreamy visions of the Platonist may be placed in contrast with the practical wit and knowledge of the world

possessed by the shrewd disciples of Epicurus, the "*falsa insomnia*" with the "*veris umbris*." And herewith I wind up my parallel.

I now open the second book of the odes, and proceed on my task of metrical exposition.

LIB. II. ODE I.—TO POLLIO ON HIS MEDITATED HISTORY.

AD C. ASINIUM POLLIONEM.

The story of our civil wars, Through all the changes that befell us, To chronicle thy pen prepares, Dating the record from Metellus ;— Of parties and of chiefs thy page Will paint the leagues, the plans, the forces ; Follow them through each varied stage, And trace the warfare to its sources.	Motum ex Metello Consule civicum, Bellique causas, Et vitia, et modos, Ludumque Fortunæ, Gravesque Principum amicitiss, Et arma
And thou wilt tell of swords still wet With unatoned-for blood ;—historian, Bethink thee of thy risk ! . . . ere yet Of Clio thou awake the clarion. Think of the tact which Rome requires In one who would such deeds unfold her ; Know that thy tread is upon fires Which still benesth the ashes smoulder.	Nondum expiatis Uncta crucribus, Periculosæ Plenum opus alex Tractas, et Incedis per ignea Suppositos Cineri doloso.
Of Tragedy the weeping Muse Awhile in thee may mourn a truant, Whom varnished fiction vainly woos, Of stern realities pursuant : But finish thy laborious task, Our annals write with care and candour ; Then don the buskin and the mask, And tread through scenes of tragic grandeur !	Paulum severæ Musa tragædiæ Desit theatris ; Mox, ubi publicas Rea ordinaria, Grande munus Cecropio Repetes cothurno.
Star of the stage ! to thee the Law Looks for her mildest, best expounder— Thee the rapt senate hears with awe, Wielding the bolts of patriot thunder— Thee Glory found beneath the tent, When from a desert wild and horrid, Dalmstis back in triumph sent Her conqueror, with laurelled forehead !	Inaigne mœstis Præsidium reis Et consulenti, Pollio, Curia, Cui laurus Æternos honores Dalmatico Peperit triumpho.
But, hark ! methinks the martial horn Gives prelude to thy coming story ; In fancy's ear shrill trumpets warn Of battle-fields, hard fought and gory :	Jam nunc minaci Murmure cornuum Peratringis aures ; Jam litui strepunt ;

Fancy hath conjured up the scene,
 And phantom warriors crowd beside her—
 The squadron dight in dazzling sheen—
 The startled steed—th' affrighted rider!

Hark to the shouts that echo loud
 From mighty chieftains, shadowed grimly!
 While blood and dust each hero shroud,
 Coattume of slaughter—not unseemly:
 Vainly ye struggle, vanquished brave!
 Doomed to see fortune still desert ye,
 Till all the world lies prostrate, save
 Unconquer'd Cato's savage virtue!

Juno, who loveth Afric most,
 And each dread tutelary godhead,
 Who guarda her black barbaric coast,
 Lybia with Roman gore have flooded:
 While warring thus the sons of those
 Whose prowess could of old subject her,
 Glutting the grudge of ancient foes,
 Fell—but to glad Jugurth's spectre!

Where be the distant land but drank
 Our Lstium's noblest blood in torrents?
 Sad sepulchres, where'er it sank,
 Bear witness to each foul occurrence.
 Rude barbarous tribes have learn'd to scoff,
 Sure to exult at our undoing;—
 Persia hath heard with joy, far off,
 The sound of Rome's gigantic ruin!

Point out the gulf on ocean's verge—
 The stream remote, along whose channels
 Hath not been heard the mournful dirge
 That rose throughout our murderous annals—
 Shew me the sea—without its tide
 Of blood upon the surface blushing—
 Shew me the shore—with blood undyed
 From Roman veins profusely gushing.

But, Muse! a truce to themes like these—
 Let us strike up some jocund carol;
 Nor pipe with old Simonides
 Dull solemn strains, morosely moral:
 Teach me a new, a livelier stave—
 And that we may the better chaunt it,
 Hie with me to the mystic cave,
 Grotto of song! by Bacchus haunted.

Jam fulgor armorum
 Fugacea
 Terret equos,
 Equitumque vultus.

Audire magnos
 Jam videor duces
 Non indecoro
 Pulvere sordidos,
 Et cuncta terrarum
 Subsecta,
 Præter atrocem
 Animum Catonis.

Juno, et Deorum
 Quisquis amicior
 Afris, inultâ
 Cæserat impotens
 Tellure,
 Victorum nepotes
 Rettulit inferias
 Jugurthæ.

Quis non Latino
 Sanguine pinguior
 Campus, sepulchris
 Impia prælia
 Testatur,
 Auditumque Medis
 Heaperiæ
 Sonitum ruinæ?

Qui gurgis, aut quæ
 Flumina lugubris
 Ignara belli?
 Quod mare Dæuniæ
 Non decolor-
 svere cædes?
 Quæ caret ora
 Cruore nostro?

Sed ne, relictis,
 Muss procax, jocis,
 Cææ retractes
 Munera nenïæ:
 Mecum Dionæo
 Sub antro
 Quære modes
 Levioere plectro.

It is pleasant to find "Adam Smith on the Wealth of Nations" anticipated, in the following *exposé* of sound commercial principles; and the folly of restricting the bank issues made the subject of an ode. It is addressed to Sallust, nephew of the historian, who had amassed considerable wealth from the plunder of Africa, during his prætorship in that province; and had laid out the proceeds, after the most liberal fashion, in embellishing his most magnificent residence, the *Horti Sallustiani*, which to this day forms a splendid public promenade for your modern Romans. The liberality of Proculeius *Murena*, who, on the confiscation of his brother's property during the civil war, had made good the loss from his own patrimony, and opened an asylum to his orphaned nephews, was apparently the current subject of conversation at the time; as well as the good fortune of Phraates, in recovering the crown of Persia, which had been jeopardised by some revolutionary proceedings. At this distance of years, both topics appear somewhat stale; but we must go back in spirit to the days in which such matters possessed interest, and, having thus made ourselves part and parcel of contemporary Roman society, admire as well as we can, the grace and freshness of the allusions.

LIB. II. ODE II.—THOUGHTS ON BULLION AND THE
CURRENCY.

AD CRISPUM SALLUSTIUM.

My Sallust, say, in days of dearth,
What is the lazy ingot worth,
Deep in the bowels of the earth
 Allowed to settle,
Unless a temperate use send forth
 The shining metal?

Blessings on him whose bounteous hoard
A brother's ruined house restored—
Spreading anew the orphan's board,
 With care paternal:
Murena's fame aloft hath soar'd
 On wings eternal!

Nullus argento
Color est avaris
Abdito terris
Inimice lamnæ
Crispe Sallusti,
Nisi temperato
 Splendeat usu.

Vivet extento
Proculeius ævo,
Notus in fratres
Animi paterni.
Illum aget pennâ
Metuente solvi
 Fama superstes.

Canst thou command thy lust for gold ?
 Then art thou richer, friend, fourfold,
 Than if thy nod the marts controlled
 Where chiefest trade is—
 The Carthages both "new" and "old,"
 The Nile and Cadiz.

Mark yon hydropic sufferer, still
 Indulging in the draughts that fill
 His bloated frame,—insatiate, till
 Death end the sickly ;
 Unless the latent fount of ill
 Be dried up quickly.

Heed not the vulgar tale that says
 —"He counts calm hours and happy days
 Who from the throne of Cyrus sways
 The Persian sceptre :"—
 Wisdom corrects the ill-used phrase—
 And—stern preceptor—

Happy alone proclaimeth them,
 Who with undazzled eye contemn
 The pile of gold, the glittering gem,
 The bribe unholy—
 Palm, laurel-wreath, and diadem,
 Be theirs—theirs solely !

Latius regnes
 Avidum domando
 Spiritum, quam si
 Libyam remotis
 Gadibus jungas,
 Et uterque Pœnus
 Serviat uni.

Crescit indulgens
 Sibi dirus hypdros,
 Nec sitim pellit,
 Nisi causa morbi
 Fugerit venis,
 Et aquosus albo
 Corpore languor.

Redditum Cyri
 Solio Phraatem,
 Dissidens plehi
 Numero beatorum,
 Eximit. Virtus
 Populumque falsis,
 Dedocet uti.

Vocibus ; regnum
 Et diadema tutum
 Deferens uni,
 Propriamque laurum
 Quisquis ingentes
 Ocula irretorto,
 Spectat acervos.

Sherlock's famous volume on death has been equally forestalled by our Epicurean moralist ; who, whatever he may want in consolatory prospects of a blessed futurity, compensates for this otherwise very material omission by an unrivalled sweetness of versification, and imagery the most picturesque.

LIB. II. ODE III.—A HOMILY ON DEATH.

AD Q. DELLIIUM.

Thee, whether Pain assail
 Or Pleasure pampers,
 Dellius—whiche'er prevail—
 Keep thou thy temper ;
 Unwed to hoisterous joys, that ne'er
 Can save thee from the sepulchre ;

Æquam memento
 Rebus in arduis
 Servare mentem,
 Non secus in bonis
 Ab insolenti temperatam
 Lætitiâ, moriture Delli.

Death smites the slave to spleen,
 Whose eoul repineth,
 And him who on the green,
 Calm sage, reclineth,
 Keeping—from grief's intrusion far—
 Blithe holiday with festal jar.

Seu mœstus omni
 Tempore vixeris,
 Seu te in remoto
 Gramine per dies
 Festos reclinatum bearis
 Interiore nota Falerni.

Where giant fir, sunproof,
 With poplar blendeth,
 And high o'er head a roof
 Of boughs extendeth ;
 While onward runs the crooked rill,
 Brisk fugitive, with murmur shrill.

Qua pinus ingens
 Albaque populus
 Umbram hospitaalem
 Consociare amant
 Ramis, et obliquo laborat
 Lympha fugax trepidare rivo

Bring wine, here, on the grass !
 Bring perfumes hither !
 Bring roses—which, alas !
 Too quickly wither—
 Ere of our days the spring-tide ebb,
 While the dark sisters weave our web.

Hunc vina, et unguenta,
 Et nimium breves
 Flores amœnos
 Ferre jube rosæ,
 Dum res, et ætas, et sororum
 Fila trium patiuntur atra.

Soon—should the fatal shear
 Cut life's frail fibre—
 Broad lands, sweet Villa near
 The yellow Tiber,
 With all thy chattels rich and rare,
 Must travel to a thankless heir.

Cedes coemptis
 Saltibus, et domo,
 Villâque, flavus
 Quam Tiberis lavit :
 Cedes, et exstructis in altum
 Divitiis potietur heres.

Be thou the nohly horn,
 Spoil'd child of Fortune—
 Be thou the wretch forlorn,
 Whom wants importune—
 By sufferance thou art here at most,
 Till death shall claim his holocaust.

Divesne, prisco
 Natus ab Inacho,
 Nil interest, an
 Pauper et infimâ
 De gente sub dio moreris,
 Victima nil miserantis Orci.

All to the same dark bourne
 Plod on together—
 Lots from the same dread urn
 Leap forth—and, whether
 Our's be the first or last, Hell's wave
 Yawns for the exiles of the grave.

Omnes eodem
 Cogimur : omnium
 Versatur urnâ
 Serius ocuis
 Sors exitura, et nos in æternum
 Exsilium impositura cymbæ.

I, of course, cannot countenance the tendency of the succeeding *morceau*. Its apparent purpose is to vindicate what the Germans call "left-handed" alliances between the sexes : but its obvious drift is not such as so generally correct a judge of social order and propriety would be supposed to mistake. The responsibility, however, be his own.

LIB. II. ODE IV.—CLASSICAL LOVE MATCHES.

*“When the heart of a man is oppressed with care,
The mist is dispelled if a woman appear;
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises his spirits and charms his ear.”*—CAPTAIN MACHEATH.

O deem not thy love for a captive maid Doth, Phoceus, the heart of a Roman degrade!	Ne ait ancillæ tibi amor pudori, Xanthia Phoceu. Prius inaolen- tem
Like the noble Achilles, 'tis simply, simply, With a “Briseis” thou sharest thy bed.	Serva Briseis niveo colore Movit Achillem;
Ajax of Telamon did the same, Felt in his bosom a Phrygian flame; Taught to contemn none, King Aga- memnon Fond of a Trojan slave became.	Movit Ajacem Telamone natum Forma captivæ dominum Tec- messæ; Asit Atrides medio in triumpho Virgine raptâ,
Such was the rule with the Greeks of old, When they had conquer'd the foe's stronghold; When gallant Hector—Troy's pro- tector— Falling, the knell of Ilion toll'd.	Barbaræ postquam cecidere tur- mæ, Thessalo victore, et ademptus Hector Tradidit fessis leviora tolli Pergama Graiis.
Why deem her origin vile and base? Canst thou her pedigree fairly trace? Yellow-hair'd Phyllis, slave tho' she be, atill ia The last, perhaps, of a royal race.	Ne scias an te generum beati Phyllidis flavæ decorant paren- tes: Regium certe genus et penates Mœret iniquos.
Birth to demeanour will sure respond— Phyllis is faithful, Phyllis ia fond: Gold cannot buy her—then why deny her A rank the basely born beyond?	Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ Plebe dilectam, neque sic fidelem, Sic lucro aversam potuisse nasci Matre pudendâ.
Phyllis hath limbs divinely wrought, Features and figure without a fault... Do not feel jealous, friend, when a fellow's Fortieth year forbids the thought!	Brachia et vultum tereteque su- ras Integer laudo; fuge suspicari, Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas Claudere lustrum.

In contrasting Virgil with Horace, and in noticing the opposite tendencies of mind and disposition discoverable in their writings, I should have pointed out the very glaring

difference in their respective views of female character. The mild indulgence of the Epicurean is obviously distinguishable from the severe moroseness of the Platonist. The very foibles of the sex find an apologist in Horace: Virgil appears to have been hardly sensible to their highest excellencies. The heroines of the *Æneid* are depicted in no very amiable colours; his Dido is a shrew and a scold: his Trojan women fire the fleet, and run wild like witches in a *Sabbat*: the "mourning fields" are crowded with ladies of lost reputation: the wife of King Latinus hangs herself: Camilla dies in attempting to grasp a gewgaw: and even the fair Lavinia is so described, as to be hardly worth fighting for. How tolerant, on the contrary, is our songster—how lenient in his sketches of female defects—how impassioned in his commendation of female charms! Playful irony he may occasionally employ in his addresses to Roman beauty; but, in his very invectives, nothing can be clearer than his intense devotion to the whole sex . . . with the exception of "Camidia." Who *she* was I may take an early opportunity of explaining: it is a very long story, and will make a *paper*.

The subject of the following ode is Campaspé, the mistress of Apelles. This favourite artist of Alexander the Great would appear to have been, like Salvator Rosa, addicted to the kindred pursuits of a poet. Of his paintings nothing has come down to us; but of his poetry I am happy to supply a fragment from the collection of Athæneus. The Greek is clearly the original. George Herrick has supplied the English; the Latin has not been inserted in any edition of Horace I have seen.

LIB. II. ODE V.—CUPID A GAMBLER.

Nostra Campaspe levis et Cupido	Tum labellorum roseos honores
Aleâ nuper statuere ludos,	Mox ebur frontis—simul hanc sub imo
Merx ut hinc illinc foret osculo-	Quæ manu matris fuerat cavata
rum ;—	Rimula mento,
Solvit at ille.	
Pignorat sorti pharetram, sagit-	Solvit . . —at posquam geminos ocellos
tas,	Lusit incassum, menet inde cæcus.—
Par columbarum, Venerisque bi-	Sic eum si tu spoliâs, puella!
gas	Quanta ego solvam?
Passeres ;—eheu! puer aleator	
Singula solvit.	

Cupid and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses ;—Cupid paid—
 He stakes hys quiver, bowe and arrowes,
 Hys mother's doves and teame of sparrows ;
 Looses them too—then downe he throws
 The coral of his lippe, the rose
 Uppon hys cheek (but none knows how)
 With these the crystal of his browe,
 And then the dymple on his chinne —
 All these did my Campaspe winne.
 At last he sette her both his eyes ;
 She wonn : and Cupid blind did rise.
 Oh, Love ! hath she done this to thee ?
 What, shall, alas, become of me ?

GEORGE HERRICK.

FRAGMENT OF THE PAINTER AND POET, APOLLO.

Ερως τ' εμη εταιρη
 Καμπασπα συγκύβευον
 Φίληματ' ην δ' αεθλα·
 Λυσεν τ' ερως οφλημα·
 Τοξον, βελή, φαρετρην,
 Και μητερος πελειας,
 Στρουθων ζυγον τεθηκεν·
 Απωλεσεν τ' απαντα·
 Χειλους τιθης ερευθος,
 Ροδον τε των παρειων
 (Πως ουν μεν ουτις οιδεν),

Κρυσταλλον ηδ' εθηκε
 Τον αγλαον μεταπου,
 Σφραγισμα και γενειου·
 Καμπασπ' απαντ' ανειλεν.
 Τελος δε ομματ' αμφω
 Εθηκ' ετευξατ' αυτη·
 Τυφλος τ' απωχετ' Ερως
 Ει ταυτα σοι μεγαυστε
 Κακ' ηδ' Ερως ποιησε ;
 Φευ ! αθλιωτατω τι
 Μελλει εμοι γενεσθαι ;

Tivoli and Tarentum were the two favourite retreats of Horace, whenever he could tear himself from the metropolis. The charms of both are celebrated in the succeeding composition. It would appear to have been elicited at a banquet, on Septimius expressing himself so devotedly attached to our poet, that he would cheerfully accompany him to the utmost boundary of the Roman empire.

LIB II. ODE VI.—THE ATTRACTIONS OF TIBUR AND TARENTUM.

SEPTIMIUS, pledged with me to roam
 Far as the fierce IBERIAN'S home,
 Where men abide not yet o'ercome
 By Roman legions,
 And MAURITANIAN billows foam—
 Barbaric regions !

Septimi, Gades
 Aditure mecum, et
 Cantabrum indoctum
 Juga ferre nostra, et
 Barbaras Syrtes,
 Ubi Mauri semper
 Æstuat unda :

LIB. II. ODE VII.—A FELLOW-SOLDIER WELCOMED FROM EXILE.

Friend of my soul! with whom arrayed
 I stood in the ranks of peril,
 When Brutus at *Philippi* made
 That effort wild and sterile . . .
 Who hath reopened Rome to thee,
 Her temples and her forum ;
 Beckoning the child of Italy
 Back to the clime that bore him ?

Thou, O my earliest comrade! say,
 Pompey, was I thy teacher
 To haulk old Time, and drown the day
 Deep in a flowing pitcher ?
 Think of the hours we thus consumed,
 While Syria's richest odours,
 Lavish of fragrancy, perfumed
 The locks of two marauders.

With thee I shared *Philippi's* rout,
 Though I, methinks, ran faster ;
 Leaving behind—'twas wrong, no doubt—
 My SHIELD in the disaster :
 E'en Fortitude that day broke down ;
 And the rude foe-man taught her
 To hide her brow's diminished frown
 Low amid heaps of slaughter.

But Mercury, who kindly watched
 Me 'mid that struggle deadly,
 Stooped from a cloud, and quickly snatched
 His client from the medley.
 While thee, alas! the ebbing flood
 Of war relentless swallowed,
 Replunging thee 'mid seas of blood ;
 And years of tempest followed.

Then slay to Jove the victim calf,
 Due to the God ;—and weary,
 Under my bower of laurels quaff
 A wine-cup blithe and merry.
 Here, while thy war-worn limbs repose,
 'Mid peaceful scenes sojourning,
 Spare not the wine.. 'twas kept.. it flows
 To welcome thy returning.

O sæpe mecum
 Tempus in ultimum
 Deducte, Bruto
 Militiæ duce,
 Quis te redonavit
 Quiritem
 Dis patriis,
 Italoque cælo.

Pompei, meorum
 Prime sodalium,
 Cum quo morantem
 Sæpe diem mero
 Fregi, coronatus
 Nitentes
 Malobathro
 Syrio capillos?

Tecum Philippos
 Et celerem fugam
 Sensi, relictâ
 Non bene parmula,
 Quam fracta virtus,
 Et minaces
 Turpe solum
 Tetigere mento.

Sed me per hostes
 Mercurius celer
 Denso paventum
 Sustulit aere :
 Te rursus in bellum
 Resorbens
 Unda fretis
 Tulit æstuosis.

Ergo obligatam
 Redde Jovi dapem
 Longâque fessum
 Militiâ latus
 Depone sub
 Lauro meâ, nec
 Parce cadis
 Tibi destinatis.

Come, with oblivious bowls dispel
 Grief, care, and disappointment!
 Freely from yon capacious shell
 Shed, shed the balmy ointment!
 Who for the genial banquet weaves
 Gay garlands, gathered newly;
 Fresh with the garden's greenest leaves,
 Or twined with myrtle duly?

Whom shall the dice's cast "WINE-KING"
 Elect, by Venus guided?
 Quick, let my roof with wild mirth ring—
 Blame not my joy, nor chide it!
 Madly each bacchanalian feast
 I mean to-day to rival,
 For, oh! 'tis sweet thus . . . THUS TO GREET
 SO DEAR A FRIEND'S ARRIVAL!

Oblivioso
 Levia Massico
 Ciboria exple;
 Funde capacibus
 Unguenta de conchia.
 Quis udo
 Depropersare
 Apio coronas

Curatve myrto?
 Quem Venus arbitrum
 Dicet hibendi?
 Non ego sanius
 Bacchabor Edonis:
 Recepto
 Dulce mihi furere
 Est amico!

The nursery tradition respecting lies, and their consequence, may be traced in the opening stanza of this playful remonstrance with Barinè. The image of Cupid at a grinding stone, sharpening his darts, is the subject of a fine antique cameo in the Orleans Collection.

LIB. II. ODE VIII.—THE ROGUERIES OF BARINÈ.

IN BARINÈN.

Barinè! if, for each untruth,
 Some blemish left a mark uncouth,
 With loss of beauty and of youth,
 Or Heaven should alter
 The whiteness of a single tooth—
 O fair defaulter!

Then might I trust thy words—But thou
 Dost triumph o'er each broken vow;
 Falsehood would seem to give thy brow
 Increased effulgence:
 Men still admire—and gods allow
 Thee fresh indulgence.

Swear by thy mother's funeral urn—
 Swear by the stars that nightly burn
 (Seeming in silent awe to mourn
 O'er such deception)—
 Swear by each Deity in turn,
 From Jove to Neptune:

Ulla si juris
 Tibi pejerati
 Poens, Barinè,
 Nocuisset unquam;
 Dente si nigro
 Fieres vel uno
 Turpior ungui,

Crederem. Sed tu,
 Simul obligasti
 Perfidum votis
 Caput, enitescis
 Pulchrior multo,
 Juvenumque prodis
 Publica cura.

Expedit matris
 Cineres opertos
 Fallere, et toto
 Taciturnis noctis
 Signa cum cœlo,
 Gelidâque Divos
 Morte carentes.

Venus and all her Nymphs would yet
 With smiles thy perjury abst—
 Cupid would laugh—Go on! and let
 Fresh courage nerve thee:
 Still on his bloodstained wheel he'll whet
 His darts to serve thee!

Ridet hoc, inquam,
 Venus ipsa, rident
 Simplices Nymphæ,
 Ferus et Cupido,
 Semper ardentes
 Acuens sagittas
 Cote cruentâ.

Fast as they grow, our youths enchain,
 Fresh followers in beauty's train:
 While they who loved thee first would fain,
 Charming deceiver,
 Within thy threshold still remain,
 And love, for ever!

Adde quod pubes
 Tibi crescit omnis;
 Servitus crescit nova;
 Nec priores
 Impiæ tectum
 Dominae relinquunt,
 Sæpe minati.

Their sons from thee all mothers hide;
 All thought of thee stern fathers chide;
 Thy shadow haunts the new-made bride,
 And fears dishearten her,
 Lest thou inveigle from her side
 Her life's young partner.

Tæ suis matres
 Metuunt juvenis,
 Tæ senes parci,
 Miseræque nuper
 Virgines nuptæ,
 Tua ne retardet
 Aura maritos.

THE SABINE FARMER'S SERENADE.

Erat turbida nox
 Horâ secundâ mané;
 Quando proruit vox
 Carmen in hoc inané;
 Viri misera mens
 Meditabatur hymen,
 Hinc puellæ flens
 Stabat obsidens limen;
 Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGE';
 Ne recuses sic,
*Dulcis Julia CALLAGE'.**

Planctibus aurem fer,
 Venere tu formosior;
 Dic, hos muros per,
 Tuo favores potior!

'Twas on a windy night,
 At two o'clock in the morning,
 An Irish lad so tight,
 All wind and weather scorning,
 At Judy Callaghan's door,
 Sitting upon the palings,
 His love-tale he did pour,
 And this was part of his wailings:—
 Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
 Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

Oh! list to what I say,
 Charms you've got like Venus;
 Own your love you may,
 There's but the wall between us.

* Callage, contractio. Venus dicitur Καλλιπυγη.

Voce beatum fac ;
 En, dum dormis, vigilo,
 Nocte obambulans hâc
 Domum planctu stridulo.

Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGE' ;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGE'.

Est mihi prægnans sus,
 Et porcelis stabulum ;
 Villula, grex, et rus*
 Ad vaccarum pabulum ;
 Feriis cerneris me
 Splendido vestimento,
 Tunc, heus ! quàm benè te
 Veherem in jumento ! †

Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGE' :
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGE'.

Vis poma terræ ? sum
 Uno dives jugere ;
 Vis lac et mella, † cùm
 Bacchi succo, § sugere ?

* 1^o in voce rus. Nonne potiùs legendum *jus*, scilicet, *ad vaccarum pabulum* ? De hoc *jure* apud Sabinos agricolas consule *Scriptores de re rusticâ* passim. Ita *Bentleius*.

Jus imo antiquissimum, at displicet vox æquivoca ; jus etenim *a mess of potage* aliquando audit, *cx. gr.*

Omne suum fratri Jacob *jus* vendidit Esau,
 Et Jacob fratri *jus* dedit omne suum.

Itaque, pace Bentleii, stet lectio prior.—*Prout.*

† *Veherem in jumento.* Curriculo-ne ? an ponè sedentem in equi dorso ? dorsaliter planè. Quid enim dicit Horatius de uxore sic vectâ ? Nonne "*lost equitem sedet atra cura* ?"—*Porson.*

‡ *Lac et mella.* Metaphoricè pro *tea* : muliebris est compotatio Græcis non ignota, teste Anacreonte,—

ΘΕΟΝ, δειν θεαινην,
 Θελω λεγειν εταιραι, κ. τ. λ.

Brougham.

§ *Bacchi succo.* Duplex apud poetas antiquiores habebatur hujuscè nominis numen. Vineam regebat prius ; posterius cuidam herbæ exoticæ præerat quæ *tobacco* audit. Succus utrique optimus.—*Coleridge.*

You lie fast asleep,
 Snug in bed and snoring
 Round the house I creep,
 Your hard heart imploring.

Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

I've got a pig and a sow,
 I've got a sty to sleep 'em ;
 A calf and a brindled cow,
 And a cabin too, to keep 'em ;
 Sunday hat and coat,
 An old grey mare to ride on ;
 Saddle and bridle to boot,
 Which you may ride astride on.

Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

I've got an acre of ground,
 I've got it set with praties ;
 I've got of 'baccy a pound,
 I've got some tea for the ladies ;

Vis aquæ-vitæ vim ?*
 Plumoso somnum sacco ? †
 Vis ut paratus sim
 Vel annulo vel baculo ? ‡

Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGE' ;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGE'.

Litteris operam das ;
 Lucido fulges oculo ;
 Dotes insuper quas
 Nummi sunt in loculo.
 Novi quod apta sis §
 Ad procreandam sobolem !
 Possides (nesciat quis ?)
 Linguam satis mobilem. ||

Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGE' ;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGE'.

Conjux utinam tu
 Fieres, lepidum cor, mi !
 Halitum perdimus, heu,
 Te sopor urget. Dormi !

I've got the ring to wed,
 Some whisky to make us gaily ;
 I've got a feather bed,
 And a handsome new shilelagh.

Only say
You'll have Mrs. Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

You've got a charming eye, [ing ;
 You've got some spelling and read-
 You've got, and so have I,
 A taste for genteel breeding ;
 You're rich, and fair, and young,
 As everybody's knowing ;
 You've got a decent tongue
 Whene'er 'tis set a going.

Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

For a wife till death
 I am willing to take ye !
 But, och ! I waste my breath,
 The devil himself can't wake ye.

* *Aquæ-vitæ vim*, Anglo-Hybernice, "a power of whiskey," *ισχυς*, scilicet, vox pergræca.—*Parr.*

† *Plumoso sacco*. Plumarum congeries certè ad somnos invitandos satis apta ; at mihi per multos annos lanæus iste saccus, Ang. *woolsack*, fuit apprimè ad dormiendum idoneus. Lites etiam *de lanâ* ut aiunt *caprinâ*, soporiferas per annos xxx. exercui. Quot et quam præclara somnia !—*Eldon.*

‡ Investitura "*per annulum et baculum*," satis nota. Vide P. Marca de Concord. Sacerdotij et Imperii : et Hildebrandi Pont. Max. bullarium.—*Prout.*

Baculo certè dignissim. pontif.—*Maginn.*

§ *Apta sis*. Quomodo noverit ? Vide Proverb. Solomonis, cap. xxx. v. 19. Nisi forsàn tales fuerint puellæ Sabinorum quales impudens iste balatro Connelius mentitur esse nostrates.—*Blomfield.*

|| *Linguam mobilem*. Prius enumerat futuræ conjugis bona *immobilia*, postea transit ad *mobilia*, Anglice, *chattel property*. Præclarus ordo sententiarum !—*Car. Wetherall.*

Ingruit imber trux—
 Jam sub tecto pellitur
 Is quem crastina lux*
 Referet hùc fideliter.
Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGE';
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGE'.

'Tis just beginning to rain,
 So I'll get under cover ;
 To-morrow I'll come again,
 And be your constant lover.
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan :
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

TO THE HOT WELLS OF CLIFTON.

IN PRAISE OF RUM-PUNCH.

A Triglot Ode, viz.

- 1^o Πινδαρου περι ρευματος ωδη.
- 2^o Horatii in fontem Bristolii carmen.
- 3^o A Relick (unpublished) of "the unfortunate Chatterton."

PINDAR.

Πηγη Βριστολιας
 Μαλλον εν υαλω
 Λαμπουσ' ανθεισιν
 Νεκταρος αξιη
 Σ' αντλω
 Ρευματι πολλω
 Μίσγων
 Και μελιτος πολυ.

Ανη καν τις εραν
 βουλεται η μαχην
 Σμι Βακχου καθαρον
 Σοι διαχρωννυσει
 Φοινψ
 Θ' αιματι νᾶμα'
 Προθυμος τε
 Ταχ' εσσεται.

Σε φλεγμ' αιθαλοεν
 Σειριον αστερος
 Αρμοζει πλωτορι'
 Σν κρους ηδυν εν
 Νησις
 Αντιλσαισι
 Ποιεις
 Κ' αιθιοπων φυλω.

HORACE.

O fons Bristolii
 Hoc magis in vitro
 Dulci digne mero
 Non sine floribus
 Vas impleveris
 Undâ
 Mel solvente
 Caloribus.

Si quis vel venerem
 Aut prœlia cogitat,
 Is Bacchi calidos
 Inficiet tibi
 Rubro sanguine
 Rivos,
 Fiet protinus
 Impiger!

Te flagrante bibax
 Ore caniculâ
 Sugit navita : tu
 Frigus amabile
 Fessis vomere
 Mauris
 Præbes ac
 Homini nigro.

CHATTERTON.

I ken pour worth,
 "Hot wells" of Bristol,
 That bubble forth
 As clear as crystal ;...
 In parlour snug
 It'd wish no hotter
 To mix a jug
 Of Rum and Water.

Doth Love, young chiel,
 One's bosom ruffle?
 Would any feel
 Ripe for a scuffle?
 The simplest plan
 Is just to take a
 Well stiffened can
 Of old Jamaica.

Beneath the zone
 Grog in a pail or
 Rum—best alone—
 Delights the sailor.
 The can he stills
 Alone gives vigour
 In the Antilles
 To white or nigger.

* Allusio ad distichon Maronianum,
 "Nocte pluit tota redeunt spectacula mandè." Prout.

Κρηναις εν τε καλαις
 Εσσαι αγλαη
 Ξ' εν κοιλη κυλακι
 Ενθεμενην εως
 Ιμνησω,
 Δαλον εξ ου
 Σον δε ρευμα καθαλλεται.

Fies nobilium
 Tu quoque fontium
 Me dicente; cavum
 Dum calicem reple
 Urnamque
 Unde loquaces
 Lymphæ
 Desiliunt tuæ.

Thy claims, O fount,
 Deserve attention.
 Henceforward count
 On classic mention.
 Right pleasant stuff
 Thine to the lip is...
 We 've had enough
 Of Aganippe's.

MOLLY CAREW.

TO THE HARD-HEARTED MOLLY
 CAREW, THE LAMENT OF HER
 IRISH LOVER.

AD MOLLISSIMAM PUELLAM E GE-
 TICA CARUARUM FAMILIA OVI-
 DIUS NASO LAMENTATUR.

Och hone!
 Oh! what will I do?
 Sure my love is all crost,
 Like a bud in the frost . . .
 And there's no use at all
 In my going to bed;
 For 'tis dhrames, and not sleep,
 That comes into my head . . .
 And 'tis all about you,
 My sweet Molly Carew,
 And indeed 'tis a sin
 And a shame.—
 You're complater than nature
 In every featurc;
 The snow can't compare
 To your forehead so fair;
 And I rather would spy
 Just one blink of your eye
 Than the purtiest star
 That shines out of the sky;
 Tho'—by this and by that!
 For the matter o' that—
 You're more distant by far
 Than that same.
 Och hone, wierasthrew!
 I am alone
 In this world without you!
 Och hone!
 But why should I speak
 Of your forehead and eyes,
 When your nose it defies

Heu! heu!
 Me tædet, me piget o!
 Cor mihi riget o!
 Ut flos sub frigido . . .
 Et nox ipsa mi tum
 Cum vado dormitdm.
 Infausta, insomnis,
 Transcurritur omnis . . .
 Hoc culpâ fit tuâ
 Mi, mollis Carða,
 Sic mihi illudens,
 Nec pudens.—
 Prodigium tu, re
 Es, verâ, naturæ,
 Candidior lacte;—
 Plus fronte cum hâc te,
 Cum istis ocellis,
 Plus omnibus stellis
 Mehercule vellem.—
 Sed heu, me imbellem!
 A me, qui sum fidus,
 Vel ultimum sidus
 Non distat te magis . . .
 Quid agis!
 Heu! heu! nisi tu
 Me ames,
 Pereo! pillaleu!
 Heu! heu!
 Sed cur sequar laude
 Ocellos aut frontem
 Si NASI, cum fraude,

Paddy Blake the schoolmaster
To put it in rhyme?—
Though there's one BURKE,
He says,
Who would call it *Snublime* . . .

And then for your cheek,
Throth, 'twould take him a week
Its beauties to tell
As he'd rather :—

Then your lips, O machree !
In their beautiful glow
They a pattern might be
For the cherries to grow.—
'Twas an apple that tempted
Our mother, we know ;
For apples were scarce
I suppose long ago :
But at this time o'day,
'Pon my conscience I'll say,
Such cherries might tempt
A man's father !

Och hone, wierasthrew !
I'm alone
In this world without you !

Och hone !

By the man in the moon !
You tease me all ways
That a woman can plaze ;
For you dance twice as high
With that thief Pat Macghee
As when you take share
Of a jig, dear, with me ;
Though the piper I bate,
For fear the ould chate
Wouldn't play you your
Favourite tune.

And when you're at Mass
My devotion you crasa,
For 'tis thinking of you
I am, Molly Carew ;
While you wear on purpose
A bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet
Pretty face get a peep.
Oh ! lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it
The loss of my wandering
Sowl !

Prætereo pontem ? . . .

Ast hic ego minùs
Quàm ipse LONGINUS
In verbis exprimem
Hunc nasum sublimem . . .

De floridâ genâ
Vulgaris canena
Cantaret in vanum
Per annum.—

Tum, tibi puella !
Sic tument labella
Ut nil plus jucundum
Sit, aut rubicundum ;
Si primitûs homo
Collapsus est pomo,
Si dolor et luctus
Venerunt per fructus,
Proh ! ætas nunc senior
Ne cadat, vereor,
Icta tam bello
Labello !

Heu ! heu ! niai tu
Me ames,
Pereo ! pillaleu !

Heu ! heu !

Per cornua lunæ
Perpetuò tu ne
Me vexes impunè ? . . .

I nunc choro salta
(Mac-ghius nam tecum)
Plantâ magis altâ
Quàm aueveris mecum ! . . .

Tibicinem quando
Cogo fustigando
Ne faleum det melos,
Anhelus.—

A te in sacello
Vix mentem revello,
Heu ! miserè acissam
Te inter et Misaam ;
Tu latitas vero
Tam atricto galero
Ut cernere vultum
Desiderem multum.
Et dubites jam, nùm
(Ob animæ damnium)
Sit fas hunc deberi
Auferrî ?

Och hone! like an owl,
Day is night,
Dear, to me without you!

Och hone!

Don't provoke me to do it;
For there's girls by the score
That loves me, and more.

And you'd look very queer,
If some morning you'd meet
My wedding all marching
In pride down the street.

Throth you'd open your eyes,
And you'd die of surprise
To think 'twasn't you
Was come to it.

And faith! Katty Naile
And her cow, I go bail,
Would jump if I'd say,
"Katty Naile, name the day."
And though you're fair and fresh
As the blossoms of May,
And she's short and dark
Like a cowl'd winter's day,
Yet, if *you* don't repent
Before Easter,—when Lent
Is over—I'll marry
For spite.

Och hone! and when I
Die for you,
'Tis my ghost that you'll see every
night!

Heu! heu! nisi tu
Coràm sis
Cæcus sim: eleleu!

Heu! heu!

Non me provocato,
Nam virginum sat, o!
Stant mihi amato . . .

Et stuperes planè,
Si aliquo manè
Me sponsum videres;
Hoc quomodo ferres?

Quid diceres, si cum
Triumpho per vicum,
Maritus it ibi,
Non tibi!

Et pol! Catharinæ
Cui vacca, (tu, sine)
Si proferem hymen
Grande esset discrimen;

Tu quamvis, hïc aio,
Sis blandior Maio,
Et hæc calet rariùs
Quàm Januarius;
Si non mutas brevi,
Hanc mihi decrevi
(Ut sic ultus forem)
Uxorem;

Tum posthæc diù
Me spectrum
Verehere tu . . .
Eleleu!

THE PAINTER, BARRY.

"Rome, 1769.

"Nothing could have made me more really happy than your very kind letter. It came most opportunely to support my spirits at a time when I was ill of a fever, which I believe was occasioned by a cold caught while working in the Vatican."

James Barry (R.A.) to (Sir) Joshua Reynolds.

"Apparet domus intus et atria longa patescunt,
Apparent Priami et veterum penetralia regum."—*Æneid II.*

His magic wand Prout waves again, and opes
Those hallowed halls inhabited by Popes;
Where (through an odd rencontre that befell) he
Enjoys some "table talk" with Ganganelli.—O. Y.

THE historian on whom will devolve the task of tracing, "à la Gibbon," the decline and fall of English literature, must devote an ample chapter to writers of romance. This class has obtained an undue predominance. A motley and undisciplined horde, emerging from their native haunts on the remote boundary of the literary domain, have rushed down with a simultaneous war-whoop on the empire of learning, and threaten not to leave a vestige of sober knowledge or classic taste throughout the range of their Vandal incursions; no memorable transaction of bygone centuries is held sacred from the rude inroad and destructive battle-axe of the "HISTORICAL" novelist. The ghost of Froissart revisits nightly the glimpses of the moon to complain of those who molest and torture his simple spirit; Rapin, Matthew Paris, Hollinshed, De Thou, Hume, Clarendon, and Robertson, undergo a *post mortem* persecution, which those chroniclers scarce anticipated as the fruit of their learned labours. The sisterhood of the sacred valley have taken the affair sadly to heart; and each Muse in her turn sheds a tear of condolence over the disfigured page of CLIO.

Nor has individual biography been exempt from devastation. Richelieu, Cromwell, Will. Wallace, Henri Quatre, Cardinal Borromeo, Queen Elizabeth, Brinsley Sheridan, and a host of victims, have been immolated with barbarous rites on the shrine of Colburn and Bentley. After disintering by dozens the memorable dead who fain would sleep in Westminster Abbey, these goules have traversed the continent, with vampire voracity, in quest of prey; few are the characters of European celebrity that have not fed their indiscriminate insatiate maw. Nay, as if modern history did not afford scope for the exercise of their propensities, they have invaded the privacy of ROMAN life, to insult the "*lares*," to desecrate the household gods of ancient Italy; and in the *Last Days of Pompeii*, an attempt is made to impute modern foppery, with all its concomitant peculiarities, to the masters of the world.

"Et, sous des noms Romains, faisant notre portrait—
Peindre Caton galant, et Brutus dameret."

BOILEAU, *A. P.* chant iii.

All this is done for the purpose of being read by sentimental

spinsters, school-governesses, and linendrapers' apprentices, to whom "circulating libraries" look for support and encouragement.

The poet Lucan has a passage in his *Pharsalia*, wherein he relates that when rude peasants sought to disturb the sepulchre of MARIUS, the old Roman skeleton started up in anger, and with a posthumous glance scared the sacrilegious wretches from his grave.

"Tristia Syllani cecinere oracula manes,
Tollentemque caput gelidas Anienis ad undas,
Agricolæ fracto MARIUM effugère sepulchro."—(Lib. i. *ad finem*.)

Which the French professor, Laharpe, has so beautifully rendered—

"Du soc de la charrue, on dit, qu'un laboureur
Entr'ouvrit une tombe, et saisit d'épouvante
Vit MARIUS lever sa tête menaçante,
Et les cheveux épars, le front cicatrisé,
S'asseoir pale et tremblant sur son tombeau brisé."

Ought not apprehension of outbreak from the injured tenants of the tomb to deter those resurrection-men from practising their horrid trade on the classic subjects of Greece and Rome?

It is unfair to accuse Sir Walter Scott of being the parent of this literary monster: it was full grown, or in its teens, when HE adopted it, flinging the mantle of his genius over its native deformity. Towards the close of the last century, the muse of a French abbé, MARMONTEL, brought it forth in *les Incas* and *Belisaire*; Florian stood sponsor to the urchin in *Numa Pompilius* and *Gonsalve de Cordoue*; Jane Porter acted the part of wet nurse in *Thaddeus of Warsaw*.

We have been led into these remarks by the circumstance of meeting among the papers of our sacerdotal sage a singular account of men and of things which now belong to history—a narrative which, did we not deprecate the imputation, might be taken for an "historical romance."

OLIVER YORKE.

Watergrasshill, March, 1830.

I have been a sojourner in many lands. In youth I felt the full value of that vigorous period's unwasted energies,

and took care that my faculties of body and mind should not be sluggishly folded in a napkin, and hidden beneath the clod of my native isle. Hence, wafted joyfully o'er the briny barrier that encloses this unfortunate "gem of the western world," I early landed on the shores of continental Europe, and spent my best and freshest years in visiting her cities, her collegiate halls, her historic ruins, her battle fields. Moore and I may say with truth, that

"We have roamed through this world."

But my proceedings (unlike Tommy's) bore no resemblance to the conduct of "a child at a feast." It was not in pursuit of pleasure that I rambled through distant provinces: neither, like "Childe Harold," did I travel to stifle the voice of remorse—to

"Fling forgetfulness around me."

I had other views. A transient, but not unobservant pilgrim, I have kept the even tenor of my way through many a foreign tract of interesting country; rarely mingling in the busy hum of men, though carefully noting down with meditative mind the discrepancies of national thought and feeling as I went along. Keenly awake to each passing occurrence in the cities where I dwelt, though, like the stranger at Carthage, myself unperceived:

"Per medios, miscetque viris neque cernitur ulli."—(*Æneid I.*)

But I have paused longest at Rome. Not that other cities were divested of attraction; but at no inferior threshold, at no minor shrine, could I be induced to depose the staff, the scrip, and the scallop shell. Even now, in the decrepitude of age, the reminiscences of the seven hills, refreshing the verdant enthusiasm of my boyhood, return sweetly, welcomed like the visits of early friendship; although I had an opportunity of renewing my acquaintanceship with the cities of France some thirty years ago, at the peace of Amiens, still the recollections of my Roman sojourn, bearing the remote millessimo of 1769, have kept themselves (to use a consecrated expression) "*greener*" in my soul. O Rome! how much better and more profitable do I feel it to dwell in spirit, amid the ruins of thy monumental soil, than corpo-

really to reside in the most brilliant of modern capitals. *Quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!*

There is a splendid song by some English bard, highly expressive of the patriotic attachment that he must have felt for the island of his birth—enhanced by a reference to the proud position it holds among the countries of Europe in arms, in arts, in all the comforts of civilisation, commerce, and freedom; the soul of the composition is exhaled in that brief condensation of impassioned eulogy, “England, the Home of the World!” What this country now is, Rome was. Seneca terms it (in his treatise *De Consolatione*, cap. 6) *communem gentibus patriam*; the idea is re-echoed by the naturalist Pliny (lib. 35, cap. 5). The sensitive Mantuan shepherd dwells on it with complacency.

“Rerum pulcherrima Roma!”

Nor less perceptible are Horace’s affections, when that genuine specimen of a Roman “man on town” slyly exhorts some friend to try the effects of rustication—

“Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ!”

Ovid’s case is more peculiarly interesting. He who had formed the chief ornament of polished society, the sought-for and the caressed of every Roman boudoir, the arbiter of refinement and elegance at the brilliant court of Augustus, is suddenly banished to Scythia; a province much resembling the bogs of modern Iveragh, or the wilderness of Connamara. In so woful a predicament, is it to be wondered that he should envy his books, which would go through so many editions in the capital, and be handed about in every circle, while he himself was pining among the tasteless brutes and ignorant savages of the *paludes Propontidis*?

“Parve . . . sine me liber ibis in Urbem,
Hei mihi, quo Domino non licet ire tuo!”

In the decline of the empire, that eminent scholar and highly-gifted writer, St. Jerome, having withdrawn from the fascinations of the Eternal City to a romantic hermitage in Palestine, complained sadly that his retirement was invaded, and his solitude perpetually haunted, by certain fairy visions of Rome, as is recorded by Erasmus in the life of the saint

prefixed to the *editio princeps*.. (S^{ca} Hieronomi Opera, t. 1, folio, *Basilea*, 1526.)

But Rome was not recommended to my affections and cherished in my heart merely because of her Pagan excellence, her martial glory, her literary fame. I aspired to the Christian priesthood in that city which the code of Justinian, in the absence of mere scriptural warrant, calls the fountain of sacerdotal honour—"fons sacerdotii;" in that city which St. Prosper, a graceful poet (A.D. 470), addressed in terms of veneration and endearment:

"Sedes Roma Petri, quæ pastoralis honoris
Facta caput mundo quidquid non possidet armis,
Religione tenet;"

while a modern French poet, the unfortunate Gilbert, has characterised that capital as

"VEUVE d'un peuple roi, mais REINE encore du monde!"

I looked on Rome as the cemetery of the thousand MARTYRS whose ashes commingle there with the dust of the Scipios, and whose bones (to use the strange words of the Bishop of Antioch, Ignatius) were ground into flour by the lions of the amphitheatre, to become the bread of Christ; and therefore I looked on Rome with the eyes of old Chrysostom, whose declaration comes fresh on my memory; commenting on Paul's epistle to the Romans, he exclaims: Εγω και την Ρωμην δια τουτο φιλω και μακαριζω οτι και ζων αυτοις ευνοου η και τον βιον εκει κατελυσε. Διο και επισημος η πολις εντευθην, η απο των αλλων απαντων και καθαπερ σωμα μεγα και ισχυρον οφθαλμους εχει δυο λαμποντας, των αγιων τουτων τα σωματα. Εκειθεν αρπάγησεται Παυλος, εκειθεν Πετρος· Εννοησατε τε και φριξατε οιον οψετο θεαμα Ρωμη, τον Παυλον εξαιφνης ανισταμενον απο της θηκης εκεινης μετα Πετρον, και αιρομενον εις απαντησιν του Κυριου. Οια αποστειλλει τω Χριστω ροδα η Ρωμη. (*Homilia in Epist. Paul. ad Romanos, ad finem.*) An effusion, thrilling with enthusiasm, the spirit of which may be recognised in the hymn by St. Prudentius, in the fifth century, for the joint festival of Peter and Paul:

"O Roma felix, quæ duorum principum
Es consecrata glorioso sanguine,
Horum cruore purpurata cæteraa
Excellis orbis una pulchritudines!"

Ex officio Breviar. Rom. 29 Junii.

This topic must not, however, lead me away from the subject matter of to-night's paper; an occurrence that befell myself and my old schoolfellow, the painter Barry, in the capital of the Christian world. In the course of these compositions I have felt conscious of over-freely indulging in illustration and soliloquy. I apologise for trespassing, and I do so without availing myself of the excuse an erratic French poet gives :

“ Pardon, messieurs, si je m'égare, I've got a fault, I cannot hinder—
C'est que j'imite un peu Pindare ! ” A knack of imitating Pindar.

It was towards the close of the autumn of 1769 that I reached the Eternal City. With rapturous exultation I caught a glimpse, from the heights above the “ Pons Milvius,” of that glorious landscape of ruins : my mind is still impressed, at this distance of time, with the solemn stillness of those seven hills—the deep gliding of the voiceless Tiber—the frequent cypress rising in that suburban solitude—and yon gorgeous dome of the Galilean fisherman swelling in triumph over the circus of Nero. I had alighted from the clumsy vehicle of my Florentine *vetturino*, sure to rejoin him at the traveller's inevitable *rendezvous*, the Dogana Pontificia : alone and on foot I arrived at the gate of Rome, and stood on the Piazza del Popolo. What was my precise current of cogitation I cannot remember, but I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by the rough grasp of honest and affectionate welcome ; mine eye gazed on the well-known countenance of JAMES BARRY. Then and there was I destined to meet thee, best beloved of my boyhood, and earliest associate of my school-days ! with whom I had often played the truant from the hedge-academy of Tim Delany.

“ Meorum prime sodalium !
Cum quo morantem sæpe diem
Fregi.”—HOR. lib. ii. ode 7.

Then and there was it my lot to encounter him, whom I had remembered a shoeless, stockingless and reckless urchin, yet withal the life and soul of fun in the classic purlieus of

Blarney Lane; ripe for every mischief, but distinguished among all the pupils of our excellent Didascalus by the graphic accuracy with which his embryo genius could trace in chalk on the school-door, or with slate pencil on those tablets sacred to Euclid, the pedant's bespectacled proboscis. A red cow *in fresco* over Mick Flannagan's public-house, still exists to attest the early development of his pictorial talent; even then, his passion for the fine arts was demonstrated by the fact of his having removed from its pedestal, and conveyed in the dead of night to his own garret, the wooden effigy of a blackamoor, that adorned the widow Brady's tobacco-shop. I afterwards lost sight of him when he migrated from Cork to the miserable hamlet of Passage on the harbour. His father, who had been a builder while in town, became it appears the owner of a small coasting-craft; in which, sadly against his inclination, my poor James was doomed to roam the blue deep, until he at last rebelled against his maritime destiny, and "taking up arms against a sea of troubles," determined, in opposition to parental authority, at once to "end them." His subsequent fate and fortunes since he had "cut the painter" I had no means of ascertaining, till thus accosted by what seemed, to my startled eye, the most unaccountable of apparitions; nor was it till I had fairly scanned his outward semblance, and heard the genuine Munster brogue, in its pure, unsophisticated Atticism, vibrate on his tongue, that doubt gave place to the delight of mutual recognition. Barry's wonderment at discovering his quondam acquaintance in a semi-ecclesiastical garb, was not the least amusing feature in the group we presented under the pedestal of Aurelian's obelisk, that flung its lengthy shadow across the spacious piazza, as the glorious Italian sun still lingered on the verge of the horizon.

An adjourment was voted, by acclamation, to the nearest hospitable shed; which, I remember well, was that most classically named establishment, the *Osteria della Sybilla*, in the "Corso." There,

"O qui complexus et gaudia quanta fuerunt!
Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico."—*Iter Brundusii*.

There ensued flask after flask of sparkling *Orvieto* and generous "*lachryma*;" nor was the swelling tear of joyous enthusiasm unnoticed by me in the full eye of kindling genius, when we drank to his "art" and his "hopes," coupled with the health of "EDMUND BURKE, *his noble, his generous protector!*"

We parted at a late hour, after collating our autobiographies, pleased at the coincidence that had reunited us once more. Barry had but to cross the street to his modest *stanzina*, in the "Vicolo del Greco;" I tarried for the night in the cave of "the sybil," and dreamed over many a frolic of bygone days, over many a deed of Roman heroism; commingling the recollections of Tim Delany with those of Michael Angelo, and alternately perambulating in spirit the "Via Sacra" and "Blarney Lane."

This renewal of acquaintanceship was of advantage to us both, during the period of our residence at Rome. Though the path of our respective pursuits was dissimilar, there was on both sides much of acquired information, the interchange of which was delightful. In all that could illustrate the memorials of Roman story, annals of the republic, trophies, temples, triumphal arches, deciphering of inscriptions, and such lore as could be gathered from previous perusal of what had been written on that exhaustless topic, Barry found in his friend a cheerful nomenclator—an almanac of reference, especially in the records and proceedings of primitive Christianity; of which Rome, its catacombs, its churches, its sepulchres, and its MSS., are the richest depositories.* In return for such hints, suggestions, and legends, it was Barry's pride to develop the sound principles of taste and criticism—the theory of the art he loved—those views and speculations which he had derived from nature, and from intercourse with the author of *A Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful*. Commingling our notions, we explored the monumental remains strewn in giant fragments over the seven hills, from that magnificent relic of imperial grandeur, "*l'anfiteatro Flavio*," to that utilitarian deposit of republican glory, the "*Cloaca Maxima*."

* There is an elaborate work, by Father Aringhi, bearing the quaint title of *Roma Subterranea*, 2 vols. folio, Rom. 1663, which embodies much of the information here alluded to.—PROUT.

Among the attributes and peculiarities of extraordinary intellect, there has been often noticed an occasional playfulness, a whimsical boyishness, with which the tame prudery of mediocre talent is rarely chargeable. This characteristic idiosyncrasy was observable in Barry: he had retained in the maturity of manhood that accompaniment of inborn genius—the heart of childhood still fresh and warm in his breast. My friend loved a frolic. I know not whether it was the irresistible impulse of school-day associations which my presence communicated; but in the most solemn localities, when the spot would preclude any idea of fun, a sudden whim would take his fancy—the distinguished painter would disappear by some enchantment, and leave naught behind but the urchin of the streets of Cork. In examining the environs of the Capitol, as we looked up with awe at the Tarpeian Rock, he suggested that I should climb the pinnacle, and place myself in the attitude of an ancient criminal about to take the last fatal step, in supposed accordance with the *senatus consultum* in such cases made and provided. I had scarcely folded my clerical gown into the most approved fashion of a Roman toga, and assumed a look of sublime attachment, even in death, to the laws of my country, extending my arm to the temple of Jupiter Stator,—when a blow of a cabbage-stump, aimed with unerring precision from the kitchen-garden where Barry stood below, had well nigh hurled me from my eminence. Vainly did I claim the protection of canon law, which excommunicates the perpetrator of a similar enormity (*Si quis, suadente diabolo, clericum percusserit, &c.* canon § *de percussoribus*: sect. 3, *de jactu caul.*); he would urge my own quotation from Horace, authorising poets or painters to attempt anything within the range of human audacity,—*quidlibet audendi*.

We loved, at the solemn hour of sunset, ere twilight grey had flung his misty mantle over the scene, to ascend together the Janiculum Hill, because of the unrivalled prospect which, from the grand reservoir of the *Acqua Paolina*, may be enjoyed in the cool of the evening, commanding the ancient and modern city,—palaces, domes, and campanili contrasting in picturesque confusion with the giant pillars of Trajan and of Antonine,—the circumference of its walls,—aqueducts stretching in broken series across the desolate campagna,—

the silent course of the Tiber winding its serpent length through the whole compass of the horizon, the distant hills of Tivoli and Alba on the verge of the landscape, lost among the Apennines,—there would we sit and contemplate awhile the matchless vision, with emotions far deeper than those felt by Martial, whose eye scanned the same tract of land from the same eminence in olden days.

“Hinc septem dominos videre montes,
Et totam licet æstimare Romam.”

Then anon the sportive spirit would rush upon Barry, and strangely jarring on the harmony of local reminiscences, amid the awfulness of historic cogitation, would burst forth a wild and grotesque song, composed in honour of the maritime village where he had spent his young days, manifestly an imitation of that unrivalled dithyramb the “Groves of Blarney,” with a little of its humour, and all its absurdity.

The Attractions of a fashionable Irish Watering-place.

The town of Passage
Is both large and spacious,
And situated

Upon the say.

'Tis nate and dacent,
And quite adjacent
To come from Cork

On a summer's day ;
There you may slip in
To take a dipping,
Fornent the shipping

That at anchor ride ;
Or in a wherry

Cross o'er the ferry
To Carrigaloe,

On the other side.

Mud cabins swarm in
This place so charming,
With sailor garments

Hung out to dry ;
And each abode is
Snug and commodious,

With pigs melodious
In their straw-built sty.

'Tis there the turf is,
And lots of murphies,
Dead sprats and herrings,
And oyster shells ;
Nor any lack, O !
Of good tobacco—
Though what is smuggled
By far excels.

There are ships from Cadiz,
And from Barbadoes,
But the leading trade is

In whisky-punch ;
And you may go in
Where one Molly Bowen
Keeps a nate hotel
For a quiet lunch.

But land or deck on,
You may safely reckon,
Whatsoever country

You come hither from,
On an invitation
To a jollification,

With a parish priest
That's called “Father Tom.”*

* The Rev. Thomas England, P. P., known to the literary world by

Of ships there's one fixt
 For lodging convicts,
 A floating "stone Jug"
 Of amazing bulk ;
 The hake and salmon,
 Playing at bagammon,
 Swim for divarsion
 All round this "hulk ;"

There "Saxon" jailors
 Keep brave repairors,
 Who soon with sailors
 Must anchor weigh
 From th' em'rald island,
 Ne'er to see dry land,
 Until they spy land
 In sweet Bot'ny Bay.

Some people will think this conduct of my departed friend very childish, and so it was, doubtless ; but, to quote the language of his patron, Edmund Burke, in one of those immortal pamphlets, replete with a wisdom and a philosophy never granted to the soul of an Utilitarian, "Why not gratify children ? lawyers, I suppose, were children once. Is the world all grown up ? is childhood dead ? or is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and the best some of the child's heart left to respond to its earliest enchantments ?" There is a remark by Coleridge relative to this propensity of superior mental power to humble itself to the capacity and the pursuits of the infant mind, which, if I recollected his exact words, I would here record ;* but I have constantly observed, in my own experience of life, and my own range of reading, that such has ever been the tendency of all gifted men in every age, from Agesilaus to Henri Quatre—from the prophet who adapted himself to the proportions of infancy, "*his eyes upon his eyes, his mouth upon his mouth, his hand upon his hands*" (2 Kings, chap. iv. ver. 34), to our own immortal patriot Grattan, who, in the home a nation gave him, amid the woods of Tinnahinch, played hide-and-seek with his children ; where (as Moore says) he who had guided the councils of the collected wisdom,

"The most wise of the old,
 Became all that the youngest and simplest hold dear."—*Monody, &c.*

"a life" of the celebrated friar, Arthur O'Leary, chaplain to a club which Curran, Yelverton, Earls Moira, Charlemont, &c. &c. established in 1780, under the designation of "the Monks of the Screw."—O. Y.

* The remark of which Prout only recollects the substance may be found in Coleridge's *Autobiograph. Liter.*, vol. i. p. 85, "*To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood is the privilege of genius.*" &c. &c. Pope seems to have had a foretaste of this metaphysical discovery when he wrote on his friend Gay—

"In wit a man, simplicity a child."—O. Y.

Some weeks passed on, and I began to see less of Barry. Anxious to store my mind with whatever knowledge was to be obtained in the haunts of learning, I spent my days in frequenting the halls of the University (*archigymnas. rom.*), imbibing the wisdom of its professors. To some of these I willingly pay the tribute of acknowledgment; they were men of acute and quick perception, clear and lucid delivery, easy and affable intercourse: their lectures at once animated and substantial; others (alas!), like our modern Lardners, operate on the crowd of eager students like the reading of the riot act—dull, plodding, pompous, pragmatical, and empty-headed.

While I was thus engaged in sounding the depths of Thomas Aquinas, my countryman was ardently pursuing his favourite vocation, studying the antique; I was busied with forms of syllogistic disputation, he tracing graceful shapes of faun and nymph—Psyche and Ganymede; I wrestled with Duns Scotus and Peter Lombard, he grappled with the dying gladiator, or still-breathing Laocoon: that block called the Torso was *his* idolatry; I worshipped an equally ponderous folio of Cornelius à Lapide.

Months rolled away, in occasional visits from the painter; but I could observe that his brow wore the mark of a disturbed spirit, and that he laboured under fits of depression. He made no difficulty of communicating to me the subject of his tribulations, which had little foundation in reality, but were sufficient to sting to madness an over-sensitive mind, such as my friend unfortunately possessed. He had persuaded himself that the English artists at Rome were in a combination against him,—he was doomed to be ever the victim of jealous envy,—his efforts to gain celebrity would be ever thwarted by preferences bestowed on inferior craft and intriguing dullness. To these troubles of his fancy's creation there was superadded the straitened circumstances in which he was placed—wholly dependent on the small annuity which Edmund Burke (by no means wealthy at that period) contrived to bestow on him (50*l.*)* All these

* Barry was not the only English artist whose poverty at Rome was proverbial; the eminent landscape painter, Wilson, was sadly unprovided with the precious metals while a student in that capital. There is an odd story told of his doffing his coat one fine day for a game of

symptoms of his internal organisation, which afterwards in London broke out into such fearful manifestations of irritability, required my utmost skill to soothe and to pacify. Poets have been termed an angry, susceptible, and sensitive race—prone to take umbrage at imaginary slight, and visionary wrongs; Barry belonged to the most exalted class of the *genus irritabile*; and this impatience of mind, deriving intensity from constitutional habit, brought on death, ere that plenitude of fame on which he might have counted, could be granted to his too eager imagination. The line of observation into which I have been thus led, is the sentiment expressed by le Baron de Fontanes, in his consolatory address to Chateaubriand.

<p>“Ainsi les maîtres de la lyre Partout exhalent leur chagrins, Vivants la douleur les déchire; Et ces dieux que la terre admire Ont peu compté de jours sereins.</p>	<p>Long temps une ombre fugitive Semble tromper leur noble orgueil; La GLOIRE enfin pour eux arrive, Et toujours sa palme tardive Croît plus belle au pied d'un CERCUEIL.”</p>
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<p>I've marked the youth with talents curs'd, I've watch'd his eye, hope-lit at first— Then seen his heart indignant hurst To find his genius scorned! Soft on his secret hour I stole, And saw him scan with anguished soul Glory's immortal muster-roll His name should have adorned!</p>	<p>His fate had been, with ardent mind To chase the phantom Fame,—to find His graap eluded;—calm, resign- ed— He knows his fate—he dies! <i>Then comes RENOWN! then fame ap- pears!</i> GLORY proclaims the COFFIN hers! Aye greenest over sepulchres Palm-tree and laurel rise!</p>
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In the midst of these vexations, arose on the destiny of my friend a guiding star, a mild and holy influence, which, had it not been withdrawn suddenly and for ever, might have rescued Barry from his own unruly imaginings, and linked him to social existence, There is a secret spell by which the gentle voice of beauty's admonition finds access tennis in the baths of Caracalla (where the English had got up a sort of ball alley), when, lo! on his back, by way of lining to his waistcoat, a splendid waterfall, with grotto, &c. &c. became visible: a contrivance, no doubt, of his laundress, to turn his productions to some profitable purpose.

to the most ironbound and intractable tempers. In his visits to the Vatican, Barry had been noticed by the old custode who tenanted the *Torrione dei Venti* at the extreme end of the palace. Fabio Centurioni (such was the honoured name of this respectable veteran, the senior officer of the Vatican gallery) was in himself an object not unworthy of the antiquarian's attention. He belonged to a race distinct in character and feelings from the vulgar crowd who crawl through the streets of Rome. Of an old trans-tiberine family, he claimed with the *trasteverini* unconditionated pedigree, ascending through the vicissitudes of intervening barbarism to the ancient masters of the world. Whether he traced the relationship up to Fabius Maximus—

“Unus qui nobis cunctando restituit rem” (*Ennius*)—

I have omitted to ascertain. But if solemn gait, gravity of deportment, absence of unnecessary speed in word or gesture, were of genealogical import, his descant on the great *Cunctator* was unquestionable. His affection for young Barry originated in a sort of fancied resemblance to the old Roman character which he thought he could discover in the foreign artist; and certainly, as far as energy, vigour, a proud and generous disposition, and an uncompromising dignity, were typical of the sons of Romulus, the Irish painter justified the old gentleman's discernment. He entertained for my friend a predilection he took every opportunity of exhibiting, being heard to declare Barry more of a Roman than the whole tribe of degenerate wretches who dwelt on the right bank of the river. But what set the seal to the custode's approbation, was the unbounded veneration both felt in common for the huge Torso at the extremity of the gallery—a colossal fragment, known throughout Europe from the many casts which have been taken therefrom, and which, in shape, size, and wonderful attributes, can only be compared to the Blarney stone; of which, to the vulgar, it appears an exact fac-simile. Fabio's eye glistened with delight as he watched our enthusiast sketching this glorious block, day after day, in every position and attitude. An invitation to his apartments in the palace was the result; thus Barry became acquainted with Marcella.

Pure, delightful, heavenly being! sixty years have passed over my head, and revolutions have swept over the face of Europe, and monarchies have passed away, and for more than half a century thy ashes have slept in the church of *Santa Cecilia in trastevere*; but thy image is now before me, lovely and animated as when thy smile cheered the wild Irish artist, whom thou didst unfeignedly love! In that church, near the tomb of the martyred saint (thy model and thy patroness), a marble tablet, carved by the hand of thy heart-broken father, may yet be seen, with the words,—“MARCELLA CENTURIONI, DI ANNI 18, VERGINE ROMANA, PACE IMPLORA.” That peace is assuredly thine. Of too gentle a texture wert thou to endure the trials of life and the rude contact of adversity. Hence in mercy wert thou withdrawn from this boisterous world, and received into the harbour of rest. With grief I record thy early fate; but I sorrow not for thee! My mind loves to dwell on the probable destiny of my friend, had Heaven granted him a partner through life, adviser, help, tutelary deity, in her whom he had the misfortune to lose for ever. Of what avail are the fond speculations of friendship? Both are long since no more; and I myself must soon rejoin them in the mysterious region that stretches out beyond the grave.

Never shall I forget the Christmas of 1769. In Italy, the annual occurrence of that merry festival is accompanied, in the family circle as well as in the public rejoicings, with certain demonstrations of religious feeling; it is not merely, as in England, a season of carousing and revelry. The picturesque appearance and grotesque costume of the rustic minstrels, who come down from the Apennines, and fill the city with the melody of their bagpipes (not unlike a group of Bethlehem shepherds), is not the least interesting feature in the solemnity. Church ceremonies, appealing to the senses of the people (for, in spite of the march of intellect, there must ever be an outward and visible display of religious worship for the bulk of mankind), kindle in a marvellous degree the fervour of these southern votaries, impressing them with sentiments appropriate to the commemoration of Christ's nativity. It was then that through Barry, who was a constant visitor of Fabio Centurioni, in fact, looked on in the light of an accepted son-in-law, I be-

came intimate with the old custode's family, and mixed with the circle that gathered round his fireside. Countless the happy evenings we spent in the society of those good and hospitable people—many the moments of unmixed enjoyment. Excellence in music is the birthright of every daughter of Italy; Marcella's voice thrilled with a delicacy of feeling and depth of expression it has not been my fortune to meet with in any part of the continent. Memory will at this distance bring back snatches of that exquisite melody; and just now a ballad, replete with graceful piety, which I believe to be of her own composition, presents itself to my recollection. It is but a fragment; but as I never saw it in print, I cannot supply the portion deficient to complete the poem, which contains a supposed dialogue between the Virgin Mary, a gipsy, and St. Joseph, in the land of Egypt.

La Zingarella.

Ben venuto, vecchiarello!
Con questo bambino bello
Che 'sto core m' innamorò;
Dio ti salvi bella signora!

Siete stanchi e meschini;
Credo, poveri pellegrini,
Che cercato d' alloggiare;
Vuol signora scavalcare?

Alla tua bella presenza
Tutta mi sento riverenza,
E ancor credo per certo
Che venite dal deserto,

Siete stanchi della via,
Vi offerisco la casa mia;
Benchè sono poverella,
Son una donna Zingarella.

Se non è come meritate,
Signoruccia perdonate,
Quest' onor volete farmi?
Questo piacer volete darmi?

Aggia quà una atallella
Buona per 'sta somarella;
Paglia e fieno ce ne getto,
Vi è per tutti lo ricetto.

E tu, vecchiarello, aiedi!
Sei venuto sempre a piedi;
Avete fatto, o bella figlia,
Da trecento e tante miglia.

O ch' è bello 'sto figliarello
Che par fatto con pennello,
Non ci so dar assomiglio
Bella madre e bello figlio.

Non avete più paura
V' indovino l' avventura,
Noi signora così sino,
Facciam aempre l' indovino.

Quel picciolin' mi tocca il core
Mostra mi dunque per favore,
Fammi grazia signorina
Dammi quì la sua manina, &c. &c.

The Flight into Egypt. A Ballad.

There's a legend that's told of a gipsy
who dwelt
In the land where the Pyramids be;
And her robe was embroidered with stars,
and her belt
With devices, right wondrous to see:

And she lived in the days when our Lord
was a child
On his mother's immaculate breast;
When he fled from his foes—when to
Egypt exiled,
He went down with St. Joseph the blest.

This Egyptian held converse with magic,
methinks,
And the future was given to her gaze;
For an obelisk marked her abode, and a
sphinx
On her threshold kept vigil always.
She was pensive and ever alone, nor was
seen
In the haunts of the dissolute crowd;
But communed with the ghosts of the
Pharaohs, I ween,
Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the
desert one day,
With a maid on a mule, by that road;
And a child on her bosom reclined—and
the way
Led them straight to the gipsy's abode:
And they seemed to have travelled a wear-
isome path,
From their home many, many a league—
From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's
wrath,
Spent with toil, and o'ercome with
fatigue.

And the gipsy came forth from her dwell-
ing, and prayed
That the pilgrims would rest them
awhile;
And she offered her couch to that delicate
maid,
Who had come many, many a mile;
And she fondled the babe with affection's
caress,
And she begged the old man would re-
pose;
Here the stranger, she said, ever finds
free access,
And the wanderer balm for his woe.

Then her guests from the glare of the
noonday she led
To a seat in her grotto so cool;
Where she spread them a banquet of
fruits—and a shed,
With a manger, was found for the mule;

With the wine of the palm-tree, with the
dates newly culled,
All the toil of the road she beguiled;
And with song in a language mysterious
she lulled
On her bosom the wayfaring child.

When the gipsy anon in her Ethiop hand
Placed the infant's diminutive palm,
Oh 'twas fearful to see how the features
she scanned
Of the babe in his slumber so calm!
Well she noted each mark and each fur-
row that crossed
O'er the tracings of destiny's line:
"WHENCE CAME YE!" she cried, in aston-
ishment lost,
"FOR THIS CHILD IS OF LINEAGE DIVINE!"

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph
replied,
"Where we dwelt in the land of the
Jew;
We have fled from a tyrant, whose gar-
ment is dyed
In the gore of the children he slew:
We were told to remain till an angel's
command
Should appoint us the hour to return;
But till then we inhabit the foreigners'
land,
And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

"Then ye tarry with me!" cried the gipsy
in joy,
"And ye make of my dwelling your
home:
Many years have I prayed that the Is-
raelite boy
(Blessed hope of the Gentiles!) would
come."

And she kissed both the feet of the infant
and knelt,
And adored him at once;—then a smile
Lit the face of his mother, who cheerfully
dwelt
With her host on the banks of the Nile.

The character and prospects of Barry never presented themselves to his friends under a brighter aspect than during the period of his intimacy with the amiable indwellers of the *Torrione de' Venti* in the Vatican gardens. The soothing influence of milder affections became manifest in the quasi filial attention with which he deferred to the counsels of Marcella's father, who having, in virtue of his office, seen many successive generations of young enthusiasts engaged in the same professional walk, was qualified to guide and to advise. The privilege of access to the gallery at hours when,

by the established regulations, all others were excluded, was an advantage which Barry knew how to appreciate; and which I notice, because it gave occasion to an occurrence I alone witnessed, and which I promised during his lifetime never to disclose. Since his death I have no motive for either publishing or concealing this anecdote; to tell the truth, I apprehended that its very singularity would perhaps, in the estimation of many, be a reason for refusing credence to the narrative; but in the eyes of the few, for whom I write (*contentus paucis lectoribus*), I hope the romantic nature of the transaction will not damage the statement, or prejudice my veracity; it being a trite saying, that matters more extraordinary occur in real life than are recorded in fiction.

Barry loved to study in the Vatican gallery by night; an indulgence the mildness of the season (it was now the close of May 1770) would allow of. The custom of permitting foreigners to explore the museum by torchlight, on payment of fees, had not been established; James had no apprehension of intruders on the privacy of his studious hours. There, by the glare of a bronze lamp, he would sit while the city was hushed to repose; and while the glimmering flame would cast a shadowy lustre on the contours of some antique group, he would sketch the forms of the mighty dead, drinking deep at the fount of Greek inspiration. I have before adverted to the notion he had imbibed, that the English artists at Rome were jealously watchful of his studies; that they sought to appropriate the conceptions of his teeming fancy, and to rob him of his originality. Hence to Barry the consciousness of being unobserved constituted the charm of these nocturnal pursuits: none but I had been allowed access to his vigils in the gallery—a mark of friendship I have reason to remember. On the evening of the 20th of May we had both been staying up late with the old custode in the *Torrione*. Barry had been rather warmly engaged with his host in a controversy respecting the relative merits of the recumbent Cleopatra, and the reclining figure of a colossal river god, supposed to be the Nile. As I took some interest on behalf of his favourite the Cleopatra, he offered to accompany me thither, with the old custode's permission, and give me ocular demonstration of the

correctness of his views. As by this time (it was near midnight) we had demolished not a few flasks of *gensano*, I felt nothing loath; so we folded our cloaks about us, and I bore the torch. I question whether Diomed and Ulysses, in their night excursion across the plain of Troy, experienced loftier emotions than did we, as with echoing tread we paced the solemn halls of the pontifical palace, between ranks of antique statues, confronting us in every possible variety of attitude,—menace, grief, admiration, welcome, or terror. Nothing appeared so illustrative of a visit to the shades of Erebus,—

“Ibant obscuro solâ sub nocte per umbram
Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna.”—Æn. vi.

Barry would pause before some marble favourite, introduce me to its individual merits, teach me to throw the light judiciously, delivering himself withal of some of those striking theories which I loved to trace in his subsequent printed lectures on the art he adored. But as we slowly approached the *sala de Cleopatra*, the term of our appointed pilgrimage, a sudden and unaccountable start on the part of my friend dashed the torch out of my hand—and “I’ll be hanged, Prout!” cried he, “if the ruffians dont listen to every word I utter: did you not see that scoundrel Nollekens lurking behind the Antinous?—by G—d, ’tis he!”—“For shame!” I rejoined; “can’t you keep from cursing at this hour of night, and in the very residence of the sovereign pontiff?”—“’Tis true, by hell!” cried out my infuriated friend, reckless of that stern reporter for the celestial press, the recording angel, who no doubt dropped a detestive tear on an oath the decided offspring of monomania; “but I’ll soon teach the rascal to exercise elsewhere his talents as eaves-dropper, spy, and plagiarist!”—So saying, he rushed to the spot where he fancied he had seen his foe; and, spite of the obscurity of the hall, on the floor of which lay the semi-extinguished torch, I could still perceive that he had in fact grappled not with a mere creation of his troubled fancy, but with a *bonâ fide* human shape, muffled in the ample folds of a long ecclesiastical robe, and yielding apparently without resistance to the rude energy of its assailant. Barry soon relaxed his grasp, when he had clearly

ascertained that his prisoner was an old priest and an Italian; but muttered still, with indomitable wrath, "You may thank your stars, my boy, that you wern't that blackguard Nollekens."—"Grazie tante!" was the ejaculation of the venerable captive, when he had sufficiently recovered from his affright: "your mistake had well nigh had consequences which none would regret more than yourselves. You are foreigners, and, if I may judge from your idiom, English; I am a resident of the palace. No doubt a love for the arts has occasioned your presence here at this unusual hour. 'Tis well. Follow me towards the *sala di San Damaso*." There was something authoritative, as well as conciliatory, in the tone of our new acquaintance; and as I shewed a disposition to accept the invitation of one whom I guessed to be a dignitary of the Papal court, Barry did not hesitate to accompany me.

We paused not, we spoke not. Onwards we went through the different corridors and antechambers that separate the Vatican gallery from that portion of the palace which our guide had mentioned. Each *busola*, each door, seemed to recognise the passage of a master, flying open at his touch. At length we entered what appeared to be a study. The walls were hung with Flemish tapestry; and a bronze lamp of antique fashion, dependent from the gilt oak ceiling, faintly illumined the apartment. In the centre, a table inlaid with exquisite mosaic was strewed with various documents, seemingly of an official character; amongst which a single book, though torn and disfigured, quickly attracted my eye. I knew at a glance the familiar folio. It was a copy of the standard regulations of my old tutors, "INSTITUTUM SOCIETATIS JESU." We were seated at the Italian prelate's request. A servant in the papal livery was summoned by a rapid signal from an adjoining room; a brief order to bring wine and refreshments was delivered, and executed with magic promptitude. Meantime Barry kept his eye on me to ascertain what I thought of our singular position. Our host left no space for reflection, but pressed us with genuine hospitality to partake of what lay before us. Wine is the great dissolvent of distrust, and generator of cordiality. Never was this more forcibly exemplified than in my friend's case, who, totally oblivious of the late awkward scuffle between

himself and the most reverend dignitary, launched out into a diversity of topics connected with the fine arts, of which our entertainer appeared to be a sincere and enlightened admirer.

Thinking it high time to mix in the conversation, "I am happy to find," said I, quaffing a glass of Malaga, "that the Jesuits have a friend at the court of Ganganelli."

"Speak you thus, *abbatino*?" rejoined our host. "You are then an admirer of Loyola's institute. Are there many such in France, where it appears you have studied?"

I described the Gallican episcopal body as unanimously adverse to the proposed destruction of that society.

"The king of France, the kings of Spain and Portugal, think differently, young man," said the prelate with some warmth, and with a tone that only served to kindle my zeal in defence of my old professors.

"The Duc de Choiseul and Madame de Pompadour may have persuaded the imbecile Louis XV. to adopt the views of the writers in the *Encyclopédie*—the minister of his most Catholic Majesty of Spain may fancy the property of the Society, in the mother country, in South America, and in the East Indies, a fair object of plunder. Marquis de Pombal may entertain similar opinions at Lisbon; but surely the judgment of a knot of courtly conspirators, acting in unhallowed concert, should find its proper weight in the balance of the sanctuary. Catherine of Russia and the great Frederick of Prussia think differently of these men, and profess their readiness to offer them an asylum. But if it be true (as it is rumoured in the Piazza Colonna) that the restoration of Avignon, estreated by France during the late pontificate, is to be the reward of Ganganelli's subserviency to the court of Versailles, I must say, and I don't care who hears it, that a more flagrant case of simony and corruption never disgraced the annals of the Vatican. As to the wretched province regained by such means, it may well bear the denomination given of old to the *Potter's field*, HAKEL DAMA!"

A dismal scowl passed over the brow of my interlocutor. "Is it not the first duty of the supreme pastor," he hastily observed, "to conciliate the heads of the Christian flock? Your own country teaches a lesson on pontifical obstinacy.

Had Clement VII. shewn less rigour in refusing to your eighth Harry his demand, by insisting on the very doubtful canon law of the case, England would at this day be the most valuable ffeoff of St. Peter's domain. In bygone days, the request of Philippe Le Bel, backed by the emperor, the kings of England and Spain, was deemed sufficient, in the teeth of evidence, to condemn the noble brotherhood of the Temple. These "orders" are of human institution: the Jesuits must be yielded up to the exigency of the times. To calm the effervescence of the moment, the Pope may safely dismiss his 'Janissaries.'

"Yet the day may come," I replied, "when Christianity may want the aid of science and of literature—when the paltry defence of ignorant bigotry will be no longer of any avail—when all the motley host of remaining monks and friars, white, black, and grey, will find their inability to fill the space left void by the suppression of *that* intellectual and redeeming ORDER which once destroyed can only reappear in a feeble and inefficient imitation."

Two hours had now elapsed since our midnight adventure; and the warning chime of the palace belfry gave me an opportunity, in accordance with Barry's repeated signals, to take leave. The prelate, having carefully ascertained our names and address, placed us under the guidance of the attendant in waiting, who led us by the *cortile dei Suizzeri* to the *Scala regia*; and we finally stood in front of St. Peter's Church. We paused there awhile, little dreaming that it was the last night we should pass in Rome. The moon was up, and the giant obelisk of Sesostris, that had measured the sands of Lybia with its shadow, now cast its gnomon to the very foot of that glorious portico. Gushing with perennial murmur, the two immense *jets d'eau* flung out their cataracts on each side of the sublime monument, and alone broke with monotonous sound the silence of the night.

Poor Marcella! those two hours had been a space of severe trial and sad suspense for thee; but we knew not till months had elapsed the fatal consequences that ensued. Barry, when he parted with her father, had promised to remain but a moment in the gallery; and old Centurioni bade his daughter wait up for his guests, while he himself sought his quiet pillow. Hours rolled on, and we came not. The

idea of nocturnal assassination, unfortunately too familiar to the Roman mind, awakened by the non-appearance of the Irish artist, took rapid possession of her kindling imagination, as she watched in the *Torrione* in vain for his return. The transition from doubt to the certainty of some indefinable danger was the work of an instant. Yielding to the bold impulse of hereditary instinct, she seized the bronze lamp that burned on the mantelpiece, grasped a Damascus blade, the weapon of some crusader in olden time, and gliding with the speed of thought, was soon far advanced in her searching progress through the corridors and galleries of the palace. Had the statue of Lucretia leaped from its pedestal it might present a similar appearance in gesture and deportment. Alas, she was never to re-enter the parental dwelling! Ere the morning dawned the romantic girl was a prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo, under suspicion of being employed by the Jesuits to assassinate Ganganelli!

Strange whispers were current at break of day:—"An Irish painter and an Irish priest, both emissaries of '*the Society*,' had been detected lurking in the Vatican: an assault had been committed on the sacred person of the pontiff: they had avowed all in a secret interview with his holiness, and had confessed that they were employed by Lawrence Ricci, the general of the order." At the English coffee-house in the *Piazza di Spagna*, the morning's gossip was early circulated in Barry's hearing: the truth flashed on his mind at once. He ran to my apartments. I was thunderstruck.

Nothing had as yet transpired concerning Marcella's imprisonment; and we, unfortunately, resolved on a step which gave a colourable pretext to accusation. In the hurry of our alarm, we agreed on quitting Rome at once. Barry took the road to Bologna; and I was by noon in the Pontine marshes, on my way to Naples. Our friends thought us safely immured in those cells which the "holy office" still keeps up at its head-quarters in the Dominican convent, called, ironically enough, "*La Minerva*."

Old Centurioni was debarred the privilege of seeing his daughter; in silent anguish he mourned over his child, and bemoaned the fate of the young foreigners, who, he doubted not, were equally in the hands of "justice." But the worst was to come. That angelic being, whose nature was too

pure, and whose spirit was too lofty, to endure the disgrace and infamy imputed to her, remained haughtily and indignantly passive under the harsh and unmerited infliction. She gave no sign. An inflammatory fever, the combined result of her uncertainty concerning the fate of her lover, and irritation at the very thought of such heinous guilt thus laid to her charge, closed in less than a fortnight her earthly career. Her death set the seal to my friend's evil destiny.

A SERIES OF MODERN LATIN POETS.

CHAPTER I.—THE SILKWORM, A POEM. By JEROME VIDA.

“Ecco Alessandro il mio signor Farnese;
O dotta compagnia che seco mena!
Blosio, Pierio, e VIDA Cremonese
D'alta facondia inessicabil vena.”

ARIOSTO, *Orl. Fur.* cant. ult., st. xiii.

“Immortal VIDA! on whose honoured brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow.”

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism*.

At the southern extremity of the French metropolis there lieth an extensive burying-ground, which rejoiceth (if any such lugubrious concern can be said to rejoice) in the name of “*Cimetière du Mont Parnasse*.” Some Cockney tourists have had the curiosity to visit this Parnassian grave-yard, under the impression that it was a kind of Gallican “Poets' Corner,” or sepulchral “limbo,” set apart for the deceased children of the muse, in the same national spirit that raised the “Hôtel des Invalides,” and inscribed on the church of Ste. Genevieve, or “Pantheon” (where Marat and Mirabeau and Voltaire were entombed), that lapidary lampoon, “*Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante*.” No such object, however, appears to have been contemplated by the municipal authorities of Paris, when they inclosed the funereal field thus whimsically designated.

A collection of poetical effusions in any one of the *dead* languages would, we apprehend, considering the present state and prospects of literature, turn out to be, in the gloomiest sense of the word, a grave undertaking. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Anglo-Saxon, are truly and really dead, defunct, mute, unspoken.

“Monsieur Malbrook est mort, est mort et inerré.”

Hebrew is dead, and no mistake!—the Wandering Jew must have found that out long since. We venture to affirm that Salathiel (who, according to Croly, lurks about the synagogue in St. Alban's Place) has often laughed at the *shevas* of our modern Rabbim, and at those pothooks “with points” which are hawked about among the learned as copies of the original Hebrew Scriptures. As to the idiom of King Alfred, to say nothing of Queen Boadicea, how few of our literati are conversant therein or cognisant thereof! Kemble, Wright, and Lingard (*pauci quos æquus amavit Jupiter*), enjoy an undisturbed monopoly of Anglo-Saxon—Greek exhibits but few symptoms of vitality; no Barnes, no Porson, no Wolff, grace these degenerate days: nay, the mitre seems to have acted as an extinguisher on the solitary light of Bloomfield. Oxford hath now nothing in common with the *Βοσπορος* but the name, and the groves of Cam have ceased to be those of Academus. Things are not much better on the Continent. While Buonaparte from the rock of St. Helena still threatened Europe, we recollect, in a provincial city of France, a candidate for the office of town-librarian, who was outvoted by an ignorant competitor, and, on inquiry, found that many of the royalist constituency, hearing of his being an ardent “*Hellenist*,” had fancied him a very dangerous character indeed. Latin is still the language of the Romish liturgy, and consequently may have some claim to rank, if not as a living tongue, at least as one half-alive: “*defunctus adhuc loquitur*.” Though, in sober truth, if we are to judge from the quality generally met with in that quarter, we should be inclined to say that the tongue of Cicero had long since gone to the dogs.

We are tempted, however, to try on these “unknown tongues”

the effects of that galvanic process which is known to be so successful in the case of a dead frog. We open the undertaking with a name that may give assurance to our first attempt, and prevent uncharitable folks from applying to our operations the old surgical sarcasm of *experimentum in animâ vili*. The beautiful poem of Vida shall fitly introduce our series, and usher in these "modern instances" of lively composition—lively even in a dead language. It will soon be seen whether Prout can be allowed by the local authorities to carry on the trade of resurrectionist in the *Cimetière du Mont Parnasse*. If the "subjects he has disinterred" be not found fresh enough for the purposes of critical dissection, still we do not despair; something may be made of the most thin and meagre anatomies, and a good price is occasionally got for a skeleton. The hermit of Watergrasshill never pretended to enjoy the faculty of old Ezekiel—to clothe with substantial flesh the dry frame-work, the "*disjecta membra*," the poetical bones scattered over the vale of Tempé; though such miraculous gift might find full scope for its exercise in the Golgotha of Parnassus. "And behold, there were very many bones in the open valley, and lo! *they were very dry*."—Ezekiel, xxxvii. 2.

We had first decided on calling this new batch of Prout Papers a "modern Latin anthology," but, on reflection, we have discarded that common-place title; the term *anthology* bearing obvious reference to a still blooming flower-garden, and being far too fresh and gay a conceit for our purpose. Prefixed to a poetic miscellany in any of the *living* tongues, it might pass, and even be deemed suitable; applied to Latin or Greek, it would be a palpable misnomer. Dried plants, preserved specimens, and shrivelled exotics, may perhaps make up a *hortus siccus*; but not a garland or a nosegay.

Dead languages have one great advantage, however, over living. These latter are fickle and perpetually changing (like the sex), *varium et mutabile*: whereas the former, like old family portraits, are fixed in form, feature, and expression. Flesh and blood, confessedly, have not the durability of a marble bust; the parlance of the ancients is effectually petrified. There is nothing "movable" in the "characters" of Greek and Latin phraseology: all is stereo-

type. It is pleasant to compose in an idiom of which every word is long since canonised, and has taken its allotted place equally beyond the reach of vulgarism and the fear of vicissitude. Poor Geoffrey Chaucer knows to his cost the miseries attendant on the use of an obsolete vocabulary. Some modern journeyman has found it expedient to dislocate all his joints, under a pretext that his gait was awkward: to rejuvenate the old fellow, it was thought best to take him to pieces on the plan of those Greek children, who hoiled their grandfather in a magic cauldron, and, as might be expected, found "death in the pot." Who can now relish Sir Walter Raleigh, or sigh with Sir Philip Sidney, or sing the merry ballads of Sir Thomas More, whose popular poems graced the dawn of metrical composition in England? Alas!

" Every wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us at eve on the cold beach alone."

Dr. Maginn, in his younger days, deeply pondering on the fleeting nature of the beauties of modern compositions, and the frail and transitory essence of all living forms of speech, had a notion of rescuing these charming things from inevitable decay, and announced himself to the public as a poetical EMBALMER. He printed a proposal for wrapping up in the imperishable folds of Greek and Latin, with sundry spices of his own, the songs and ballads of these islands; which, in a few centuries, will be unintelligible to posterity. He had already commenced operating on "Black-eyed Susan," and had cleverly disembowelled "Alley Croaker;" both of which made excellent classic mummies. "Wapping Old Stairs," in his Latin translation, seemed to be the veritable *Gradus ad Parnassum*; and his Greek version of "'Twas in Trafalgar Bay" beat all Æschylus ever sung about Salamis. What became of the project, and why the doctor gave it up, we cannot tell: he is an unaccountable character. But while we regret this embalming plan should have been abandoned, we are free to confess that, in our opinion, "Old King Cole," in Hebrew, was his best effort. It was equal to Solomon in all his glory.

These *prolegomena* have led us in a somewhat zigzag path far away from our starting-point, which, on looking back,

we find to be Jerome Vida's poem of the "Silkworm." From a memorandum in the chest, we learn that Prout was induced to undertake this translation in the year 1825, when 400,000 mulberry-trees were planted on the Kingston estates by what was called "the Irish Silk Company," with a view to "better the condition of the peasantry in the south of Ireland." That scheme, somewhat similar to the lottery humbug lately got up by Messrs. Bish and O'Connell, produced in its day what is sought to be again effected by designing scoundrels now—it created a temporary mystification, and stayed off the ENACTMENT OF POOR-LAWS for the season. Prout early discovered the hollow treachery of all these projects, and locked up his MS. in disgust. He seems, however, to have reperused the poem shortly before his death; but the recollection of so many previous attempts at delusion, and the persevering profligacy with which the dismal farce is renewed, seems to have so strongly roused his indignant energies, that, if we decipher right the crossings in red letters on the last page, the aged clergyman, deeming it an act of virtue to feel intense hatred for the whole of the selfish crew that thrives on Irish starvation, has laid his dying curse on the heads, individually and collectively, of Lord Limerick, Spring Rice, and Daniel O'Connell.

OLIVER YORKE.

Watergrasshill, May 1825.

WHEN at the revival of letters the beauties of ancient literature burst on the modern mind, and revealed a new world to the human intellect, the first impulse of all who had the luck to be initiated in the mysteries of classic taste, was to model their thoughts and expressions on these newly-discovered originals, and, like Saul among the prophets, to catch with the very language of inspiration a more exalted range of feelings and a strain of loftier sentiment. The literati of Europe conversed in Latin, and corresponded in Greek. It had not yet entered into their heads, that the rude materials of Italian, French, and English, might be wrought up into forms of as exquisite perfection as they

then possessed in the remnants of classic eloquence and poetry. They despaired of making a silken purse out of a sow's ear. The example of Dante and Petrarch had not emboldened them; the latter, indeed, always considered his Latin poem, written on the second Punic war, and entitled "*Africa*," as much more likely to ensure him permanent renown than his *sonnets* or *canzoni*; and the former had to struggle with his own misgivings long and seriously ere he decided on not trusting his *Commedia* to the custody of Latin. Ariosto has left two volumes of Latin poetry. It was deemed a hazardous experiment to embark intellectual capital on the mere security of a vulgar tongue; and to sink the riches of the mind in so depreciated a concern was thought a most unprofitable investment. Hence genius was expended on what appeared the more solid speculation, and none but Greek and Latin *scripta* were "quoted" in the market of literature. All this "paper" has wofully fallen in value: I see little prospect of its ever again looking up.

Lord Bacon and Leibnitz, Newton, Grotius, and Milton, long after modern languages had become well-established as vehicles of valuable thought, still adhered to the safer side, and thus secured to their writings European perusal. An Universal Language, a General Pacification, and a Common Agreement among Christian sects, were three favourite day-dreams of Leibnitz; but, alas! each of these projects seems as far as ever removed from any prospect of realization. Latin, however, may, in some sense, be considered the idiom most universally spread throughout the republic of letters. The Roman empire and the Roman church, by a combined effort, have brought this result; and Virgil seems to have a prophetic vision of both these majestic agents actively engaged in the dissemination of his poetry, when he promises immortality to Nisus and Euryalus:

"Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo
Dum domus *Æneæ* capitolii immobile saxum
Accolet, imperiumque *Pater Romanus* habebit."

If by *domus Æneæ* he mean the dynasty of the Cæsars, the *Pater Romanus* must allude to the popes; and Leo the Tenth was probably in his mind's eye when he made this vaticination.

To excel in Latin poetry was, under that golden pontificate, a favourite accomplishment. Vida and Sannazar, Bembo and Fracastor, cultivated with success this branch of the humanities in Italy. The reformer Theodore Beza was a distinguished Latin poet at Geneva, though, in the selection of some of his subjects, he shews a taste rather akin to that of our own Theodore Hook than marked by any evangelical tendency. The Jesuits, while they upheld the papal empire, powerfully contributed also to enlarge the dominions of the Roman muse; and Casimir Sarbiewski, Rapin, Vaniere, and Sidronius, were at one time the admiration of all European academies. Buchanan is far better known abroad by his *carmina* than by his Scotch history; and the Latin poems of Addison, Milton, Parnell, with those of that witty Welshman, Owen (not to speak of the numerous *Musæ Anglicanæ*, *Musæ Etonenses*, &c. &c.), have fully established our character for versification on the continent. It is not sufficiently known that the celebrated poem, *De Connubiis Florum*, which gave the hint of the *Loves of the Plants*,* and of Darwin's *Botanic Garden*, was, in fact, the production of an Irishman, who, under the name of Demetrius de la Croix, published it at Paris in 1727. He was from Kerry, and his real patronymic was Diarmid M'Encroe;† though, like his immortal countryman, *Dinnish* Lardner, he exchanged that for a more euphonous appellation. Scotland's illustrious son, the "admirable" Crichton, whose brilliant career and character should, one would imagine, have attracted the notice of Sir Walter Scott, they being wonderfully susceptible of historico-romantic development,‡ possessed, among other singular accomplishments, the faculty of *extemporising* in Latin verse; and on one occasion before the assembled literati of Mantua, having previously dazzled his auditory with a display of philosophy, mathematics, divinity, and eloquence, he wound up the day's

* These, in their turn, produced the "Loves of the Triangles," in the *Anti-Jacobin*.

† See *Botanicon Parisiense* of Levaillant, edit. by Boerhave, p. 3.

‡ We are glad to find that the author of *Rookwood* has taken up the cudgels for this neglected Scot. We anticipate a romance in the true *con spirito* style already employed so felicitously in the case of the "admirable" Turpin. Of this more anon.

proceedings by reciting a whole poem, on a subject furnished by his antagonist, and dismissed the astonished crowd in raptures with his unpremeditated song. Thomas Dempsterus, another native of "that ilk," won his laurels in this department of composition; as did William Lilly, the grammarian, and Thomas Morus, the chancellor, in England. In Holland, *Johannes Secundus* gained renown by his *Basia*; Hugo, by his *Pia Desideria*; not to mention Daniel Heinsius and Boxhorn. In Spain, *Arias Montanus*, so well known by his edition of the Hebrew Bible, was not inelegant as a Latin versifier. Cardinal Barberini (afterwards Pope Urban VIII.) ranks high among the favoured of the muse: the Oxford edition of his poems (e typis Clarendon. 1726) lies now before me. Ang. Politian Scaliger and Sfondrat (*De raptu Helenæ*) should not be omitted in the nomenclature of glory: neither should the Jesuit Maffeus, who recited his daily breviary in Greek, lest the low language of our liturgy might corrupt the pure Latinity of his style; and who, deeming the epic action of Virgil's poem incomplete, has written a *thirteenth!* canto for the *Æneid*. But of all who at the restoration of classic learning trod in the footsteps of Horace and Virgil, none came so close to these great masters as Jerome Vida; and the encomium which Pope takes an opportunity of passing on him is not undeserved.

"But see! each muse in Leo's golden days
Starts from her trance and trims her withered bays,
Rome's ancient Genius o'er the ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears its reverend head.

Then Sculpture and her sister arts revive;
Stones leap to form, and rocks begin to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung,
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung."

The author of the *Essay on Criticism* has more than once dwelt with evident complacency on the merits of Vida, but it was by largely borrowing from his writings (as also in the case of Boileau) that he principally manifested his esteem and predilection. The celebrated lines on adapting the sound to the sense,

"Soft is the strain when zephyr," &c.

are a nearly literal translation of a passage in our Italian bishop's poem, *De Arte Poetica*; a fact Pope indicates in the early editions:

"Tum si læta canunt hilari quoque carmina vultu," &c.—
Lib. iii. v. 403.

A more flagrant instance of plagiarism occurs in the *Rape of the Lock*, where card-playing being introduced (canto iii.), not only is the conduct of the narrative borrowed from Vida's *Schacchia ludus*, ("game of chess,") but whole similes are unhesitatingly appropriated.

POPE.
"Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With thronged promiscuous strew the level green;
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops and Africa's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit and of various dye:
The fierce battalions disunited fall
In heaps on heaps—one fate awaits them all."

VIDA.
"Non aliter campis legio se duæa utrinque
Composuit duplici digesta ordine turmia,
Adversisque ambæ fulsere coloribus alæ
Quam gallorum acies alpino frigore lactea
Corpora, si tendunt albis in prælia signia
Auroræ populoæ contra et Phætonæ perustoa,
Insuper Æthiopiæ et nigri Memnonia
agmen."

Schacchia, c. i. v. 80.

Vida himself copied Virgil rather too closely, and in his *Poetica* candidly confesses how he went to work

"Cum vero cultis moliris furta poetis
Cautius ingredi et raptus memor occulte versis,
Verborum indicis atque ordine falle legentes."—Lib. iii. 220.

Like the robber Cacus, in Virgil, who to elude pursuit dragged cattle backward by the tail, thus *inverting* the foot-tracks.

"Caudâ in speluncam tractos versisque viarum
Indiciis raptos saxo occultabat opaco."—*Æneid*, lib. viii.

Vida was born at Cremona, and graduated at the universities of Padua and Bologna: at the accession of Leo X. he was a resident canon at the church of St. John Lateran. His peculiar excellence as a Latin poet pointed him out to Leo for the execution of a project which that prelate had long wished to see realised, viz. a grand epic on the establishment of Christianity. Vida had sagacity to perceive that it would require a greater genius than the Mantuan bard himself to achieve, with the severe materials of the Gospel, an imaginative epic such as the pontiff had in

contemplation. But the wishes of his illustrious patron could not be disregarded; especially as the request came accompanied with the gift of a rich priory (St. Silvester, at Tusculum). The result of his Tusculan meditations on the Christian *epopœa* was not published till after the death of its pontifical projector, and then appeared *Christiados, libri XII.*; a poem of merit, but far from realising the *beau idéal* of a "religious epic," that glorious consummation reserved for John Milton. The comparison with the *Æneid* was fatal to its success.

"Mantua! vœ miseræ nimum vicina Cremonæ!"

Clement VIII., however, rewarded the bard with a bishopric: Vida was promoted to the see of Alba. To him the inhabitants were indebted, for protection against a French army, and his conduct at that crisis is eulogised by the historian Paul Jovio. Than Vida no more distinguished prelate sat at the Council of Trent.

Such is the personage from whose poems I select a specimen, guided in my choice by circumstances of a local nature. The introduction of the mulberry tree into Cork district by the Earl of Kingston (1820), to afford industrious occupation to the Munster peasantry, has engaged my wishes for the success of so philanthropic an experiment; and I shall feel happy if Vida's poem, *De Bombycibus*, can be made subservient to the purposes of the "Irish Silk Company." I fear the habits of my countrymen (so dissimilar from those of the Italian peasantry who cultivate this delightful branch of industry) will prove an obstacle to its permanent establishment; but a fair trial ought to be given the worms.

The sun that illumines all creation shines not on the mere Irish; and *alma mater tellus* is to them but an *injusta noverca*. But "let that pass." On the subject of poor-laws, and the conduct of those who, for palpable purposes, oppose their enactment, I cannot enter with a steady pulse. Now, to Vida.

The Silkworm. A Poem.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

List to my lay, daughter of Lombardy
 Hope of Gonzaga's house, fair Isabelle !
 Graced with thy name, the simplest melody,
 Albeit from rural pipe or rustic shell,
 Might all the music of a court excel :
 Light though the subject of my song may seem,
 'Tis one on which thy spirit loves to dwell ;
 Nor on a tiny insect dost thou deem
 Thy poet's labour lost, nor frivolous my theme.

II.

For thou dost often meditate how hence
 Commerce deriveth aliment ; how Art
 May minister to native opulence,
 The wealth of foreign lands to home impart,
 And make of ITALY the general mart.
 These are thy goodly thoughts—how best to raise
 Thy country's industry. A patriot heart
 Beats in thy gentle breast—no vulgar praise !
 Be then this spinner-worm the hero of my lays !

III.

Full many a century it crept, the child
 Of distant China or the torrid zone ;
 Wasted its web upon the woodlands wild,
 And spun its golden tissue all alone,
 Clothing no reptile's body but its own.*
 So crawled a brother-worm o'er mount and glen,
 Uncivilised, uncouth ; till, social grown,
 He sought the cities and the haunts of men—
 Science and Art soon tamed the forest denizen.

IV.

Rescued from woods, now under friendly roof
 Fostered and fed, and sheltered from the blast,
 Full soon the wondrous wealth of warp and woof—
 Wealth by these puny labourers amassed,
 Repaid the hand that spread their green repast :
 Right merrily they plied their jocund toil,
 And from their mouths the silken treasures cast,
 Twisting their canny thread in many a coil,
 While men looked on and smiled, and hailed the shining spoil.

* *Tenui nec honos nec gloria filo !*

V.

Sweet is the poet's ministry to teach
 How the wee operatives should be fed ;
 Their wants and changes ; what beftteth each ;
 What mysteries attend the genial bed,
 And how successive progenies are bred.
 Happy if he his countrymen engage
 In paths of peace and industry to tread ;
 Happier the poet still, if o'er his page
 Fair ISABELLA'S een shed radiant patronage !

VI.

Thou, then, who wouldst possess a creeping flock
 Of silken sheep, their glossy fleece to shear,
 Learn of their days how scanty is the stock :
 Barely two months of each recurring year
 Make up the measure of their brief career ;
 They spin their little hour, they weave their ball,
 And, when their task is done, then disappear
 Within that silken dome's sepulchral hall ;
 And the third moon looks out upon their funeral.

VII.

Theirs is, in truth, a melancholy lot,
 Never the offspring of their loves to see !
 The parent of a thousand sons may not
 Spectator of his children's gambols be,
 Or hail the birth of his young family.
 From orphan-eggs, fruit of a fond embrace,
 Spontaneous hatched, an insect tenantry
 Creep forth, their sires departed to replace :
 Thus, posthumously born, springs up an annual race.

VIII.

Still watchful lest their birth be premature,
 From the sun's wistful eye remove the seed,
 While yet the season wavers insecure,
 While yet no leaves have budded forth to feed
 With juicy provender the tender breed ;
 Nor usher beings into life so new
 Without provision—'twere a cruel deed !
 Ah, such improvidence men often rue !
 Tis a sad, wicked thing,—if Malthus telleth true.

IX.

But when the vernal equinox is passed,
 And the gay mulberry in gallant trim
 Hath robed himself in verdant vest at last
 ('Tis well to wait until thou seest him

With summer-garb of green on every limb),
 Then is thy time. Be cautious still, nor risk
 Thine enterprise while yet the moon is dim,
 But tarry till she hangeth out her disc,
 Replenished with full light, then breed thy spinners brisk.

X.

Methinks that here some gentle maiden begs
 To know how best this genial deed is done :—
 Some on a napkin strew the little eggs,
 And simply hatch their silkworms in the sun ;
 But there's a better plan to fix upon.
 Wrapt in a muslin kerchief, pure and warm,
 Lay them within thy bosom safe ;* nor shun
 Nature's kind office till the tiny swarm
Begins to creep. Fear not ; they cannot do thee harm.

XI.

Meantime a fitting residence prepare,
 Wherein thy pigmy artisans may dwell,
 And furnish forth their factory with care :
 Of season'd timber build the spinner's cell,
 And be it lit and ventilated well ;
 And range them upon insulated shelves,
 Rising above each other parallel :
 There let them crawl—there let the little elves
On carpetting of leaf gaily disport themselves.

XII.

And be their house impervious both to rain
 And to th' inclemency of sudden cold :
 See that no hungry sparrow entrance gain,
 To glut his maw and desolate the fold,
 Ranging among his victims uncontrolled.
 Nay, I have heard that once a wicked hen
 Obtained admittance by manœuvre hold,
 Slaughtering the insects in their little den ;
If I had caught her there,—she had not come again.

XIII.

Stop up each crevice in the silk worm-house,
 Each gaping orifice be sure to fill ;
 For oftentimes a sacrilegious mouse
 Will fatal inroad make, intent on ill,

* *Tu conde sinu velamine tecta,
 Nec pudeat roseas inter fovisse papillas.*

And in cold blood the gentle spinners kill.*
 Ah, cruel wretch! whose idol is thy belly,
 The blood of innocence why dost thou spill?
 Dost thou not know that *silk* is in that jelly?
 Go forth, and seek elsewhere a dish of vermicelli.

XIV.

When thy young caterpillars 'gin to creep,
 Spread them with care upon the oaken planks;
 And let them learn from infancy to keep
 Their proper station, and preserve their ranks—
 Not crawl at random, playing giddy pranks.
 Let them be taught their dignity, nor seek,
 Dress'd in silk gown, to act like mountebanks:
 Thus careful to eschew each vulgar freak,
 Sober they maun grow up, industrious and meek.

XV.

Their minds kind Nature wisely pre-arranged,
 And of domestic habits made them fond;
 Rarely they roam, or wish their dwelling changed,
 Or from their keeper's vigilance abscond:
 Pleased with their home, they travel not beyond.
 Else, wo ia me! it were a bitter potion
 To hunt each truant and each vagabond:
 Haply of such attempts they have no notion,
 Nor on their heads is seen "the bump of locomotion."

XVI.

The same kind Nature (who doth all things right)
 Their stomachs hath from infancy imbued
 Straight with a most tremendous appetite;
 And till the leaf they love is o'er them strew'd,
 Their little mouths wax clamorous for food.
 For their first banquetings this plan adopt—
 Cull the most tender leaves in all the wood,
 And let them, ere upon the worms they're dropp'd,
 Be minced for their young teeth, and diligently chopp'd.

XVII.

Pass'd the first week, an epoch will begin,
 A crisis which maun all thy care engage;
 For then the little asp will cast his skin.
 Such change of raiment marks each separate stage
 Of childhood, youthhood, manhood, and old age:
 A gentle sleep gives token when he means
 To doff his coat for seemlier equipage;
 Another and another supervenes,
 And then he is, I trow, no longer in his teens.

* *Improbis irreptat tabulis, sævitque per omnes,
 Cæde madens, &c. &c.*

XVIII.

Until that period, it importeth much,
 That no ungentle hand, with contact rude,
 Visit the shelves. Let the delightful touch
 Of Italy's fair daughters—fair and good!—
 Administer alone to that young brood.
 Mark how yon maiden's breast with pity yearns,
 Tending her charge with fond solicitude,—
 Hers be the blessing she so richly earns!
 Soon may she see her own wee brood of bonny bairns!

XIX.

Foliage, fresh gather'd for immediate use,
 Be the green pasture of thy silken sheep,
 For when ferments the vegetable juice,
 They loathe the leaves, and from th' untasted heap
 With disappointment languishingly creep.
 Hie to the forest, evening, noon, and morn;
 Of brimming baskets quick succession keep;
 Let the green grove for them be freely shorn,
 And smiling Plenty void her well-replenished horn.

XX.

Pleasant the murmur of their mouths to hear,
 While as they ply the plentiful repast,
 The dainty leaves demolish'd, disappear
 One after one. A fresh supply is cast—
 That, like the former, vanisheth as fast.
 But, cautious of *repletion* (well yclept
 The fatal fount of sickness), cease at last;
 Fling no more food—their fodder intercept,
 And be it laid aside, and for their supper kept.

XXI.

To gaze upon the dew-drop's glittering gem,
 T' inhale the moisture of the morning air,
 Is pleasantness to us;—'tis death to them.
 Shepherd, of dank humidity beware,
 Moisture maun vitiate the freshest fare;*
 Cull not the leaves at the first hour of prime,
 While yet the sun his arrows through the air
 Shoots horizontal. Tarry till he climb
 Half his meridian height: then is thy harvest-time.

* Pabula semper
 Sicca legant, nullâque fluant aspergine sylvæ.

XXII.

There be two sisters of the mulberry race,*
 One of complexion dark and olive hue;—
 Of taller figure and of fairer face,
 The other wins and captivates the view,
 And to maturity grows quicker too.
 Oft characters with colour correspond;
 Nathless the silkworm neither will eschew,
 He is of both immoderately fond—
 Still he doth dearly love the gently blooming blonde.

XXIII.

With milder juice and more nutritious milk
 She feedeth him, though delicate and pale;
 Nurtured by *her* he spins a finer silk,
 And her young sucklings, vigorous and hale,
 Aye o'er her sister's progeny prevail.
 Her paler charms more appetite beget,
 On which the creepers greedily regale:
She bears the bell in foreign lands; and yet,
 Our brown Italian maids prefer the dark brunette.†

XXIV.

The dark brunette, more bountiful of leaves,
 With less refinement more profusion shews;
 But often such redundancy deceives.
 What though the ripen'd berry ruddier glows
 Upon these tufted branches than on those?
 Due is the preference to the paler plant:
 Then her to rear thy tender nurslings choose,
 Her to thy little orphans' wishes grant,
 Nor use the darker leaves unless the white be scant.

XXV.

OID has told a tender tale of THISBÉ,
 Who found her lifeless lover lying pale
 Under a spreading mulberry. Let this be
 The merit and the moral of that tale.
 Sweet is thy song, in sooth, love's nightingale!
 But hadst thou known that, nourish'd from that tree,
 Love's artisans would spin their tissue frail,
 Thou never wouldst of so much misery
 Have laid the scene beneath a spreading mulberry.

* *Est bicolor morns, bombyx vescetur utrâque
 Nigra albensve fuat, &c. &c.*

The worm will always prefer to nibble the white mulberry-tree,
 and will quit the black for it readily.

† *Quamvis Ausoniis landetur nigra puellis.*

XXVI.

Now should a failure of the mulberry crop
 Send famine to the threshold of thy door,
 Do not despair : but, climbing to the top
 Of the tall elm, or kindred sycamore,
 Young budding germs with searching eye explore.
 Practise a pious fraud upon thy flock,
 With false supplies and counterfeited store ;
 Thus for a while their little stomachs mock,
 Until thou canst provide of leaves a genuine stock.

XXVII.

But ne'er a simple village maiden ask
 To climb on trees,*—for her was never meant
 The rude exposure of such uncouth task ;
 Lest while she tries the perilous ascent,
 On pure and hospitable thoughts intent,
 A wicked faun, that lurks behind some bush,
 Peep out with upward eye—rude, insolent !
 Oh, vile and desperate hardihood ! But, hush !
 Nor let such matters move the bashful Muse to blush.

XXVIII.

The maiden's ministry it is to keep
 Incessant vigil o'er the silkworm fold,
 Supply fresh fodder to the nibbling sheep,
 Cleanse and remove the remnants of the old,
 Guard against influence of damp or cold,
 And ever and anon collect them all
 In close divan : and ere their food is doled,
 Wash out with wine each stable and each stall,
 Lest foul disease the flock through feculence befall.

XXIX.

Changes will oft come o'er their outward form,
 And each transition needs thy anxious cares :
 Four times they cast their skin. The spinner-worm
 Four soft successive suits of velvet wears ;
 Nature each pliant envelope prepares.
 But how can they, in previous clothing pent,
 Get riddance of that shaggy robe of theirs ?
 They keep a three-days' fast. When by that Lent
 Grown lean, they doff with ease their old accoutrement.

* The good bishop's gallantry is herein displayed to advantage :—

Nec robora dura
 Ascendat permittite in sylvis innuba virgo ;
 Ast operum patiens anus, et cui durior annis
 Sit cutis (ingratæ facilis jactura senectæ !),
 • Munere fungatur tali. Ne fortè quis altâ
 Egressus sylvâ satyrorum è gente procaci
 Suspiciat, teneræque pudor notet ora puellæ.

XXX.

Now are the last important days at hand—
 The liquid gold within its living mine
 Brightens. Nor nourishment they now demand.
 Nor care for life ; impatient to resign
 The wealth with which diaphanous they shine !
 Eager they look around—imploing look,
 For branch or bush, their tissue to entwine ;
 Some rudimental threads they seek to hook,
 And dearly love to find some hospitable nook.

XXXI.

Anticipate their wishes, gentle maid !
 Hie to their help ; the fleeting moment catch.
 Quick be the shelves with wicker-work o'er-laid ;
 Let osier, broom, and furze, their workshop thatch,
 With fond solicitude and blithe despatch.
 So may they quickly, mid the thicket dense,
 Find out a spot their purposes to match ;
 So may they soon their industry commence,
 And of the round *cocoon* plan the circumference.

XXXII.

Their hour is come. See how the yellow flood
 Swells in yon creeping cylinder ! how teems
 Exuberant the tide of amber blood !
 How the recondite gold transparent gleams,
 And how pellucid the bright fluid seems !
 Proud of such pregnancy, and duly skill'd
 In Dædalean craft, each insect deems
 The glorious purposes of life fulfilled,
 If into shining silk his substance be distill'd !

XXXIII.

Say, hast thou ever mark'd the clustering grape
 Swoll'n to maturity with ripe produce,
 When the imprison'd pulp pants to escape,
 And longs to joy "emancipated" juice
 In the full freedom of the bowl profuse ?
 So doth the silk that swells their skinny coat
 Loathe its confinement, panting to get loose :
 Such longing for relief their looks denote—
 Soon in their web they'll find a "bane and antidote."

XXXIV.

See ! round and round, in many a mirthful maze,
 The wily workman weaves his golden gauze ;
 And while his throat the twisted thread purveys,
 New lines with labyrinthine labour draws,
 Plying his pair of operative jaws.

From morn to noon, from noon to silent eve,
 He toileth without interval or pause,*
 His monumental trophy to achieve,
 And his sepulchral sheet of silk resplendent weave!

XXXV.

Approach, and view thy artisans at work;
 At thy wee spinners take a parting glance;
 For soon each puny labourer will lurk
 Under his silken canopy's expanse—
 Tasteful alcove! houdoir of elegance!
 There will the weary worm in peace repose,
 And languid lethargy his limbs entrance;
 There his career of usefulness will close;
 Who would not live the life and die the death of those!†

XXXVI.

Mostly they spin their solitary shroud
 Single, apart, like ancient anchoret;
 Yet oft a loving pair will,‡ if allow'd,
 In the same sepulchre of silk well met,
 Nestle like ROMEO and JULIET.
 From such communing be they not debarred,
 Mindful of her who hallow'd Paraclet;
 Even in their silken cenotaph 'twere hard
 To part a HELOISE from her loved ABELARD.

XXXVII.

The task is done, the work is now complete;
 A stilly silence reigns throughout the room!
 Sleep on, blest beings! be your slumbers sweet,
 And calmly rest within your golden tomb—
 Rest, till restored to renovated bloom.
 Bursting the trammels of that dark sojourn,
 Forth ye shall issue, and rejoiced, resume,
 A glorified appearance, and return
 To life a wingèd thing from monumental urn.

XXXVIII.

Fain would I pause, and of my tuneful text
 Reserve the remnant for a fitter time;
 Another song remains. The summit next
 Of double-peak'd Parnassus when I climb,
 Grant me, ye gods! the radiant wings of rhyme!

* Query, *without paws?*—*P. Devil.*

† Mille legunt releguntque vias, atque orbibus orbis
 Agglomerant, donec cæco se carcere condant
 Sponte sua. Tanta est edendi gloria fili!

‡ Quin et nonnullæ paribus communia curis
 Associant opera, et nebula clauduntur eadem.

Thus may I bear me up th' adventurous road
That winds aloft—an argument sublime!
But of didactic poems 'tis the mode,
No canto should conclude without an episode.

XXXIX.

VENUS it was who first invented SILK—
LINEN had long, by CERES patronised,
Supplied Olympus: ladies of that ilk
No better sort of clothing had devised—
Linen alone their *garde de robe* comprised.
Hence at her cambric loom the "suitsors" found
PENELOPÉ, whom hath immortalised
The blind man eloquent: nor less renown'd
Were "Troy's proud dames," whose robes of linen "swept the
ground."

XL.

Thus the first female fashion was for flax;
A linen tunic was the garb that graced
Exclusively the primitive "Almack's."
Simplicity's costume! too soon effaced
By vain inventions of more modern taste.
Then was the reign of modesty and sense.
Fair ones were not, I ween, more prude and chaste,
Girt in hoop-petticoats' circumference
Or stays—*Honi soi* the rogue *qui mal y pense*.

XLI.

WOOL, by MINERVA manufactured, met
With blithe encouragement and brisk demand;
Her loom by constant buyers was beaet,
"Orders from foreign houses" kept her hand
Busy supplying many a distant land.
She was of woollen stuffs the sole provider,
Till some were introduced by contraband:
A female called ARACHNÉ thus defied her,
But soon gave up the trade, being turned into a spider.

XLII.

Thus a complete monopoly in wool,
"Almost amounting to a prohibition,"
Enabled her to satisfy in full
The darling object of her life's ambition,
And gratify her apiteful disposition.
VENUS* she had determined should not be
Suffer'd to purchase stuffs *on no condition*;
While every naked Naiad nymph was free
To buy her serge, moreen, and woollen draperie.

* Tantùm nuda Venus creabat muneris experts
Egregiam ob formam textrici invisâ Minervæ.



The Mandarins robing Venus.

XLIII.

Albeit "when unadorned adorned the most,"
 The goddess could not brook to be outwitted
 How could she bear her rival's bitter boast,
 If to this taunt she quietly submitted!
 OLYMPUS (robeless as she was) she quitted,
 Fully determined to bring back as fine a
 Dress as was ever woven, spun, or knitted;
 Europe she searched, consulted the CZARINA,
 And, taking good advice, cross'd o'er "the wall" to CHINA.

XLIV.

Long before Europeans, the Chinese
 Possess'd the compass, silkworms, and gunpowder,
 And types, and tea, and other rarities.
 China (with gifts since Nature hath endowed her)
 Is proud; what land hath reason to be prouder?
Her let the dull "Barbarian Eye" respect,
 And be her privileges all allowed her;
 She is the WIDOW (please to recollect)
 Of ONE the Deluge drown'd, PRIMORDIAL INTELLECT!

XLV.

The good inhabitants of PEKIN, when
 They saw the dame in downright dishabile,
 Were shock'd. Such sight was far beyond the ken
 Of their CONFUCIAN notions. Full of zeal
 To guard the morals of the commonweal,
 They straight deputed SYLK, a mandarin,
 Humbly before the visitant to kneel
 With downcast eye, and offer Beauty's queen
 A rich resplendent robe of gorgeous bombazin.

XLVI.

Venus received the vesture nothing loath,
 And much its gloss, its softness much admired,
 And praised that specimen of foreign growth,
 So splendid, and so cheaply too acquired!
 Quick in the robe her graceful limbs attired,
 She seeks a mirror—there delighted dallies;
 So rich a dress was all could be desired.
 How she rejoiced to disappoint the malice
 Of her unfeeling foe, the vile, vindictive PALLAS!*

XLVII.

But while she praised the gift and thank'd the giver
 Of spinner-worms she sued for a supply.
 Forthwith the good Chinese fill'd Cupid's quiver
 With the cocoons in which each worm doth lie
 Snug, until changed into a butterfly.
 The light cocoons wild Cupid shower'd o'er Greece,
 And o'er the isles, and over Italy,
 Into the lap of industry and peace;
 And the glad nations hail'd the long-sought "Golden Fleece."†

* Rettulit insignes tunicas, nihil indiga lanæ.

† Gratiam opus Ausoniis dum volvunt fila puellis.

MODERN LATIN POETS.

CHAP. II.—CASIMIR SARBIEWSKI, S. SANNAZAR, JEROME FRACASTOR.

“In omnibus requiem quæsi et non inveni nisi in nookins et in bookins,” (quod Teutonicè sonat in angulis et libellis).—THOMAS A KEMPIS. See Elzevir edition of *Imitat. Xti.*, p. 247, *in vitâ.*

“I beg to lay particular emphasis
On this remark of Thomas à Kempis’s.”—PROUT.

Surely so gifted a man as the late incumbent of Watergrasshill must have felt himself miserably misplaced in that dull and dreary district. We are informed by Archdeacon Paley, in his *Natural Theology*, that to meet with a stone on a barren heath is a common incident, whereas to find a chronometer in such an out-of-the-way place would immediately suggest a bright chain of argument, and lots of conjectural cogitation. What would Paley have said, had he stumbled on the curiously wrought pericranium of Prout in his rambles over the bogs and potato-fields of the parish, met him on “bottle hill,” or found him on the brink of the “brook that flows fast by the” castle of Blarney? There would seem to be something chronologically wrong in the disposal of so much antique wisdom on a flimsy and a frivolous age. Properly speaking, Prout should have lived at another epoch of the world for his own sake, not for ours. With a mind habitually recurring to standard models of everlasting elegance, he must have had the disagreeable consciousness of being here on earth an incarnate anachronism, an Etruscan vase surrounded by vulgar crockery.

In “happier hours” and a happier climate, Prout would have developed in a grander form. Had he flourished with VIDA at the court of the Medici, like him he would have worn a mitre, and like him would have shed lustre on “his order,” instead of deriving *from* it, as some do, importance in society. Had he lived at Madrid in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, he would have been (under Cardinal Ximenes) chief editor of the great Complutensian Polyglott; and we can fancy him at the court of Louis XIV., indulging at once his literary and piscatorial propensities by coediting the classics *in usum Delphini*.

In the wilderness of Watergrasshill he was a mere *φωνη εν ερημω*, and the exemplary old pastor's resemblance to the Baptist was further visible in his peculiarity of diet; for small do we deem the difference between a dried locust and a red herring.

When we say he was unappreciated in Ireland during his lifetime, we make one exception in favour of a citizen of Cork, the Roscoe of that seaport, James Roche. It was said of Roscoe by Washington Irving, that, like Pompey's pillar on the shore of Alexandria, he rose above the commercial vulgarities of Liverpool, and stood forth to the eye of the stranger a conspicuous but solitary specimen of antique and classic grandeur. Such is the eminent scholar to whom we allude, and of whom Cork may be justly proud.

He detected the merits of the Padre, and urged them on folks until the aged Chryses, chaplain of Apollo, was not more popular in the camp before Troy than Father Prout among the reading public.

Ενθ' ἄλλοι μὲν πάντες ἐπευφήμησαν Ἀχαιοί.

Αἰδεῖσθαι ὁ ἱερὰ καὶ ἄγλαα δεχθαι ἀποῖνα. Α' 23.

OLIVER YORKE.

Watergrasshill, Sept. 1826.

St. Gregory of Tours, in his tract *De Gloriâ Martyrum*, lib. i. cap. 95, talks of seven youths, who, flying to a mountain-cave from the persecution that raged in Ephesus, fell there into a miraculous slumber; whence awaking, after two centuries of balmy rest, they walked abroad, and were startled at the sight of a cross triumphantly emblazoned over the gates of the city. Still greater was their surprise when a baker, to whom they tendered what they considered the current coin of the empire, eyed them suspiciously, asking where they had dug up that old medal of the pagan persecutor Decius, and hinting, that in the new Theodosian code there were certain laws relative to *treasure trove*, which might possibly concern them. I fear that my appearance in the literary market with specimens of antiquated and exploded composition, a coinage of the human brain long since gone out of circulation, may subject me to the incon-

veniences experienced by the *seven sleepers*, and to a similar rebuke from the critical fraternity. But, unprovided with the specie that forms the present circulating medium, I must needs obtrude on the monetary system of the day some rusty old *denarii* and *sestertia*.

I trust, however, that comparing my operations in this matter to the proceedings recorded in the legend of those "*sleepers*," the snatches of Latin poetry I produce may not receive the equivocal compliment of the eclogue—viz :

"Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale *sopor* !"

it being my assiduous care to keep my readers awake during the progress of each paper, preferring to wear occasionally the cap and bells of innocent Folly, rather than the cotton nightcap of solemn Dulness.

Casimir Sarbiewski, in his day hailed by all Europe as the Horace of Poland (which I learn from the Cambridge pocket-edition of his poems now before me), belonged to one of the noblest houses of the kingdom, and was born in 1596. Initiated among the Jesuits at their college of Wilna, he rose to eminence in that fraternity, and was subsequently induced by Count Nicolai to accompany him on a tour of classic enjoyment to Italy. They were waylaid and robbed in the mountains of the Tyrol; for, alas! our Latin poet, not having written in a vulgar tongue, could not, like Ariosto, overawe the brigands by revealing his name, and claiming the safeguard of the Muse. Nicolai never recovered from the effects of the adventure, and died on his arrival at Rome; but Sarbiewski had within him that which consoled the shipwrecked Simonides, and being enabled to exclaim "*Omnia mea mecum porto*," was but little affected by his disaster. We find him at Rome, studying archeology and numismatics under the illustrious Donato, and soon attracting, by the sweetness of his poetic talent, the notice of a brother bard, Pope Urban VIII. (Barberini). By orders of the pontiff, he undertook the revision of the hymns of the Roman breviary; and to him may be attributed some of the pathetic and classic touches occasionally perceptible among the rude canticles of our liturgy.

Sarbiewski made friends among the dignitaries of the

Roman purple and the nobles of Italy: but the family of Pope Urban, distinguished from the earliest period in arts and arms, enjoyed most the poet's society. To his pontifical Mæcenas he had addressed many of his odes, and I cull from the number the following graceful specimen, because of its melodious cadences and exquisite Latinity:

Odarum, Lib. 3, Ode XV.

AD APES BARBERINAS.

Melleum venisse Sæculum.

Cives Hymetti, gratus Atticæ lepos, Virginæ volucres, Flavæque veris filiæ!	Laboriosis quid juvat volatibus Rus et agros gravidis Perambulare cruribus,
Fures rosarum, turba prædatrix thymi, Nectaris artifices, Bonæque ruris hospitæ!	SI BARBERINO delicata principe Sæcula melle fuant, Parata vobis sæcula!

To the Bees (armorial bearings of the Barberini family), on Urban the Eighth's elevation to the Pontificate.

CASIMIR SABBIEWSKI.

Citizens of Mount Hymettus, Attic labourers who toil, Never ceasing till ye get us Winter store of honeyed spoil!	Of that race a pontiff reigneth, Sovereign of imperial Rome; Lo! th' armorial bee obtaineth For its hive St. Peter's dome!
Nectar ye with sweets and odours, Hebes of the hive, compose, Flora's privileged marauders, Chartered pirates of the rose!	Hitherto a rose's chalice Held thee, winged artisan! But thou fillest now the palace Of the gorgeous Vatican.
Gipsy tribe, gay, wild, and vagrant, Winged poachers of the dawn, Sporting o'er each meadow fragrant, Thieving it on every lawn!	And an era now commences, By a friendly genius planned; Princely hee, URBAN dispenses Honeyed days throughout the land.
Every plant and flower ye touch on, Wears, I ween, a fresher grace; For ye form the proud escutcheon Of the Barberini race.	Seek no more with tuneful humming Where the juicy floweret growa, Halcyon days for you are coming— Days of plenty and repose!
Emblem bright, which to embroider, While her knight was far away, Many a maiden bath employed her Fairy fingers night and day!	Rest ye, workmen blithe and bonnie; Be no more the cowslip suck'd; Honeyed flows the Tiber, honey Fills each Roman aqueduct.
Bees, though pleased your flight I gaze on, In the garden or the field, Brighter hues your wings emblazon On the Barberini shield!	Myrtle groves are fast distilling Honey; honeyed falls the dew, Ancient prophecies fulfilling A millennium for you!

It is related in the natural history of the stork, by the learned Boërlinckius, that some Polish amateur of feathered animals having one in his possession, was induced to try

an experiment as to its migratory propensities. He accordingly set it free, having previously attached to its neck a tin collar, or label, on which was inscribed a poetical indication for the use of those whom it might visit, viz. :

“HEC CICONIA,
EX POLONIA.”

The liberated stork flew o'er the Carpathian mountains, across Tartary; and having performed the “overland journey to India,” was caught by some Jesuit missionaries on the coast of Malabar. The learned fathers, with the sagacity of their order, easily understood the motive which had dictated that inscription; they therefore substituted for the tin label, one of gold, and the carrier-stork was subsequently recaptured in Poland, when the lines were found altered thus :

“INDIA CUM DONIS,
ALITEM REMITTIT POLONIS.”

Such appears to have been the generous conduct of Urban towards Sarbiewski. On his departure for his native land, he loaded him with presents; and some biographers make especial mention of a ponderous gold medal, valued at one hundred sequins, which the holy father bestowed on the child of song.

On his return to Wilna, appointed professor of rhetoric in the society's college, he for several years poured forth the sunshine of his genius on the heads of his delighted compatriots. While he taught the young idea how to shoot, he was not unmindful of giving a patriotic direction to the studious exercises over which it was his pleasing duty to preside; and it is probably about this period that he composed many of those inspiring war-songs which crowd the pages of his book, and bear evidence of his pride in the military glories of his countrymen. I lay the following before my readers, in the full confidence of their being on its perusal impressed with the vigour of the poet's mind. The victory it commemorates was of immense importance to Europe at that period, the young sultan, Osman II., having advanced to the frontiers of Christendom with an army of four hundred thousand men; and were it not for the prowess of Poland, placed as it were by Providence at the

post of peril, and shielding the whole family of civilised nations from the inroads of barbaric strength, the Turk would infallibly have overrun our fairest provinces, and spread desolation throughout the whole western continent.

Ode IV., Lib. 4.

In Polonorum celebrem de Osmano Turcarum Imperatore Victoriam, A.D. MDCXXI. Septembris Idibus.

CASIMIRUS SARBIEVIUS, S. J.

Dives Galesus, fertilis accola,
Galesua Istri, dum sua Dacicus
Fatigat in campis aratra,
Et galeas clypeosque passim, ac

Magnorum acervos eruit ossium;
Vergente aerum sole sub hesperum
Fessua rædissime, et solutus
Non solito tenuisse cantu

Fertur juvenos: "Carpite dum licet,
Dum tuta vobis otia; carpite
Oblita jam vobis vireta,
Emeriti, mea cura, tauri!

Victor Polonus dum positâ sper
Repirat hastâ, sic atiam vigil
Sævuaque. Proh! quantis, Polone!
Moldavici tegis arva campi

Thracum ruinie! quas ego Bistonnm
Hic cerno strages! quanta per avios
Dissecta late acuta colles!
Quæ Geticis vacua arma truncis!

Hæc acer ibat Sarmata (Thracibus
Captivus olim nam memini puer),
Hic ære squalentes et auro
Concanus explicuit catervæ.

Heu quanta vidi prælia cum ferox
Rigeret hastis campus, et horridi
Collata tempesta Gradivi
Ambiguè flutaret armis.

Suspensa paullum embetitit alitis
Procella ferri, donec ahenæ
Hinc inde nubes sulphurato
Plurima detonasset igni.

Ode IV., Book 4.

Ode on the signal Defeat of the Sultan Osman, by the Army of Poland and her Allies. September 1621.

CASIMIR SARBIEWSKI.

As slow the plough the oxen plied,
Close by the Danube's rolling tide,
With old Galeski for their guide—
The Dacian farmer—
His eye amid the furrows spied
Men's bones and armonr.

The air was calm, the sun was low,
Calm was the mighty river's flow,
And silently, with footsteps slow,
Labour'd the yoke;
When fervently, with patriot glow,
The veteran spoke:

"Halt ye, my oxen! Pause we here
Where valour's vestiges appear,
And Islaam's relics far and near
Lurk in the soil;
While Poland on victorious spear
Rests from her toll.

Aye! well she may triumphant rest,
Adorn with glory's plume her crest,
And wear of victory the vest,
Elate and flushed:
Oft was the Paynim's pride repressed—
HERE IT WAS CRUSHED!

Here the tremendous deed was done,
Here the transcendent trophy won,
Where fragments lie of sword and gun,
And lance and ahield,
And Turkey's giant skeleton
Cumbers the field!

Heavens! I remember well that day,
Of warrior men the proud display,
Of brass and steel the dread array—
Van, flank, and rear;
How my young heart the charger's neigh
Throbbed high to hear!

How gallantly our lancers stood,
Of bristling spears an iron wood,
Fraught with a desperate hardihood
That naught could daunt,
And burning for the bloody feud,
Fierce, grim, and gaunt!

Then rose the deadly din of fight;
Then shouting charged, with all his might,
Of Wilna each Teutonic knight,
And of St. John's,
While flashing out from yonder height
Thundered the bronze.

Tum vero signis signa, viris viri,
Dextræque dextris, et pedibus pedes,
Et tela respondere telis
Et clypeis clypei rotundi.

Dire was the struggle in the van,
Fiercely we grappled man with man,
Till soon the Paynim chieftain began
For breath to gasp;
When Warsaw folded Ispahan
In deadly grasp.

Non tanta campos grandinis verberat
Nivalis Arctos; non fragor Alpium
Tantæ renitenteæ ah imo
Cum violens agit Anster ornos.

So might a tempest grasp a pine,
Tall giant of the Apennine,
Whose rankling roots deep undermine
The mountain's base:
Fitting antagonists to twins
In stern embraces.

Hinc quantus, atqna hinc impetna æreo
Diffusa imhri! Miscet opus frequens,
Furorque, virtusque, et perenni
Immoritur brevis ira famæ.

Loud rung on helm, and coat of mail,
Of musketry the rattling hail;
Of wounded men loud roas the wail
In dismal rout;
And now alternate would prevail
The victor's shout.

Dii supremam nntat in aleam
Fortuna belli. Stat nmarosior
Hinc Bessus: hinc contra Polonne
Exiguus matuendua alia.

Long time amid the vapours dense
The fire of battle raged intense,
While VICTORY held in suspense
The scales on high:
But Poland in her FATE's defence
Maun do or die!

Sed quid Cydonas, aut pavidi Dahæ,
Mollesque campo cadera Concani;
Quid Sersa, aversoque pugnax
Parthus equo, Cilicumque turmæ.

Rash was the hope, and poor the chance,
Of blunting that victorious lance;
Though Turkey from her broad expanss
Brought all her sons,
Swelling with tenfold arrogance,
Hell's myrmidons!

Contra sequacis pectora Sarmatæ
Possent fugaces? Hinc ruit impiger
POLONUS, illinc LITHUANUS;
Quale duplex ruit axa fulmen.

Stout was each Cossack heart and hand,
Brave was our Lithuanian band,
But Gallantry's own native land
Sent forth the Poles;
And Valour's flame shone nobly fanned
In patriot souls.

Pol! quam tremendus fulminat æneo
Borussus igni! non ego Livonum
Pugnas et inconsulta vitæ
Transierim tua Russæ signa!

Large be our allies' meed of fame!
Rude Russia to the rescue came,
From land of frost, with brand of flame—
A glorious hoards;
Huge havoc hers these bones proclaim,
Done by her sword.

Vobis fugaces vidi ego Bistonum
Errare lunas, signaque barbarie
Direpta vexillis et actam
Retro equitum peditumque nmbem.

Pale and aghast the crescent fled,
Joyful we clove each turbaned head,
Heaping with holocausts of dead
The foe's camp:
Loud echoed o'er their gory bed
Our horsemen's tramp.

Virtus pugnant non numero viri,
Et una sylvam sæpius eruit
Bipennis, et paucæ sequuntur
Innumeras aquilæ columbas.

A hundred trees one hatchet hews;
A hundred doves one hawk puranes;
One Polish gauntlet so can bruise
Their miscreant clay:
As well the kaliph kens who rues
That fatal day.

Hen quæ jacentim strata cadavera,
Qualemque volis Ædonii fugâ,
Campum retexere! Hic POLONAM
Mordet adhuc OTOMANNUS hastam.

What though, to meet the tug of war,
Osman had gathered from afar
Arah, and Sheik, and Hospodar,
And Copt, and Guèhre,
Quick yielded Pagan scimitar
To Christian sabre.

Hic fusus Æmen, hic Arabum manus
 Confixa telis; hic Caracas jacat
 Conopels subter Lechorum,
 Non bene pollicitus minaci

Here could the Turkman turn and trace
 The slaughter-tracks, here slowly pace
 The field of downfal and disgrace,
 Where men and horse,
 Thick strewn, encumbered all the plac
 With frequent corse.

Cœnam tyranno. Spes nimias Deus
 Plerumque fœdos ducit ad exitus,
 Ridetque gaudentem superbum
 Immodicis dare vela votis;

Well might his haughty soul repent
 That rash and guilty armament;
 Weep for the blood of nations spent,
 His ruined host;
 His empty arrogance lament,
 And bitter hoast.

Sic forsân olim dextra Polonica
 Cruore inunget littora Bosphori
 Damnata; nec ponet securus
 Donec erunt satorea ruinâ."

Scrow, derision, scorn, and hate,
 Upon the proud one's footsteps wait;
 Both in the field and in the gate
 Accursed, abhorred;
 And be his halls made desolate
 With fire and sword!"

Quo me cansntem digna trahunt equis
 Non arma tauris? Sistite, barbaræ!
 Non hæc inurbanâ Camœnæ
 Bella decet memorare buxo,

Such was the tale Galeski told,
 Calm as the mighty Danube rolled;
 And well I ween that farmer old,
 Who held a plough,
 Had fought that day a warrior bold
 With helmèd brow.

Majore quondam quæ recinent tubâ
 Seri nepotes: et mea jam suis
 Aratra cum bubus reverti
 Præcipiti monet axe vesper."

But now upon the glorious stream
 The sun flung out his parting beam,
 The seldier-swain unyoked his team,
 Yet still he haunted
 The live-long eve:—and glory's dream
 His pillow haunted.

So exasperated, we may add, were the Janissaries at the untoward result of the campaign, that they murdered the young sultan on his return to C. P. He was the sixteenth leader of the faithful, counting from Mahomet, but *the first* whose life terminated in that tragical manner; albeit such an event has since been of common occurrence on the banks of the Bosphorus.

In the year 1636 a ceremony took place at the university of Wilna. The degree of "doctor" was, with unusual pomp, conferred on the poet, in presence of King Wladislas and the highest personages of the realm; his royal admirer took the ring from his own finger, and begged it might be used in the ceremony of wedding the learned bachelor to his doctoral dignity. That ring is still preserved at Wilna, and is used to the present day in conferring the doctorate *per annulum* on the students of the university.

The patronage of royalty was now secured to Sarbiewski, and Wladislas insisted on his accompanying him even in his hunting excursions. In an epistle of Pliny to Tacitus, the proconsul invites the historian to partake of the pleasures of

the chase ; and tells him, that during his visit to the moors he may still prosecute his favourite studies : “ *Experies Palladem non minus libenter venari in montibus quam Dianam.*” I find mentioned, in the catalogue of his works, poems entitled *Silviludia*, referring to the woodland achievements of the northern Nimrod. He also appears to have written an *epic poem*, on the exploits of some ancient Polish monarch (*Lechiados*, lib. xii.) ; but it may be classed with the *King Arthur* of Sir Richard Blackmore, the *Colombiad* of Joshua Barlow, the *Charlemagne* of Lucien Buonaparte, and many other modern epics too tedious to mention. His last occupation was writing a commentary on St. Thomas Aquinas, before the termination of which enterprise he died, A.D. 1640. I intend writing one myself, if I live long enough.

Turn we now to Actius Sincerus à Sto. Nazaro, vulgarly called (for shortness) Sannazar. The township forming the family inheritance is situated between the Po and the Tesino, but he himself was born at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, in 1458.

Like Dante, Tasso, and Petrarch, in youth he visited France, where he wrote a book—known by the same name as the work of our own euphuist, Sir Philip Sidney, being entitled *Arcadia*, amazingly popular in its day throughout Italy. On his return to Naples in 1492, he appeared in the character of play-writer to the court, which, being principally composed of Spanish hidalgos (a branch of the Madrid family holding at that period the sovereignty), must have been pleased at the subjects selected by him for dramatic illustration ; viz. the *Conquest of Grenada*, and the *Fall of the Moors*. These comedies, written in the slang of the lazzaroni, though well received on their appearance, have fallen now into oblivion.

He next took to the sword, and joined his royal patron in an inroad it pleased the King of Naples (a vassal of the holy see) to make on the patrimony of St. Peter, then owned by the ruffian Alexander Borgia ; the gallant Ludovico Sforza (aided by the French under Charles VIII.) drove the invaders out, rolled back the tide of war into the enemy's territory, and swept the Spanish dynasty from the throne. Faithful to the fallen prince, Sannazar became the companion of his banishment, and travelled with him through Spain

and southern France. At this time he formed a friendship with the famous Gonzalvo of Cordova. On the restoration of the exiled house to the throne of Naples, Frederick, who succeeded Ferdinand II., conferred on his adherent the villa of Margellina, in the vicinity of that delightful capital; in the rural repose of this suburban retreat he gave himself up to the cultivation of Latin poetry.

Of his reputation at the revival of classic taste throughout Europe, an idea may be collected from the epitaph written on his tomb, close to that of Virgil, by Cardinal Bembo, a rival in the same walk of literature:

“DA SACRO CINERI FLORES! HIC ILLE MARONI
SANNAZARUS MUSA PROXIMUS UT TUMULO.”

And no two sepulchres could be more appropriately placed in juxtaposition on the romantic promontory of Pausilippé. The grand poem of Sannazar, *De partu Virginis*, which occupied twenty years of his life, is replete with evidence of a fine imagination and an exquisite perception of rhythmic melody, surpassing in both these respects Vida on a similar subject (*Christiados*, lib. xii.). Some few lines will warrant my judgment. The following extract refers to the arrival of St. Joseph and the Virgin at Bethlehem: it is preceded by a magnificent description of the *census* ordered to be taken throughout the Roman empire by Augustus Cæsar, when “all went to be taxed, every one in his own city.”—*Luke*, chap. ii.

“Tum fines Galilæa tuos emensus et imas
Carmeli valles, quæque altus vertice opacat
Rura Thabor, sparsamque jugis Samaritida terram
Palmiferis;—Solymas e lævâ liquerat arces
Cum simul e tumulo muros et tecta domorum
Prospexit, patriæque agnovit mœnia terræ;
Continuo lachrymis urbem veneratur obortis,
Intenditque manus, et ab imo pectore fatur.

Bethlemiæ tures! et non obscura meorum
Regna patrum, magnique olim salvete penates!
Tuque O terra! parens regum, visuraque regem
Cui Sol et gemini famulentur cardinis axes,
Salve iterum! Te vana Jovis cunabula Crete
Horrescet ponetque suos temeraria fastus;
Parva loquor! pronò venient diademate supplex
Illa potens rerum terrarumque inclyta Roma,
Atque orbis dominam submittet ad oscula frontem!”

Lib. ii. 236.

From the pen of Sannazar, besides this *epic*, we have three books of *elegies* two of lyrical and miscellaneous poetry, and the six *piscatorial* eclogues on which his fame principally rests. The elegies are addressed to the friends who cheered the calm evening of his days, and frequent allusion occurs to the delightful residence of the villa Morgellina, the gift of his royal benefactor.

*De Fonte Sti. Nazari, in fundo
suburbano meo.*

Est mihi rivo vitreus perenci
Fons arenosum prope litus, undè
Sæpe discedens sibi nauta rores
Haurit amicos.

Unicus nostris scætet ille ripis
Montis inmensò sitiente tractu,
Vitifer qua Pausilipus vadusum ex-
currit in æquor.

Hunc ego vittâ redimitus albâ,
Flore, et æstivis veneris coronis,
Cum timent amnes et hiulca sævum
Arva leonem.

Antequam festæ redeant calendæ
Fortis Augusti, superantque patri
Quatuor luces mihi tempus omni
Dulcius ævo.

Bis mihi asnetum, mihi bis vocan-
dum,
Bis celebrandum potiore cultu,
Duplici voto, geminâque semper
Thuris acerrâ.

Namque ab extremo properans Eoo
Hâ die primum mihi vsigienti
Phœbus illuxit, pariterque dias
Hausimus auras.

Hâc et insigni persagenda rita
Sacra solemnes veniunt ad aras,
Nazari unde omnes tituli mæque
Nomina gentis.

Hinc ego gratâ scopulorum in umbrâ
Rusticum parvis statui columinis
Nazaro fanum, simul et sacra vi
Nomine fontem.

O decus cœli simul et tuorum
Rite quem parvâ veneramur æde
Cui frequentandas populis futuris
Posimus aras.

Accipe æstivam, nova sarta, citrum l
Et mihi longos liceat per annos l
Hic tuum castis sine fraude votis
Poscere numen.

The Fountain of St. Nazaro.

There's a fount at the foot of Pausilipé's hill,
Springing up on our bay's sunny margin,
And the mariner loveth his vessel to fill
At this fount, of which I am the guardian.

'Tis the gem of my villa, the neighbourhood's
hoast,
And with pleasure and pride I preserve it;
For alone it wells out, while the vine-covered
coast
In the summer lies panting and fervid.

When the plains are all parched, and the rivers
run low,
Then a festival comes I love dearly:
Hers, with goblet in hand, my devotion I shew
To the day of my birth that comes yearly.
'Tis the feast of my patron, NAZARO the Saint;
Nor for aught that fond name would I barter:
To this fount I have fixed that fond name, to
acquaint
All mankind with my love for the martyr.

He's the tutelâr genius of me and of mine,
And to honour the saints is my motto:
Unto him I devoted this well, and a shrine
Unto him I have built in the grotto.
There his altar devoutly with shells I have
deck'd—
I have deck'd it with crystal and coral;
And have strewed all the pavement with
brsanches select
Of the myrtle, the pine, and the laurel.

By the brink of this well will I banquet the day
Of my birth, on its yearly recurring;
Then at eve, when the bonny breeze wrinkles
the bay,
And the leaves of the citron are stirring,
Besesth my calm dwelling before I repair,
To the Father of Mercy addressing,
In a spirit of thankfulness, gratitude's prayer,
I'll invoke on his creatures a blessing.

And long may the groves of Pausilipé shade
By this fount, holy martyr, thy client:
Thus long may he bless thee for bountiful aid,
And remain on thy bounty reliant.

Si mihi primos generis parentes,
Si mihi lucem pariter dedisti,
Hæc age et fontem tibi dedicatum
Sæpe revise.

To thy shrine shall the maids of Parthenopé
bring
Lighted tapers, in yearly procession;
While the pilgrim hereafter shall visit this
spring,
To partake of the Saint's intercession!

His pastoral poetry has obtained him celebrity; if *pastoral* it may be called, since it chiefly refers to the bay of Naples, and the manners, customs, and loves of the fishermen. There was novelty in the idea of *maritime eclogues*; the same freshness of imagery which gave a sort of vogue to the *Oriental pastorals* of Collins, rendered attractive in this case an otherwise dull and somniferous sort of composition. The *crook* was happily exchanged for the *fishing-rod*, and well-replenished nets were substituted for bleating folds. On looking over these *pastorals*, I alight on an odd idea, attributed by the poet to a Neapolitan fisherman, respecting the phenomenon of *ocean-tides*. The Mediterranean being exempt from them, the lazaroni waterman puts forth the following theory:

“Et quæ cæruleos procul aspicit ora Britannos
Quæ (nisi vana ferunt) quoties maris unda resedit
Indigenæ captant nudos per littora pisces.”

The ebbing and flowing of the tide would, doubtless, have furnished the early Greek and Roman poets with abundant moral and poetical allusion, had they such a transition constantly before their eyes as we have; and I make no apology for noticing in this place a robbery of Tom Moore, who has made use of a French author's ideas on this topic, transferring the whole piece into his *Melodies*. *Ex. gr.:*

Verses written by Fontenelle in the Album of Ninon de l'Enclos.

Moore's "I saw from the beach," &c. &c.

“Je voyais du rivage, au lever de l'aurore, Un esquif sur les flots, qui voguait tout joyeux; Je revins sur le soir...il y était encore, Mais, hélas! délaissé par le flot dédaigneux.	On m'a vanté la paix et la gloire finale, Qui couronnent le sage au déclin de ses jours; Maie, O dieux! rendez-moi la fraîcheur matutiale, La rosée et les pleurs de mes premiers amours.
Je me suis dit alors: 'C'est l'esquif du bel âge, C'est le flot du bonheur qui le berce au matin; Mais la barque au reflux reste ici sur la plage, Et voilà du plaisir l'éphémère destin!	Qui me rendra ce tems d'ineffables délites, Où mon cœur s'exhalait en amoureux désirs; Comme un bois d'Arabie aux pieux sacrifices, Qui s'immole en jettant de parfumés soupirs!"

N N

Little else remains to be said of Sannazar, who died at the age of 72, on the margin of that delicious bay where he had judiciously pitched his tent towards the close of a long and adventurous career, and where he had surrounded himself with all that can make existence pleasant—the charms of friendship, the pursuits of literature, and the consolations of religion, A.D. 1530.

Jerome Fracastor saw the light at Verona in 1483. He exhibited, on his first appearance in this clamorous world, the anatomical rarity of a mouth so hermetically sealed, lips so perfectly adhering to each other, as to require the surgeon's bistouri to make an aperture for vocal sounds. Not less extraordinary was a subsequent occurrence in the history of his childhood. One day, while in the arms of his mother, the electric fluid, during a thunder-storm, was pleased to deprive the parent of life, leaving the infant poet unscathed. At nineteen he was deemed fit to fill the chair of logic at the university of Padua. Having embraced the medical profession, he quickly attained eminence in the healing art; and such was the splendour of his name throughout Italy, that he was summoned to Rome and invested with the post of *αρχιαιτρος*, or state-physician to Pope Paul III. In this capacity he attended the Council of Trent, and there, on the appearance in 1547 of certain symptoms of a contagious distemper in that neighbourhood, the physician waved his wand, dissolved the meeting of the œcumenical fathers, and ordered them to transfer their labours to the more salubrious city of Bologna; which mandate was at once obeyed by that assembly, duly impressed with the wisdom of Fracastor. He died in 1553, at the advanced age of seventy; beyond which, according to the Psalmist, there is nothing but trouble, dulness, and drivelling. My contemporary, old Talleyrand, *is*, however, an exception.

To speak of the works of our poet is now the difficulty; for his principal claim to renown as a writer is founded on a didactic poem, of which the name cannot be breathed.* We may, however, *indicate* the subject on which his muse has chosen to expatiate with all the *naïveté* of unsophisti-

* Old Prout appears rather squeamish in this matter: Lady Blessington has had no scruple in dwelling on the praises of Fracastor in her last novel, *The Two Friends*, 1834, vol. iii. p. 210.—O. Y.

cated genius, by stating that it bears some analogy to the commentaries of Julius Cæsar, *De Bello Gallico*. Perhaps the opening lines will be more explanatory :

“ Qui casus rerum varii, quæ semina morbum
 Insuetum nec longa ulli per sæcula visum
 Attulerint ; nostrâ qui tempestate per omnem
 Europam, partemque Asiæ, Lybyæque per urbes
 Sæviit ; in Latium vero per tristia hella
 Gallorum irrupit, nomenque a gente recepit ;
 Hinc canere incipiam. Naturæ suavibus horti
 Floribus invitant et amantes mira Camcænæ !”

The fastidiousness of modern taste does not allow a critical dissection of this extraordinary work, in which there is a marvellous display of inventive ingenuity, of exuberant fancy, great medical skill, and great masterdom over the technical terms of the art, so as to blend them with the smooth current of poesy. The episodes are particularly deserving of commendation, and the whole performance stamps the author as a man of superior accomplishments and high philosophy. But the subject is intractable.

He was not the first who adopted this metrical method of conveying medical theories : the school of Salerno, in the eleventh century, had clothed their precepts in verse ; and the distichs of the *Schola Salernitana* were long quoted with reverence by the faculty. They are addressed to Robert of Normandy, who stopped at Salerno, on his return from the Holy Land, to get his arm cured of an issue ; and as he was on his way to take possession of the throne of England, he is saluted as king in the opening of the book, though he never lived to sway the sceptre of these islands :

“ Anglorum regi scribit Schola tota Salerni,” &c.

CHAP. III.—THEODORE BEZA, FATHER VANIÈRE, GEORGE BUCHANAN.

“ Tros Rutulusve fuat nullo discrimine habeho.”—*Æneid*, lib. x.

“ Je ne décide pas entre Genève et Rome.”—*Henriade*, cant. ii. v. 6.

Prout conjures up three ghosts, to sup to-night on a red-herring ;
 These ghostly guests he interests—on the art they loved conferring :
 With a cordial greet the Jesu-it hails the two other gemmen—
 The cannie Scot, with the Huguenot from the borders of Lake Lemsn.—
 O. Y.

CERTAIN craniological proceedings are reported to have

taken place in Dublin. Every one who has read the paper, published by us in July, 1834, entitled "Swift's Madness; a Tale of a Churn," must know that Prout's parents were the Dean and the accomplished Stella. Mr. Burke, (now Sir Bernard) genealogist, and Ulster king-at-arms, has admitted the fact. Now it appears that a "scientific association" (a show got up on the principle of Wombwell's travelling menagerie) has been visiting the Irish capital; and in return for sundry capers, exhibited in the Rotunda, has requested (out-Heroding HERODIAS!) that the skulls of Swift and Stella should be presented on a charger for inspection. The result of the phrenological inquest is announced to be the discovery of "*the organ of combativeness*" in Prout's father "very large;" that of "*destructiveness*" equally so, "*wit*" being at a very low mark—"imperceptible." We cannot let this pass; we repel the implied insinuation that Prout inherited from the Dean these *combative* and *destructive* bumps along with the "imperceptible" share of wit which we are willing to admit fell to his lot, and formed indeed (with a lock of Stella's hair) his sole patrimony. Mild and tolerant, ever ready to make allowance for other people's prejudices, sympathising with all mankind, there was not an atom of pugnacity in his composition: had an autopsy taken place at his death, the gall-bladder would have been found empty. He was particularly free from that epidemic, which has ever raged among clergymen of all persuasions, the scurvy disorder called, by Galen, *Odium Theologicum*. This immedicable distemper never made the slightest inroad on his constitution. To his brethren of the cloth he recommended the *belles lettres* as an effectual prophylactic: one of his innocent superstitions was that the Castalian spring possessed an efficacy akin to the properties Tertullian ascribes to "holy water," and that, like the "*aqua lustralis*," it could equally banish evil spirits, chase goules and vampires, and lay the ghost of bygone dissension wherever it was sprinkled.

Having thus disposed of the "combative bump," we pass to the "destructive" protuberance which, it is hinted, Swift transferred to his venerable child. Ye gods! Prout a destructive! No, no, the *padre* was no priestly sansculotte; and Vinegar Hill was not the mount on which he paid his

political adorations. Like Edmund Burke, he wished to see "no ruin on the face of the land." His youthful reminiscences of the Jacobin Club, of Marat, of Danton, and of Santerre (who, like Dan, kept a brewery), had given a conservative tone to his feelings. As for the lay abbot of Derrynane "Abbey," he had watched his early proceedings with a certain degree of interest; he soon smoked the charlatan, when the accounts of "the Association" began to get somehow "unaccountably mixed up" with his own balances in the banker's ledger; which mistake happened as early as 1827: and Prout's prophetic eye foresaw at once the lawyer's bag distending itself into the subsequent dimensions of the beggar's wallet. In one of his sermons to the faithful of Watergrasshill (the MS. is in the chest), he employs, as usual when he seeks to illustrate any topic of importance, a quotation from one of the holy fathers; and the passage he selects is from a homily of St. Augustin, addressed to the people of Hyppo in Africa:—" *Proverbium notum est Punicum quod quidem Latinè vobis dicam quia Punicè non omnes nostis; NUMMUM QUÆRIT PESTILENTIA? DUOS ILLI DA, ET DUCAT SE!*" (*Serm. CLXVII. Sti. Aug. Opera*, tome v. p. 804, *Benedictine Ed.*) *i. e.* "There is an old proverb of your Phœnician ancestors which I will mention in Latin, as you don't all speak the Punic dialect: 'DOES THE PLAGUE PUT FORTH ITS HAND FOR ALMS? INSTEAD OF A PENNY GIVE TWO, THAT YOU MAY BE MORE SPEEDILY RID OF THE GRIM APPLICANT.' Now, my good parishioners, this aphorism of our Carthaginian forefathers (I am sorry we have not been favoured by St. Augustin with the original Celtic) would hold good if the mendicant only paid us a fortuitous visit; but if he were found to wax importunate in proportion to the peace-offering of pence, and if this claimant of eleemosynary aid announced to us a perpetual and periodical visitation, we should rather adopt the resolution of one Laurence Sterne (who has written sermons), and, buttoning up our pocket, stoutly refuse to give a single sou."—*Sermon for Tribute Sunday, in MS.*

The fits of periodical starvation to which the agricultural labourers throughout Ireland (farmers they cannot be called) are subject—the screwing of rents up to an *ad libitum* pressure by the owners of the soil—the "clearing of

estates," against which there is no legal remedy, and which can only be *noticed* by a Rockite *billet-doux*—the slow, wasting process of inanition, which carries off the bulk of the peasantry (for there is a slow-fever of hunger endemic through the land, *permanent* like the malaria of Italy);—these, in Prout's view of things, are (and have been since the days of Swift) the only real *grievances* of the country. The ejected peasant of the Irish hovel is suffered by law to die in a ditch; and the gratifying of sectarian vanity, by what are called *liberal* measures, gave Prout no pleasure while the cottier was allowed to be trampled on by the landlord (Popish or Protestant) with uniform heartlessness and impunity.

“ Pellitur in sinu ferens Deos,
Et vir et uxor sordidosque natos.”—HOR.

As to a provision for the poor, Mr. O'Connell appears to think that enforced alms are only desirable in his own case.

“ Un jour HARPAGON, touché par le prône
De son Curé, dit : ‘ Je vais m'amender ;
Rien n'est si beau, si touchant que l'aumône,
Et de ce pas, je vais—LA DEMANDER ! ’ ”

Any debt due to him by his co-religionists for oratorical exertions, was, in the father's estimate, long since discharged. Ἀχαριστος ὁ δημος; Prout would ask, in the words of Æschines, and with him answer, Οὐχ! ἀλλα μεχ'αλοφρων (in *Ctesiphont*.)

These were Prout's politics; some may prefer his poetry. We like both.

OLIVER YORKE.

Watergrasshill, Oct. 1826.

Resuming to-night the subject of modern attempts at Latin versification, a name suggests itself sufficiently distinguished in the annals of ecclesiastical warfare, but not as familiar as it deserves to be in literary circles. I allude to BEZA. Those who imagine that the successor to John Calvin, in that snug little popedom Geneva, would influence my judgment as to his poetical merits, don't know my way of doing business. To those of our cloth, the recollections

connected with that neighbourhood are not delectable. I cannot say with Byron—

“Lake Lemman woos me with her crystal face.”—(Canto iii. st. 68.)

A strange attraction seems to have drawn to the borders of this romantic fishpond Calvin and Madame de Staël, Rousseau and Gibbon, Beza and Sir Egerton Brydges, Voltaire and Sir Humphrey Davy (or, as the Italians called him, *Zoromfridevi*;) John Kemble, St. Francis de Sales, Monsieur Necker, Monsieur de Haller, and a host of celebrities in religion, politics, and literature.

“Lausanne and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeathed a name—
Mortals who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
A path to perpetuity of fame.”

Whatever was the fascination of this lake on sensitive souls, it exercised a wholesome influence on the bodily health of the denizens on its margin; for, not to mention the octogenarian author of the *Henriade*, our Theodore himself eked out a career of almost a full century, being born in 1519, and deferring his departure from this life to the protracted *millesimo* of 1605! Vezelai, a village of Burgundy, was his cradle; in infancy he was transferred to the house of an old uncle, Nich. de Bèze, a lawyer in Paris, whence, at the age of ten, he was removed to Orleans, and placed under the tuition of Melchior Wolmar, a scholastic luminary of the day: from him the embryo reformer imbibed the first principles of free judgment in church matters. In his last will and testament he “thanks God, that at the early age of sixteen he had already, in his secret soul, shaken off the trammels of popery.” This did not prevent him from accepting the clerical tonsure and *petit collet* to qualify for a church living, viz. the priory of Longjumeau, which he held until the year 1548. He had expectations from an uncle, who would have left him ecclesiastical revenues to the amount of 15,000 livres: things turned out otherwise. He mixed for years in the gaieties of the French capital, publishing in the intervals of fun and frolic his *Poemata Juvenilia*; when a serious attachment to a young lady of great mental accomplishments, and also a fit of sickness, caused a change to come o’er the spirit of his life’s young dream. On recovery from his illness,

during which he had enjoyed the services of a most amiable nurse-tender, he renounced his priory, bade adieu to his avuncular prospects, and fled to Geneva, where his acknowledged scholarship caused him to be received with acclamation. I had forgot to add that *Candida*, the lady of his love, was the partner of his flight. If we are to judge of her beauty and sylph-like form by the standard of Beza's glowing verses, *Ad pedem Candidæ*,

"O pes! quem geminæ premunt columnæ," &c. &c.

she must have been a fitting Egeria to supply the new legislator of divinity with graceful inspirations. He was made Greek professor at Lausanne, an occupation to which he devoted ten years; there he wrote a Latin tragedy, called the *Sacrifice of Abraham*, which drew tears from old Pasquier's eyes. At Lausanne he also published a French translation of the New Testament, and carried on a controversy against Sebastian Castalio, a brother reformer and rival translator. This Castalio had the impudence to censure Calvin for burning Servetus, and Theodore wrote a book in his master's defence, which was printed by Robert Etienne (1 vol. 8vo. *Paris*, 1554), "under the sign of the olive," and entitled *De Hæreticis a civili Magistratu puniendis*. The doctrine of putting heretics to death is more strenuously enforced in this tract than even in Dens' stupid book of theology. Beza little thought what use might be made of his own doctrines; that foresight which Horace praises in *Regulus* did not form part of his character: he did not look to the *consequences*.

"Hoc caverat mens provida Reguli
Dissentientis conditionibus
SÆVIS ET EXEMPLO TRAHENTI
PERNICIEM VENIENS IN ÆVUM."
HOR., Ode v. lib. iii.

It is right to add, that Melancthon differed totally from the tenets of his brethren at Geneva on this matter.

The death of Calvin left him the recognised chief of European Protestantism in 1564, previous to which he had appeared as the representative of the cause at the famous *Colloque de Poissy*; which, like all such exhibitions of religious wrangling, ended in each party being as wise as

ever. He presided at the synod of Rochelle in 1570, and his wife, Candida, dying in 1588, he remarried a young spouse, whom he calls the "Shunamite:" a gay thought for a theologian in his seventy-third year. This, however, is no business of ours. Let us have a stave of his poetry.

Most of his verses are in the hendecasyllabic metre, the choice of which indicates who were his favourite authors among the poets.

THEODORUS BEZA

LINES BY BEZA,

Musis tineam sacrificat.

Suggested by a moth-eaten Book.

Si rogat Cereremque Liberumque
Vitæ sollicitus suæ colonus ;
Si Mavortis opus petit cruentus
Miles sollicitus suæ salutis ;
Quidni, Calliope, tibi tuique
Jure sacra feram, quibus placere
Eet unum studium mihi, omnibusque
Qui vatum e numero volunt haberi ?

The soldier soothes in his behalf
Bellona, with a victim calf ;
The farmer's fold victims exhaust—
Ceres must have her holocaust :
And ah! the bard alone refuse
A votive offering to his muse,
Proving the only uncompliant,
Unmildful, and ungrateful client?

Vobis ergo ferenda sacra, musæ!
Sed quæ victima grata? quæ Camenæ
Dicata hostia? parcite, o sorores;
Nova hæc victima sed tamen suavis
Futura arbitror, admodumque grata.
Accede, o tinea! illa quæ pusillo
Ventrem corpore geris voracem.

What gift, what sacrifice select,
May best betoken his respect?
Stay, let me think...O happy notion!
What can denote more true devotion,
What victim gave more pleasing odour,
Than you small grub, you wee corroder,
Of sluggish gait, of shape uncouth,
With Jacobin destructive tooth?

Tene Pieridum aggredi ministros?
Tene arrodere tam sacros labores?
Nec factum mihi denega: ecce furti
Tui exempla tuæ et voracitatis!
Tu ferè mihi "Passerem" Catulli,
Tu ferè mihi "Lesbiam" abstulisti.

Ho, creeper! thy last hour is come;
Be thou the muses' hecatomb!
With whining tricks think not to gull us:
Have I not caught thee in Catullus,
Converting into thy vile marrow
His matchless ditty on "the Sparrow?"

Nunc certe meus ille Martialis
Ima ad viscera rosus ecce languet,
Et quærit medicum suum "Tripho-
nem;"
Imo, et ipse Maro, cui pepercit
Olim flamma, tuum tamen terehrum
Nuper, o fers ter scelestas, sensit.
Quid dicam innumeros bene eruditos,
Quorum tu monumenta et labores
Isto pessimo ventre devorasti?

Of late, thy stomach had been partial
To sundry tit-hits out of Martial;
Nay, I have traced thee, inact keen-eyed!
Through the fourth book of Maro's "Æneid."
On vulgar French could'st not thou fatten,
And curb thy appetite for Latin?
Or, if thou would'st take Latin from us,
Why not devour Duna Scot and Thomas?
Might not the "Digest" and "Decretals"
Have served thee, varlet, for thy victuals?

Prodi jam, tunicam relique! prodi!
Vah! ut callida stringit ipsa aese
Ut mortem simulat! Scaesta, prodi,
Pro tot criminibus datura pœnas.
Age, istum jugulo tuo mucronem,
Cruentus, accipe, et iatum! et istum! et
istum!
Vide ut palpitet! ut croore largo
Aras polluerit profana sacras.

Victim! come forth! crawl from thy nook!
Fit altar be this injured book;
Caitiff! 'tis vain slyly to simulate
Torpor and death; thee this shall immo-
lste—
This penknife, fitting guillotine
To shed a bookworm's blood obscene!
Nor can the poet batter mark his
Zeal for the muse than on thy carcass.

* Quære, Hack, a tome?—*Printer's Devil.*

At vos, Pierides bonæque musæ, Nunc gaudete ! jacet fera interempta : Jacet sacrilega illa quæ solebat Secros Pieridum vorare servos. Hanc vobis tunicam, has dico, Camcensæ, Vobis æxuvias, ut hunc tropæum Parnasso in medio locetis : et sit Hæc inscriptio, DE FERA INTEREMPTA BEZÆUS SPOLIA HÆC OPTIMA MUSIS.	The deed is done ! the insect Goth Unmourned (save by maternal moth), Slain without mercy or remorse, Lies there, a melancholy corse. The page he had profaned 'tis meet Should be the robber's winding-sheet ; While for the deed the muse decrees a Wreath of her brightest bays to BEZA.
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I know not whether Southey, whose range of reading takes in, like the whirlpool of the Indian ocean, sea-weed and straws, as well as frigates and merchantmen, has not found, in this obscure poem of Beza, the prototype of his fanciful lines

“ *On a Worm in the Nut.* ”

Nay, gather not that filbert, Nicholas ; There is a maggot there : it is his house, His castle—oh, commit not burglary ! Strip him not naked ; 'tis his clothes, his shell, His bones, the very armour of his life. And thou shalt do no murder, Nicholas ! It were an easy thing to crack that nut, Or with thy crackers or thy double teeth :	Him may the nut-hatch, piercing with strong bill, Unwittingly destroy ; or to his hoard The squirrel bear, at leisure to be crack'd. Man also hath his dangers and his foes As this poor maggot hath ; and when I muse Upon the aches, anxieties, and fears, The maggot knows not, Nicholas, methinks
So easily may all things be destroyed ! But 'tis not in the power of mortal man To mend the fracture of a filbert-shell. Enough of dangers and of enemies Hath Nature's wisdom for the worm or- dained.	It were a happy metamorphosis To be enkernelled thus : never to hear Of wars, and of invasions, and of plots, Kings, Jacobins, and tax-commissioners ; To feel no motion but the wind that shook The filbert-tree, and rock'd me to my rest ; And in the middle of such exquisite food To live luxurious ! the perfection this Of snugness ! it were to unite at once Hermit retirement, aldermanic bliss, And Stoic independence of mankind."
Increase not thou the number ! him the mouse, Gnawing with nibbling tooth the shell's defence, May from his native tenement eject ;	

But perhaps Lafontaine's rat, who retired from the world's intercourse to the hermitage of a *fromage d'Hollande*, was the real source of Southey's inspiration.

In another effusion, which he has entitled *Ad Bibliothecam*, Beza's enthusiasm for the writers of classic antiquity breaks out in fine style ; and as the enumeration of his favourites may possess some interest, insomuch as it affords a clue to his early course of reading, I insert a fragment of this glorious nomenclature. The catalogue requires no translation :

“ *Salvete incolumes mei libelli,
Mæe deliciae, mæe salutis !
Salve mi Cicero, Catulle, salve !
Salve mi Maro, Pliniamque nterque !
Mi Cato, Columella, Varro, Livi !
Salve mi quoque Plaute, tu Terenti,
Et tu salve Ovidi, Fabi, Properti !
Vos salvete etiam disertiores*

*Græci ! ponere quos loco priore
Decubat, Sophocles, Isocrateque,
Et tu cui popularis aura nomen
Dedit, tu quoque magne Homere salve !
Salve Aristoteles, Plato, Timocæ !
Et vos, O reliqui ! quibus negatum est
Includi numeris phaleuclorum.”*

The lines which I have marked in italics convey the theory subsequently broached by Professor Wolff, and maintained with such prodigious learning; viz. that Homer was a mere *ens rationis*, a *nominis umbra*, representing no individual of the species—such poet never having existed—but that the various rhapsodies forming *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were collected throughout Greece, and the authorship ascribed to this imaginary personage about the time of Lycurgus. The scepticism of Beza would greatly corroborate the Wolffian doctrine.

We have no list of his favourite authors among modern writers, but it would appear that he had a partiality for Frank Rabelais, and relished exceedingly the learned buffoonery of that illustrious Theban. Witness the following distich:

“Qui sic nugatur, tractantem ut seria vincat,
Seria cum scribet, dic modo qualis erit?”

If jokes and fun he shew such might in,
What would he be in serious writing?

Of Beza as a religionist, it does not become me to say a word.

A notice of the Jesuit Jacques Vanière must be necessarily brief, as far as biographical detail. His was the quiet, peaceful, but not illiterate life of the cloister; days of calm, unimpassioned existence, gliding insensibly, but not unprofitably, onwards to the repose of the grave and the hopes of immortality. He was born in the south of France, near Montpellier, in 1664; was enrolled among the Jesuits at the age of sixteen; and died at Toulouse in 1739, at the advanced age of seventy-three.

Schoolboys are not aware that they owe him a debt of gratitude; he being the compiler of that wondrous ladder of Jacob yeleft *Gradus ad Parnassum*.

His great work is the *Prædium Rusticum*, a poem distinguished by a brilliant fancy, a kindly feeling, and a keen relish for the pursuits of rural life. The topics are “vineyards,” “fishponds,” “poultry,” “gardening,” “game-preserves,” and “sheep-walks;” nor do I know any book which conveys such a detailed picture of farming operations in France before the Revolution. Since that event, the whole system

passage, however, which I have selected for translation is in a higher key.

From VANIERE'S *Prædium Rusticum*, lib. xi.

<p>" Hactenus in sterili estis eluctatus arenâ, Et fodere et ferro lætas comescere vites Edocui, falcem tractans durosque ligones. Nunc crateris manum armatus, nunc sor- dida musto Vasa gerens, cellas et subterraneas Bacchi Hospitia ingredior. Proh quanta silentia quantus</p>	<p>Horror inest! lato pendet curvum in fornix Luce carens fumoque niger. Stant ordine longo Dolia, quæ culicem globus obsidet, atque bibaci Guttula si quæ meri costis dependeat ore, Sugit at in varios circumvolat ebrius orbes," &c. &c.</p>
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Meditations in a Wine-Cellar.

BY THE JESUIT VANIERE.

"Introduxit me in cellam vinsriam."—*Song of Solomon*, cap. ii. v. 4.

(Vulgate Version.)

<p>I've taught thus far a vineyard how to plant, Wielded the pruning-hook, and plied the hoe, And trod the grape; now, Father Bac- chus, grant Entrance to where, in many a goodly row, You keep your treasures safely lodged below. Well have I earned the privilege I ask; Then proudly down the cellar-steps I go: Fain would I terminate my tuneful task, Pondering before each pipe, communing with each cask.</p> <p>Hail, horrors, hail! Welcome, Cimme- rian cellar! Of liquid bullion inexhausted mine! Cumæan cave!...no sibyl thy indweller: Sole Pythoness, the witchery of wine! Pleased I explore this sanctuary of thine, An humble votary, whom venturous feet Have brought into thy subterranean shrine; Its mysteries I reverently greet, Facing these solemn vaults in contem- plation sweet.</p> <p>Armed with a lantern though the soot walks, Who dares upon these silent halls in- trude, He cometh not a pupil of GUY FAUX, O'er treasonable practices to brood Within this deep and sweet solitude; Albeit LOYOLA claims him for a son, Yet, with the kindest sympathies imbued</p>	<p>For every human thing heaven shines upon, Naught in his bosom beats but love and benison.</p> <p>He knows nor cares not what be other men's Notions concerning orthodox belief; Others may seek theology in "DENE," He in this grove would rather take a leaf From Wisdom's book, and of exist- ence brief Learn not to waste in empty jars the span. If jars there must be in this vale of grief, Let them be full ones; let the flowing can Reign umpire of disputes, uniting man with man.</p> <p>'Twere better thus than in collegiate hall, Where wrangling pedants and dull ponderous tomes Build up Divinity's dark arsenals, Grope in the gloom with controver- sial gnomes— Geneva's gospel still at war with Rome's: Better to bury discord and dissent In the calm cellar's peaceful cata- combs, Than on dogmatic bickerings intent, Poison the pleasing hours for man's en- joyment meant.</p> <p>Doth yonder cask of BURGUNDY repine. That some prefer his brother of BOA- DEAUX?</p>
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Is old GARUMNA jealous of the RHINE ?
 Gaul, of the grape Germanic vine-
 yards grow ?
 Doth XEBES deem bright LACHRYMA
 his foe ?
 On the calm banks that fringe the blue
 MOSELLE,
 On LEMAN'S margin, on the plains of
 PO,
 Pure from one common sky these dew-
 drops fell.
 Hast thou preserved the juice in purity ?
 'Tis well !

Lessons of love, and light, and liberty,
 Lurk in these wooden volumes. Free-
 dom's code
 Lies there, and pity's charter. Poetry
 And genius make their favourite
 abode
 In double range of goodly puncheons
 stowed ;
 Whence welling up freely, as from a
 fount,
 The flood of fancy in all time has
 flowed,
 Gushing with more exuberance, I count,
 Than from Pierian spring on Greece's
 fabled mount.

School of Athenian eloquence ! did not
 Demosthenes, half-tonsaured, love to
 pass
 Winters in such preparatory grot,
 His topics there in fit array to class,
 And stores of wit and argument
 amass ?
 Hath not another Greek of late arisen,
 Whose eloquence partaketh of the
 glass,
 Whose nose and tropes with rival ra-
 diance glisten,
 And unto whom the Peers night after
 night *must* listen ?

Say not that wine hath bred dissen-
 sions—wars ;
 Charge not the grape, calumnious,
 with the blame
 Of murdered Clytus. Lapithæ, Cen-
 taurs,
 Drunkards of every age, will aye
 defame
 The innocent vine to palliate their
 shame.
 O Thyrsus, magic wand ! thou mak'et
 appear

Man in his own true colours—vice
 proclaim
 Its infamy—sin its foul figure rear,
 Like the recumbent toad touched by Ith-
 riël's spear !

A savage may the glorious sun revile,*
 And shoot his arrows at the god of
 day ;
 Th' ungrateful Æthiop on thy banks, O
 Nile !
 With barbarous shout and insult may
 repay
 Apollo for his vivifying ray,
 Unheeded by the god, whose fiery
 team
 Prances along the sky's immortal
 way ;
 While from his brow, flood-like, the
 bounteous beam
 Bursts on the stupid slaves who grace-
 lessly blaspheme.

That savage outcry some attempt to ape,
 Loading old Bacchus with absurd
 abuse ;
 But, pitying them, the father of the
 grape,
 And conscious of their intellect ob-
 tuse,
 Tells them to go (for answer) to the
 juice :
 Meantime the god, whom fools would
 faint annoy,
 Rides on a cask, and, of his wine pro-
 fuse,
 Sends up to earth the flood without
 alloy,
 Whence round the general globe circles
 the cup of joy.

Hard was thy fate, much-lur'd Hy-
 LAS ! whom
 The roguish Naiads of the fount en-
 trapped ;
 Thine was, in sooth, a melancholy
 doom—
 In liquid robes for win'try wardrobe
 wrapped,
 And "in Elysium" of spring-water
 "lapped !"
 Better if hither thou hadst been en-
 ticed,
 Where casks abound and generous
 wine is tapped ;
 Thou would'st not feel, as now, thy
 limbs all iced,

* " Le Nil a vu sur ses rivages
 Les noirs habitans des déserts
 Insulter, par des cris sauvages,
 L'astre brillant de l'univers.
 Crie impuissans ! fursurs hizarres !

Tandis que ces monstres barbares .
 Ponsent d'inutiles clameurs,
 Le Dieu, poursuivant sa carrière,
 Verse des torrens de lumière
 Sur ses obscurs blasphemateurs."
Le franc de Pompignan

But deem thyself in truth blest and im-
paradisèd.

A Roman king—the second of the se-
ries—

NUMA, who reigned upon Mount PA-
LATINE, [rid's;

Possessed a private grotto called *Ege-*
Where, being in the legislative line,
He kept an oracle men deemed di-
vins.

What nymph it was from whom his
"law" he got [of wine,

None ever knew; but jars, that smelt
Have lately been discovered in a grot

Of that *Egerian* vale. Was this the
nymph? God wot.

Here would I dwell! Oblivious!* aye
shut out

Passions and pangs that plague the
human heart,

Content to range this goodly grot
throughout,

Loth, like the lotus-eater, to de-
part,

Deeming this cave of joy the genuine
mart;

CELLAR, though dark and drsary, yet
I ween

Dépôt of brightest intellect thou
art!

Calm reservoir of sentiment serene!
Miscellany of mind! wit's GLORIOUS MA-
GAZINE!

Of George Buchanan Scotland may be justly proud; though I suspect there exists among our northern friends a greater disposition to glory in the fame he has acquired for them than an anxiety to read his works, of which there was never an edition published on the other side of the great wall of Antonine save one, and that not until the year 1715, by Ruddiman, in 1 vol. folio. The continental editions are innumerable. The Scotch have been equally unmindful of certain earlier celebrities, such as John Holybush, known abroad by the name of Sacrobosco, who flourished in 1230; Duns Scotus, who made their name famous among the Gentiles in 1300, and concerning whom a contemporary poet thought it necessary to observe—

"Non *Σκωρος* a tenebris sed *Σκωρος* nomine dictus,
A populo extremum qui colit oceanum."

Then there was John Mair, a professor of Sorbonne, born among them in 1446; not to speak of Tom Dempster, professor at Bologna, and Andrew Melvin the poet, on whose patronymic the following execrable pun was perpetrated:

"Qui non *mel* sed fel non *vinum* das sed acetum
Quam malé tam belli nominis omen habes."

As to the Admirable Crichton, the pupil of Buchanan, I don't much blame them for not making a fuss about *him*, as the only copy of his works (in MS.) is in my possession, discovered by me in an old trunk in Mantua. To return to Buchanan, he has taken the precaution of writing his own

* "Quittons ce lieu où ma raison s'enivre."—BERANGER.

life, conscious that if left to some of nature's journeymen it would be sadly handled. Born in 1506, in the shire of Lennox, poor and penniless, he contrived to get over to Paris, where having narrowly escaped starvation at the university (the fare must have been very bad on which a Caledonian could not thrive), he returned "bock agin," and enlisted at Edinburgh in a company of French auxiliaries, merely, as he says, to learn "military tactics." He spent a winter in hospital, which sickened him of martial pursuits. So to Paris he sped on a second spree, and contrived to get appointed master of grammar at the college of Ste. Barbe. Here a godsend fell in his way in the shape of Kennedy, Earl of Cassilis, who brought him to Scotland, and introduced him at Court. James made him tutor to one of his bastard sons; another being placed under the care of Erasmus. These lads were born with a silver spoon! Meantime Buchanan's evil star led him to lampoon the Franciscan friars, at the request, he says, of the king, who detested the fraternity; but it cost him dear. Were it not for the kind offices of the young princess Mary (whom he subsequently libelled), it would have gone hard with him. Be that as it may, he contrived to get out of prison, fled from the vengeance of Cardinal Beaton into England, where Henry was then busy bringing to the stake folks of every persuasion; wherefore he crossed the Channel, but found Beaton before him at Paris: so he proceeded to Bordeaux, and met a friendly reception from André Govea, the Portuguese rector of that Gascon university. While in this city he composed the tragedy of *Jephté*, to discourage the foolish melodramas of that period called "mysteries," of which Victor Hugo has given such a ludicrous specimen in the opening chapters of his *Notre Dame*; he also presented a complimentary address to Charles V. on his passage from Madrid to Paris. Govea subsequently took him to Coimbra, of which celebrated academy he thus became one of the early promoters. But the friars, who never yet lost sight of a foe, got him at last here into the clutches of the Inquisition; and, during a long captivity in *Banco St. Dominici*, he was at leisure to execute his glorious translation of the psalms into Latin lyrical verse.

From Portugal he managed to escape in a Turkish vessel

bound for London, and thence repaired to France, for which country he appears to have had a peculiar predilection. He there got employment as tutor in the Marechal Brissac's family; and meantime wrote verses in honour of every leading contemporary event, such as the raising of the siege of Metz, the taking of Vercelles, and the capture of Calais by the Duc de Guise in 1557. This latter occurrence is one of such peculiar interest to an English reader, and gives Buchanan such an opportunity of expressing his real sentiments towards England, that I have selected it for translation. It is strange that in his autobiography he abuses the hero whom he celebrates in his ode, and who was no other than the celebrated Guise le *Balafré* (so called from a scar on his left cheek), whose statue may be seen in our own day on the market-place of Calais, and whose military genius and activity much resembled the rapid conceptions and brilliant execution of Buonaparte. The allusion to the prevalent astrological mania at court is quite characteristic of the philosophic poet, ever grave and austere even in the exercise of fancy; but the abuse lavished on the ex-emperor Charles V. is not a proof of Buchanan's consistency.

*Ad Franciæ Regem, Henricum II.,
post ictos Caletes, GEORGIUS
BUCHANAN, Scotus.*

Non Parca fati conscia, Inbricæ
Non sortis axis, sisters nescius,
Non siderum lapsus, sed unne
Rerum opifex moderatur orbem.

Qui terram inertem stars loco jubet,
Æquor perennes volvere vortices,
Cælumque nunc lucem tenèbris,
Nunc tenebras variare luce.

Qui temperatæ scepra modestiæ,
Dat et protervæ frenæ superbiæ,
Qui lachrymis fœdat triumphos,
Et lachrymas hilarat triumphis.

Exempla longè ne repetam; en! jacet
Fracturaque et exspes, quem gremio suo
Fortuna fotum nuper omnes
Per populos tumidum ferebat

*Ode on the taking of Calais, addressed
to Henry II., King of France, by
GEORGE BUCHANAN.*

Henry I let none commend to thee
FATE, FORTUNE, DOOM, or DESTINY,
Or STAR in heaven's high canopy,
With magic glow
Shining on man's nativity,
For weal or wo.

Rather, O king! here recognise
A PROVIDENCE all just, all wise,
Of every earthly enterprize
The hidden mover;
Ays casting calm complacent eyes
Down on thy Louvre.

Prompt to assume the right's defence,
Mercy unto the meek dispense,
Curb the rude jaws of insolence
With bit and bridle,
And scourge the chiel whose frankincense
Burns for an idol.

Who, his triumphant course amid,
Who smote the monarch of Madrid,
And bade Pavla's victor bid
To power farewell?
Once Europe's arbiter, now hid
In hermit's cell.

Nec tu secundo flamine quem super
Felicittatis vexerat æquora
Henrice! virtus,—neasciasti,
Umbriferæ fremitum procellæ.

Sed pertinax hunc factus adhuc premit,
Urgetque precæsum, et progeniem sui
Fiduciâque pari tumentem,
Clade pari exagitat Philippum.

Te qui minorem te superia geris,
Culpamque fletu diluis agnitam,
Mitia parens placatus audit,
Et solitum cunctulat favorem.

Redintegratæ nec tibi gratiæ
Obscure promitt signa. Sub algido
Nox Capricorno longa terras
Perpetuis tenebris premebat,

Rigebat auris bruma nivalibus,
Amnea acuto conatiterant gelu,
Deformis horror incubabat
Jugerbis viduæ colono.

At signa castris Francus ut extulit
Ductorque Franci Guizius agminis,
Arriis argenti sub arcto
Temperies melioris auræ.

Hyems retaso languida spiculo
Vim mitigavit frigoris æperit,
Siccis per hybernium serenum
Nube cavâ stetit imber arvis.

Ergo nec altis tuta paludibus
Tulere vires mœnia Gallicas;
Nec archibus tuta paludes
Præcipitem tenuere cursum.

LOSANG princeps! præcipuo Dei
Favore felix, præcipuas Deus
Cui tradidit partes, superbo
Ut premeres domitricæ dextrâ.

Unine anni curriculo sequens
Vix credet ætas promeritas tibi

Thou, too, hast known misfortune's blast;
Tempests have hent thy atately mast,
And nigh upon the breakers cast
Thy gallant ship:
But now the hurricane is passed—
Hushed is the deep.

For PHILIP, lord of ARAGON,
Of haughty CHARLES the haughty son,
The clouds still gather dark and dun,
The sky still scowls;
And round his gurgulous galleon
The tempest howls.

Thou, when th' Almighty ruler dealt
The blow to thy kingdom lately felt,
Thy brow unhelmed, unbound thy belt,
Thy feet unshod,
Humbly before the chastener knelt,
And kissed the rod.

Pardon and peace thy penance bought;
Joyful the seraph Mercy brought
The olive-bough, with blessing fraught
For thee and France;—
Gon for thy captive kingdom wrought
Deliverance.

'Twas dark and drear! 'twas winter's reign!
Grim horror walked the lonesome plain;
The ice held bound with crystal chain
Lake, flood, and rill;
And dismal piped the hurricane
His music shrill.

But when the gallant GUISS displayed
The flag of FAANCS, and drew the blade,
Straight the obsequious season bade
Its rigour cease;
And, lowly crouching, homage paid
The FLEUR DE LIS.

Winter his violence withheld,
His progeny of tempests quelled,
His canopy of clouds dispelled,
Unveil'd the sun—
And blithe some days unparalleled
Began to run.

'Twas then beleaguered Calais found,
With swamps and marshes fenced around,
With counterscarp, and moat, and mound,
And yawning trench,
Vainly her hundred bulwarks frowned
To stay the French.

Guise! child of glory and Lorraine,
Ever thine house hath proved the bane
Of France's foes! aye from the chain
Of slavery kept her,
And in the teeth of haughty Spain
Upheld her acceptre.

Scarce will a future age believe
The deeds one year saw thee achieve

- Tot laurea, nec ai per æthram
Pegaseâ* vaharere pannâ.
- Cossera saltus ninguidi, et Alpium
Inserta cœlo eulmina, cum patar
Romanus oraret, propinquæ ut
Subjiceres humeros ruinae.
- Defensa Roma, et capta Valentia,
Coacta pacem Parthenope pati,
Fama tui Segusianus
Barbarica face liberatna.
- Æquor procellis, terra paludibus,
Armis BRITANNUS, mœcia sæculia
Invicta longis insolentes
Munierant animos Caletum
- Loræna virtus, aueta per invia
Non usitatum carpere tramitem,
Invicta devincendo, famam
Laude nova veteram refellit.
- Ferox BRITANNUS viribus antehac
Gallisquis semper cladibus imminana,
Vix se putat securum ab hoste
Fluotibus Oceani diremptus.
- Regina, pacem nescia parpeti
Jam aperta mœret fœdera: Jam Dei
Iram timet mox imminentem
Vindicia et furie flagellum.
- Hinc luce terror Martius assonat,
Diræque cædis mens sibi conscia,
Umbræque nocturnæ, quietem
Tarrificia agitant figuris.
- Fame in her narrativa should give
Thee magic pinions
To range, with free prerogative,
All earth's dominions.
- What were the year's achievements? first,
Yon Alps their barrier saw thee burst,
To bruise a reptile's head, who durst,
With viper atting,
Asail (ingratitude accurat!)
Rome's Pontiff-King.
- To rascus Roma, capture Plaisance,
Make Naples yield the claims of France,
While the mars shadow of thy lance
O'erawed the Turk:—
Such was, within the year's expanse,
Thy journey-work.
- But Calais yet remained unwon—
Calais, stronghold of Albion,
Her zona begirt with blsds and gun,
In all the pomp
And pride of war; fierce Amazon!
Queen of a awamp!
- But even she hath proven frail,
Her walls and swamps of no avail;
What citadel may Guise not scale,
Climb, storm, and seize?
What foe before thee may not quail,
O gallant Guise!
- Thee let the men of England dread,
Whom Edward erst victorious led,
Right joyful now that ocean's bed
Between them rolls
And thee!—that thy triumphant tread
Yon wava controls.
- Let ruthless MARY learn from hence
That Perfidy's a foul offence;
That falsehood hath its recompense.
That treaties broken,
The anger of Omnipotence
At length have woken.
- May evil counsels prove the hanc
And cursæ of her unhallowed reign;
Remorse, with its disastrous train,
Infest her palace;
And may she of God's vengeance drain
The brimming chalice!

Every schoolboy knows that this event broke Queen Mary's heart, so inconsolable was she for the loss of those "keys of France" which the monarchs of England, from Edward to the bluff Harry, had gloried in wearing suspended to the royal girdle.

* Buchanan appears to have the following verse of Hesiod in view:

Την μὲν Πηγασὸς εἰλε καὶ εὐθλοὺς Βελλεροφωντῆς.—*Theog.*

Of Buchanan's career on his return to Scotland, and his conduct as a politician and courtier, I shall say nothing. As a poet, his career terminated when the gates of state intrigue were thrown open to him, so I bid him farewell on the threshold. His *Maræ Calendæ*, his "*Epicædium* on the death of John Calvin," his poem *De Sphærd*, his translations from Euripides, his elegiac poetry, all his titles to renown were already won. By the way, John Milton has translated his tragedy of *Baptistes*, if we are to credit Peck. Certain it is that Buchanan's *De Jure Regni apud Scotos*, a wonderful step in radicalism for that day, was the prototype of the Cromwellian secretary's *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*. It appears that Buchanan had some share in the education of Michel Montaigne,—a glorious feather in his cap. Crichton was *certainly* his scholar: and no better proof of the fact can be afforded than the following lyric (from the MS. in my possession), a copy of which I fancy got abroad in Burns's time, for he has somehow transferred the sentiments it expresses, most *literally*. However, it is clear that Crichton's claim cannot be invalidated by any *ex post facto* concern. The thing speaks for itself.

*Joannem Andrææ filium anus uxor
alloquitur.*

(From the unpublished MSS. of the "admirable" CRICHTON.)

Senex Joannes! dulcis amor tuæ
Anilis æquè conjugis! integrâ
Cùm nos juventâ jungeremur,
Quàm bene cæssaries nitebat!
Frontis marito qualis erat decor!
Nunc, heu! nivalis canities premit,
Nullæ sed his canis capillie
Illecebæ mibi cariores!

Quando, Joannes mi bone! primitiis
Natura rerum finxit imagiosæ
Formam elaborav'it virilem,
Hoc ut opus fieret magistrum.
Sed, inter omnes quas opifex pia
Struxit figuras artificio manu,
Curavit ut membris et ore
Nulla foret tibi par, Joannes!

Tibi rosarum primitias dedi,
Vernosque virgo candida flosculos,
Nec fronte miraris quod illo
Delicias repetam perennes:

*The old Housewife's Address to her
Gudeman.*

(Translated into broad Scotch by ROSSAT
BURNS, of the Excise.)

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your head's turn'd bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo,

John Anderson my jo, John,
When Nature first began
To try her cannie hand, John,
Her master-work was man;
And you among them all, John,
Sae trig frae top to toe,
She proved to be nae journey-wark,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
Ye were my first conceit,
And ye need na think it strange, John,
That I ca' ye trim end neat:

Jam te senilem, jam veterem vocant;
Verum nec illis credula, nec tibi,
Oblita vel menses, vel annos,
Haurio perpetuos amores.

Propago nobis orta parentibus,
Crevit remotis aucta nepotibus,
At nos in amborum calentes
Usque sinu recreamur ambo;
Hyems amori nulla supervenit—
Verisque nostri floret adhuc rosa,
Tibique perduro superstes
Qualis eram nitidâ juventâ.

Patris voluptas quanta domesticam
(Dum corde mater palpitat intimo)
Videre natorum coronam
Divitias humilis taberæ!
Videre natos reddere moribus
Mores parentum, reddere vultibus
Vultus, et exemplo fideles
Scandere eum proavie Olympum.

Heu! mi Joannes, Temporis alite
Penna quot anni, quotque boni dies
Utrumque fugerunt! sopra
Jamque brevi properabit hora.—
Mortis prehendit dextera conjugem
Non imparatos, non timidos mori,
Vitæque functos innocenti,
Nec eiaæ spe melioris ævi!

Vitæ labores consociavimus,
Montana juncti vicinus ardua,
Et nunc potiti gaudiorum
Culmine quid remoram ultrâ?
Dextris revincta, perque vias retrò
Lenes, petamus vallis iter senex!
Quâ vir et uxor dormiamus
Unius in gremio sepulchri.

Though some folks say you're old, John,
I never think ye so,
But I think you're aye the same to me,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We've seen our hairnie'a bairns
And yet, my dear John Anderson
I'm happy in your arms;
And so are ye in mine, John—
I'm sure you'll ne'er say no,
Though the days are gane that ye have seen,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
What pleasure does it gie
To see sae many sprouts, John,
Spring up 'tween you and me!
And ilka lad and lass, John,
In our footsteps to go,
Make perfect heaven here on earth,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
Frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John,
Will bring us to our last;
But let not that affright us, John,
Our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we lived,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We've clambd the hill together,
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anit'er.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

When Harrison Ainsworth, then a young writer of promise, took up James Crichton in place of Dick Turpin, a noble field lay before him. I sketched the plan, and pointed out to him that the story, in all biographies, of Crichton's having been killed in a drunken brawl at Mantua, by Duke Gonzaga, on the 3rd July, 1583, was manifestly untrue, as there was, to my knowledge, at Paris, in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, a printed broadsheet of verses by him, on the death of St. Carlo Borromeo, who died on the 4th November, 1584 (a fact he was able to verify by getting another copy from Milan). From other sources I showed that there were secret reasons for his reported death, that he lay concealed at Venice as

corrector of the press for Aldus Manutius,* up to 1585, was made private secretary at Rome to Pope Peretti when "Sixtus Quintus" became monarch in central Italy, and that he was the life and soul of that great man's short reign; I had proof that he was at Lisbon in 1587, and that, in 1588, he sailed thence with his friend Lope de Vega on board the Invincible Armada, to avenge the death of Mary, Queen of Scots. That his galleon, driven up the German sea and rounding Scotland, was wrecked in the winter of that year on the coast of Ayrshire.

That disgusted with the triumphant reign of Elizabeth, the revolt of the Low Countries from Spain, the edict of Nantes granted to the Huguenots by Henri Quatre, and the general aspect of Europe, he gave up continental affairs, settled down as a tranquil farmer, married a highland lassie, and lived to a good old age, as evidenced by his well-authenticated song of *John Anderson my jo*.

This startling narrative of what was in some sort the post-humous history of his hero, Ainsworth did not grapple with, but stopped at Paris, making him a kind of fencing-master, rope-dancer, and court dandy, marrying him to some incredible princess of the blood, and so forth.

That Crichton, during his long life in Ayrshire, under an humbler name, was author of most of the popular songs and tunes that have enriched the Land o' Cakes is known to a few only; but Robert Burns was in the secret, as the reader has already discovered.

In 1841, on returning from Hungary and Asia Minor by the south of France, I learnt that Ainsworth had left the tale of Crichton half told, and had taken up with Blue-skin and Jack Sheppard, Fitches of Bacon and Lancashire Witches, and thought such things were "literature." Hence this ballad, in which I have endeavoured to express what I know would have been the sentiments of old Prout, in language as near his own as I can command.

Paris, Nov. 1, 1859.

F. M.

* The presses of Aldus, and Crichton's share in their efficiency, suggest to me the propriety of acknowledging the debt due by the defunct Prout to the keen and accurate supervision of Mr. W. S. Bohn while these sheets were in progress. Quick perception, and intimate acquaintance with the several languages used by Prout, rectified many errors, and happy tact restored his text in many passages.

THE RED-BREAST OF AQUITANIA.

AN HUMBLE BALLAD.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? yet not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father."—ST. MATTHEW, x. 29.

"Gallos ab Aquitanis Garumna flumen."—JULIUS CÆSAR.

"Sermons in stones, and good in everything."—SHAKSPEARE.

"Genius, left to shiver
On the bank, 'tis said,
Died of that cold river."—TOM MOORE.

River trip
from 'Thou-
louse to
Bourdeaux.
Thermome-
ter at '0.
Snow 1 foot
and a half
deep. Use
of wooden
shoes.

OH, 'twas bitter cold
As our steam-boat roll'd
Down the pathway old
Of the deep Garonne,—
And the peasant lank,
While his *sabot* sank
In the snow-clad bank,
Saw it roll on, on.

Not ye
famous alba-
tross of the
ancient mer-
riner olde
Coleridge,
but a poore
robin.

'Twas a stranger drest
In a downy vest,
'Twas a wee Red-breast,
(Not an "*Albatross*,")
But a wanderer meek,
Who fain would seek
O'er the bosom bleak
Of that flood to cross.

Ye Gascon
farmer bieth
to his cot-
tage, and
drinketh a
flaggonne

And he hied him home
To his *toit de chaume*;
And for those who roam
On the brosd bleak flood
Cared he? Not a thought;
For his beldame brought
His wine-flask fraught
With the grape's red
/ blood.

Ye sparrow
crossing ye
river maketh
bye half-way
house of the
fire-ship.

And we watch'd him oft
As he soar'd aloft
On his pinions soft,
Poor wee weak thing,
And we soon could mark
That he sought our bark,
As a resting ark
For his weary wing.

He warmeth
his cold
abins at a
wooden fire.
Good 'ye to
him.

And the wood-block blaze
Fed his vacant gaze
As we trod the maze
Of the river down.
Soon we left behind
On the frozen wind
All farther mind
Of that vacant clown.

Delusive
hope. Ye
fire-ship
runneth 10
knots an
hour: 'tis
na go for ye
sparrow.

But the bark, fire-fed,
On her pathway sped,
And shot far a-head
Of the tiny bird,
And quicker in the van
Her swift wheels ran,
As the quickening fan
Of his winglets stirr'd.

Ye Father
meeteth a
stray ac-
quaintance
in a small
bird.

But there came snon,
As we journey'd on
Down the deep Garonne,
An acquaintancy,
Which we deem'd, I count,
Of more high amount,
For it oped the fount
Of sweet sympathy.

Ye byrde is
led a wilde
goose chace
adown ye
river.

Vain, vain pursuit!
Toil without fruit!
For his forkèd foot
Shall not anchor there,
Tho' the boat meanwhile
Down the stream beguile
For a bootless mile
The poor child of air!

Symptomes
of fatigue.
The melanchol-
ie to fall
between
2 stools.

And 'twas plain at last
He was flagging fast,
That his hour had past
In that effort vain ;
Far from either bank,
Sans a saving plank,
Slow, slow he sank,
Nor uprose again.

Ye Streame
of Lyfe. A
younge man
of fayre pro-
mie.

And well would it seem
That o'er Life's dark
stream,
Easy taak for Him
In his flight of Fame,
Was the Skyward Path
O'er the billow'a wrath,
That for Genius hath
Ever been the same.

Mort of ye
birde.

And the cheerless wave
Just one ripple gave
As it oped him a grave
In its bosom cold,
And he sank alone,
With a feeble moan,
In that deep Garonne,
And then all was told.

Hys earlie
flyght across
ye streame.

And I saw him soar
From the morning shore,
While his fresh wings bore
Him athwart the tide,
Soon with powers unspent
As he forward went,
His wings he had bent
On the sought-for side.

Ye old man
at ye helm
weepeth for
a sonne lost
in ye bay of
Biscaye.

But our pilot grey
Wiped a tear away ;
In the broad Biscaye
He had lost his boy !
That sight brought back
On its furrow'd track
The remember'd wreck
Of long perish'd joy !

A newe ob-
ject callith
his eye from
ye maine -
cieuence.

But while thus he flew,
Lo ! a vision new
Caught his wayward view
With a semblance fair,
And that new-found wooer
Could, alaa ! allure
From his pathway sure
The bright child of air.

Condole-
ance of ye
ladies; eke
of *l'chasseur
d'infanterie
legere.*

And the tear half hid
In soft Beauty's lid
Stole forth unbid
For that red - breast
bird ;—
And the feeling crept,—
For a Warrior wept ;
And the silence kept
Found no fitting word.

Instabilitie
of purpose a
fatall evyll
in lyfe.

For he turn'd aside,
And adown the tide
For a brief hour plied
His yet unspent force.
And to gain that goal
Gave the powers of soul
Which, unwasted, whole,
Had achieved his course.

Olde Fether
Proutte
sady mo-
rallizeth
anent ye
birde.

But *I* mused alone,
For I thought of one
Whom I well had known
In my earlier days,
Of a gentle mind,
Of a soul refined,
Of deserta design'd
For the Palm of Praise.

This is ye
morsell of
Fether
Prout's
bumble
hallsde,

A bright Spirit, young,
Unwept, unsung,
Sank thus among
The drifts of the stream;
Not a record left,—
Of renown hereft,
By thy cruel theft,
O DELUSIVE DREAM.

L'ENVOY TO W. H. AINSWORTH, ESQ.

WHILOME, AUTHOR OF THE ADMIRABLE "CRICHTON," SUBSEQUENT CHRONICLER OF
"JACK SHEPPARD."

which he
wrote by
waxlight in
the *hostel de*
Gascuigne at
Bourdeaux,
6 Jan. 1841.

Thus sadly I thought
As that bird unsought
The remembrance brought
Of thy bright day ;
And I penn'd full soon
This Dirge, while the moon
On the broad Garonne
Shed a wintry ray.

F. M.

THE LEGEND OF ARETHUSA.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ARETHUSA, M—R G—W.

A SHEPHERDESS of Arcadie,
In the days hight olden,
Fed her white flock close to the sea ;
'Twas the age called golden.

That age of gold ! yet nought availed
To save from rudeness,
To keep unsullied—unassailed
Such gentle goodness.

The calm composure of a life
Till then unchequered,
What rude attempt befell ? 'tis rife
In Ovid's record.

Poor shrinking maid—despairing, left
Without reliance ;
Of brother's, father's aid bereft,
She called on Dian's.

"Queen of the spotless ! quick, decree
The boon I ask you !
To die—ere I dishonoured be !
Speed to my rescue."

Sudden beneath her footsteps oped
The daisied meadow ;
The passionate arms that wildly groped,
Grasped but a shadow.

Forth from the soil where sank absorbed
That crystal virgin,
Gushed a bright brook—pure, undisturbed—
With pebbly margins

And onward to the sea-shore sped,
 Its course fulfilling ;
 Till the Ægean's briny bed
 Took the bright rill in.

When lo ! was wrought for aye a theme
 Of special wonder ;
 Fresh and untainted ran that stream
 The salt seas under.

Proof against every wave's attempt
 To interfuse it ;
 From briny mixture still exempt,
 It flowed pellucid.

And thus it kept for many a mile
 Its pathway single ;
 Current, in which nor gall nor guile
 Could ever mingle.

And all day long with onward march
 The streamlet glided ;
 And when night came, Diana's torch
 The wanderer guided ;

Till unto thee, sweet Sicily,
 From doubt and danger,
 From land and ocean's terrors free,
 She led the stranger ;

And there gushed forth, the pride and vaunt
 Of Syracuse,
 The bright, time-honoured, glorious fount
 Of Arethusa.

O ladye, such be thy career,
 Such be thy guidance ;
 From every earthly foe and fear
 Such be thy riddance !

Safe from the tainted evil tongue
 Of foes insidious ;
 Brineless the bitter waves among
 Of " friends " perfidious.

Such be thy life—live on, live on !
 Nor couldst thou choose a
 Name more appropriate than thine own,
 Fair Arethusa !

THE LADYE OF LEE.

There's a being bright, whose beams
 Light my days and gild my dreams,
 Till my life all sunshine seems—'tis the ladye of Lee.
 Oh! the joy that Beauty brings,
 While her merry laughter rings,
 And her voice of silver sings—how she loves but me!
 There's a grace in every limb,
 There's a charm in every whim,
 And the diamond cannot dim—the dazzling of her e'e;
 But there's a light amid
 All the lustre of her lid,
 That from the crowd is hid—and only I can see.
 'Tis the glance by which is shown
 That she loves but me alone;
 That she is all mine own—this ladye of Lee.
 Then say, can it be wrong,
 If the burden of my song
 Be, how fondly I'll belong to this ladye of Lee?

LIFE, A BUBBLE.—A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW THEREOF.

La pluie su bassin fait des bulles;
 Les hirondelles sur le toit
 Tiennent des conciliabules
 Voici l'hiver! voici le froid!

Elles s'assembant par centaines,
 Se concertant pour le d'spart,
 L'uné dit, Oh que dans Athènes
 Il fait bon sur le vieux rempart.

Tous les ans j'y vais, et je niche
 Aux metopes du Parthenon;
 Mon nid bouche dans la corniche
 Le trou d'un boulet de canon.

L'autre, J'ai ma petite chambre
 A Smyrne au plafond d'un café;
 Les Hadjis comptent leur grains d'ambrs
 Sur le seuil d'un rayon chauffé,

Celle ci, J'habite un trigliphe
 Au fronton d'un temple a Baalbec,
 Je m'y suspends par ma griffe
 Sur mes petits a large bec.

A la seconde cataracte,
 Dit la dernière, j'ai mon nid,
 J'en ai noté la place exacte,
 Dans le cou d'un roi de granit.

THEO. GAUTIER, 19th Sept. *Moniteur*.

Down comes rain drop, bubble follows;
 On the house top ons by one
 Flock the synagogue of swallows,
 Met to vote that autumn's gone.

There are hundreds of them sitting,
 Met to vote in unison;
 They resolve on general fitting.
 "I'm for Athens off," says one.

"Every year my place is filled in
 Plinth of pillared Parthenon,
 Where a ball has struck the building,
 Shot from Turk's besieging gun."

"As for me, I've got my chamber
 O'er a Smyrna coffee-shop,
 Where his beadroll, made of amber,
 Hadji counts, and sips a drop."

"I prefer Palmyra's scantlings,
 Architraves of lone Baalbec,
 Perched on which I feed my hantlings
 As they ope their bonnie beak."

While the last, to tell her plan, says,
 "On the second cataract
 I've a statue of old Ramses,
 And his neck is nicely crack'd."

F. M.

20th Sept. *Globe*.

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